

Quincy Monitor.

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QUINCY, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

1877
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141 Hancock Street.
PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.
Whall's Compound Elixir Sarsaparilla.
The great Blood Purifier.
Price \$1.00
Whall's Golden Hair Oil.
For Beautifying and Preserving the Hair.
Price 25c.
Whall's Old Colony Toothache Drops.
Cures without injury to the Teeth.
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For the prevention and cure of all Irritations.
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It is safe, and sure death to Corns, big or little.
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A Mild, Efficient Cathartic, purely Vegetable.
Price 25c
Whall's Original Syrup of Orange.
With Ice-water, makes a Delicious, Cooling Drink. Price 55c.

Fresh Eggs,
25 cents a Dozen
SIRLOIN STEAK
20 cents per Pound
PRATT & CURTIS
25 School Street.

Granite Clothing Co's
ANNUAL MARK-DOWN SALE
—OF—
Overcoats, Suitings and Ulsters,
—FOR—
Men, Boys and Children.
Never such a Slaughter on Good Clothing since We have been in Business.
NOTE THE FOLLOWING PRICES.
One Lot Men's Clutching Overcoats, Now \$5.00; Reduced to \$10.12 and \$15.
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Men's Blue and Black Overcoats, Now \$20.00; Reduced from \$25 to \$28
Children's Cape Overcoats, Now \$2 and \$3; Reduced from \$4, \$5 & \$6.
Boys' Ulsters, \$2.50 to \$5.00.
One lot Men's Pants just one-half price.
These are only a few of the Bargains that can be found at our store.

Granite Clothing Co.,
Durgin & Merrill's Block.
Catholic
PRAYER BOOKS, PEARL ROSARIES,
SILVER ROSARIES, PHOTO MEDALIONS,
BOOKS OF DEVOTION, GOLD AND SILVER ME-
DALS, STATUETTES, FRAMED PICTURES, &c.
FLYNN & MAHONEY,
18 & 20 ESSEX STREET, BOSTON,
Drafts for \$1 and Upwards.
Passage Tickets at Low Rates.

OUR ANNUAL
Mark Down Sale
Previous to Stock Taking
THE GOODS MUST BE SOLD.
The prices are so low that you can
buy although times are hard.
D. E. Wadsworth & Co.,
Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton.

CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.
Tomatoes, 11c a can, \$1.25 a doz Good Squash,
Extra Solid, 14c a can, 1.50 a doz Squash,
Maine Corn, 10c a can, 1.15 a doz Baltimore Peaches,
Extra Maine Corn, 13c a can, 1.45 a doz California
Very Fancy, 14c a can, 1.60 a doz Lima Beans,
Marrowfat Peas, 10c a can, 1.15 a doz blueberries,
Extra Marrow Peas, 12c a can, 1.35 a doz Salmon,
Early June Peas, 14c a can, 1.60 a doz
Many other varieties at equally low prices. Evaporated
Apples, Apricots and Peaches, Prunes, Raisins, Currants
and Citron.
Boston Branch Grocery.
Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Durgin's Amber Lotion
For Chapped and Cracked Hands.
A SAMPLE BOTTLE GIVEN AWAY FREE AT
Durgin's Drug Store.

Our Second Annual Sale of
Shopworn Shoes
has begun. We haven't the space here to say much. They
have GOT to be turned into CASH. PRICES no object
CASH our object. If you want a pair of SHOES you can
get them at almost **BANKRUPT PRICES**
WINKFIED BROS., 104 HANCOCK STREET
QUINCY MASS.

Cod Liver Oil, 40 cts. a bottle
Extract Witch Hazel, 25 " "
Bay Rum, 25 and 50 " "
Petrolatum, 10 cts. a bottle, 4 oz. bottle
—AT—
Hearn's Drug Stores,
176 Hancock Street. 104 Copeland Street
FINE TAILORING.
FALL AND WINTER STYLES.
I guarantee that all work done in my establishment cannot be excelled
in any respect by any Merchant Tailor within a radius of 50 miles. Should
you not believe this assertion give me a trial and you will be convinced.
**SUITS TO ORDER FROM \$25 UPWARDS. CLEANS-
ING, PRESSING, REPAIRING AND DYEING.**
WILLIAM J. WELSH, Merchant Tailor.
Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block, Hancock St., Quincy.

Rubbers! Rubbers! Rubbers!
We have a surplus stock of Mary Anderson Rubbers that we offer at
23 cents per pair in sizes from 2 1-2 to 3 1-2 and 6 to 8.
These are Regular 50 cent Rubbers.
Remember the sizes and the price of these goods.
Granite Shoe Store.
H. A. FELTIS, Manager.

THE WONDERFUL
Glenwood Ranges,
A liberal discount, to everyone, from
the lowest Boston Prices.
H. L. Kincaide & Co.,
Tirrell's Block, Hancock Street.

FRICOLOR AND COCKADE.
Origin of the Historic Red, White and
Blue Colors of France.
Some 70 or 80 years before France
was involved in the flames of the revo-
lution—that is, at the epoch of the war
of the succession, when she was in
close alliance with Spain and Bavaria
—it was thought desirable to distin-
guish the allied soldiers by a cockade,
which combined the colors of the three
nations—the white of France, the red
of Spain, and the blue of Bavaria.
To none of these incidents, however,
would it be wise to attribute the origin
of the historic tricolor and cockade
adopted by revolutionary France. At
the onset there swayed a likelihood
that green, which Camille Desmoulins
had popularized at the Palais Royal,
would have become the national color,
but men remembered in time that it
was that of the livery of the Comte
d'Artois, the most unpopular of the
Bourbon princes, and it was thereupon
discarded.
A proposition was then made to as-
sume the colors of the city of Paris—
blue and red, as Dumas reminds us in
his "Six Ans Apres." To these was
added the white of so many glorious
memories, because it had been selected
by the national guard—always faithful
to the throne and its traditions.
Not until some months after the cap-
ture of the Bastille was the tricolor
definitely adopted when Bailly and La-
fayette presented it to Louis XVI in the
great hall of the Hotel de Ville, and the
convention issued a decree in which it
was described as consisting of three
colors—"disposées en trois bandes
égales, de manière que le bleu soit at-
taché à la garde du pavillon, le blanc
au milieu, et le rouge flottant dans les
airs"—that is, in equal vertical sec-
tions, with the blue inward, the red
outward and the white between.
This is the historic flag which Napo-
leon's legions, in conjunction with
their eagles, bore victoriously from the
Seine to the Elbe, the Tagus, the Boro-
dino and the Danube, which they plant-
ed victoriously on the walls of almost
every European capital.—All the Year
Round.
The Greatness of Little Things Again.
Here is a good comic opera story:
Marie Wainwright was speaking of her
nervousness on the first night of a new
production, and she said that an absurd
contraction nearly threw her off her
balance during a first sight. She con-
tinued: "Perhaps you remember that
as Dame Hannah in 'Ruddigore' I had
to go on with a small dagger, with
which I was supposed to threaten the
wicked baronet's life. When my turn
came round, the dagger had disappeared
and was nowhere to be found. Noth-
ing would induce me to go on without
my property, and although Mr. Bar-
rington implored me to appear without
it I was resolute. Of course there was
a terrible stage wait, and at last Mr.
Barrington grew desperate, and forcing
something into my hand absolutely
pushed me on to the stage. And what
do you think it was?" asked Miss Wain-
wright, laughing at the reminiscence.
"Of all things, it was a large gas key!
I contrived, however, to conceal the
absurd makeshift from the audience,
but when I had to hand my supposed
dagger to Mr. Grossmith he most kindly
gave me away. 'How can I kill
myself with this thing?' he said, hold-
ing up the gas key in its entirety to the
audience. Of course there was a per-
fect howl of laughter, and for some
minutes we were unable to continue."
—New York Recorder.
A Cheerful Time.
A Sunday or two ago one of our popu-
lar dentists had quite a picnic in the
exercise of his profession. A suffering
citizen said to his wife as she started
for church, "If you meet Dr. , send
him over." She did happen to meet
him, and the man of forceps was soon
with the suffering citizen, whose coun-
age felt to zero on seeing him. "Fact
was he didn't think his wife would
meet the doctor, and if the latter would
accept payment for his trouble he
would be glad to have him go away
without torturing an unwilling vic-
tim." "Let's see the offender," said
the dentist, and then, following up the
advantage, he soon had five grinders
where they would do no more aching.
Suffering citizen was then a happy man,
and desiring to also make happy a neigh-
bor whom he knew was afraid of a den-
tist he invited Mr. P. into the dread
presence, and after some coaxing out
came 12 snags to make way for a set.
Then the neighbor, in his great sense of
relief, called in his wife, who yielded
seven more to the harvest. By this
time the man afraid of a dentist, who
had had out 12, concluded it was just
fun and sat down for a pull of three
more. Then the doctor was out of busi-
ness and counted up 27 samples of jaw
misery as the result of his friendly call.
—Old Colony (Mass.) Memorial.
He Was "No Slouch" at Pool.
He was tall, lean and lanky, wore a
peaked cap, had bayonet in his hair
and resembled a typical farmer from
the remotest part of up country. He
was interested in watching a game of
pool in a Smith street resort and was
full of exclamations and comments as
the game progressed. Then he was in-
veigled into a game with people who
imagined that they had a dead clinch on
him. The long arms and lank legs hung
all over the table for a moment, and
then the game was over. An expert
was at once pitted against him for
money, and the betting on the outside
became even. But the expert, like the
man who drove the hearse, was not in
it when the countryman had finished
playing. "Gosh all hemlock!" observed
the up country individual, "I reckon I
am kinder soft, but you kin bet your
boots I'm no slouch when it comes to
pool." And then he smiled.

shovin' pool balls. After losing the game
out a bit bag, deposited his winnings
in the deepest corner and shuffled out,
leaving the vanquished bettors to ru-
minate upon the perverseness of human
judgment.—Brooklyn Standard Union.
Hoist With His Own Petard.
Charles Thompson, secretary to
the first American congress, once
boarded in the family of a school-
teacher named Dove. This man
Dove was a humorist, and in his
school, instead of whipping an offen-
sive pupil, he made him ridiculous in
the eyes of his schoolmates. The
bitch was stuck into the back part of
the collar of the culprit, who, with
this badge of disgrace, was made to
stand upon the platform.
If boys were late in arriving at
school, a committee of five or six
scholars was sent into the streets,
with a bell and lighted lantern, to
hunt up the delinquents and escort
them to the schoolhouse.
One day the scholars enjoyed the
sport mentioned in "Hamlet"—"to
have the engineer hoist by his own
petard." Dove had always professed
a willingness to have his own punish-
ment meted out to himself in case he
transgressed the rules.
One morning the teacher was late,
and a committee of boys, with bell
and lantern, meeting him on his way
to school, escorted him through the
streets, to the amusement of the
spectators. He had the good sense
to submit quietly.—Youth's Companion.
Yellowstone Park Vandal.
The vandal, with his barbarous
and active knife and pencil, who has
an insane longing to associate his
meaningless name with the great
places of nature and history, has not
so free a hand in the Yellowstone re-
servation as he enjoyed before the
park was guarded by the soldiers of
the United States army. It has been
the custom of this creature to carve
his initials on the front of the ter-
races and to write his name in the
liquid left in the pools after a geyser
has been playing. Years after the
writing in the water the name is
legible and the pencil marks are
fresh, so slowly do the geysers build
up their deposits.
The Upper Geyser basin is 50 miles
from Fort Yellowstone, at the Mam-
moth Hot Springs. The telegraph is
the enemy of offenders the world
over, and if a tourist writes his
name in a pool, he may be reasonably
certain that the fact will be tele-
graphed to the post through which
he must pass when his trip is done,
and there he is very likely to meet a
captain of cavalry, who will hand
him a rubber and send him back 50
miles under guard to erase his
name.—London Million.
How the Liberty Boys Did It.
It will be remembered that a dozen
or more of the collisions between the
British and the Liberty Boys of New
York just prior to the active out-
break of the Revolution grew out of
the posting of incendiary bills and
broadsides.
The manner in which these bills
were posted is curious. According to
the diary of John Parks, written in
1775, the work was accomplished in
the following manner:
"The method lately used in New
York to post up inflammatory hand-
bills was the same used in England
at the time of the Pretender. It was
done by a man who carried a little
boy in a box like a magic lantern,
and while he leaned against the wall,
as if to rest himself, the boy drew
back the slide, pasted on the paper
and shutting himself up again the
man took the proper occasion to walk
off to another resting place."—New
York Herald.
The Atlantic's Bed.
Proceeding westward from the
Irish coast the ocean bed deepens
very gradually. For the first 200
miles the gradient is but six feet to
the mile; in the next 20 miles the fall
is over 9,000 feet, and so precipitous
is the descent that in many places
depths of 1,200 to 1,600 fathoms are
encountered in very close proximity
to the 100 fathom line. With the
depth of 1,800 to 2,000 fathoms the
sea bed becomes a slightly undulating
plain 1,200 miles wide. The greatest
depth in the Atlantic is 300 miles or
so northward of the island of St.
Thomas, where soundings of 3,575
fathoms were obtained, or nearly
four miles in depth.—Nautical Maga-
zine.
Uses of Amber.
Very few people know that amber,
so much used in pipestems, is put to
other uses. It makes with other in-
gredients the finest kind of varnish,
such as is used on watch dials. Am-
ber is brought in bulk to this coun-
try. Pure amber is valuable, while
the clouded material is much cheaper.
Varnish factories buy up all the old
pipestems possible, and when one
takes a pipe to a store to have new
amber furnished he must not suppose
the old piece is thrown away. He
may be carrying the result of the old
piece around with him at a later day
and not know it on his watch dial.
—Philadelphia Call.
Nathan Hale's Sweetheart.
The story that Nathan Hale's sweet-
heart died unmarried is not correct.
Her name was Alice Adams, and she
married Eleazer Ripley, and after his
death William Lawrence. She died

in Hartford in 1845 at the age of 88.
Her granddaughter, who was with
her when she died, testified to the
truth of the story that in her last
hours her mind reverted to the love
of her youth, and she faintly uttered
the words, "Write to Nathan." It
was her last utterance.—Buffalo Con-
tributor.
BELIEVES HE IS A LEPER.
Strange Delusion Entertained by a Wealthy
Spaniard For Fifty Years.
Sitting within half an hour's ride
from the City of Mexico is the coun-
try place of a man who for 40 years
has been a voluntary recluse, seeing
only one face in that time and as
much dead to the world as if his
body were indeed decayed. This
man is the wealthy Spaniard, Don
Pedro Guerrerres, at one time an
officer in the royal army of Spain,
but who for nearly half a century
has been a prey to the delusion that
he is a leper or about to become one.
His reason for this horrible fancy
is that when a young man of 25 he
went on a visit to Honolulu and there
met a lady whom he married and
whom he carried back to Madrid
with him. After several years of
happiness this lady was seized with
a malady that was finally pro-
nounced to be leprosy. The shock
of this decision unhinged her mind
and in a short while she died by her
own hands. Her husband, with this
double blow to bear, became a mono-
maniac on the subject that had de-
prived him of his beloved wife and
at last grew to believe that he, too,
was leprosy.
Resigning from the army, he sold
his estates in Spain, and coming to
Mexico purchased the place where he
now is. He has fitted up for him a
suit of apartments in which he has
spent every hour of his life since.
His servant is only allowed to enter
one room at a time, when the don
retires into another until the man's
work is done. Twice a month a
priest goes to confess him, but he
sits outside a little inner window
through which he converses with his
unseen patient.
This unfortunate man never even
walks in his garden, which is, how-
ever, completely screened from view
by a fence 8 feet high, without a
crack between. This exercise he
frains from, fearing that it will pro-
long his life, which he bears only as
a heavy burden imposed by Provi-
dence. One relaxation besides music
he allows himself, and that is books
and newspapers. He is an accom-
plished linguist and subscribes to all
the leading journals and magazines
in the world, while he regularly em-
ploys an agent to find out and send
him all the books published that are
worth perusing. His will provides
that his servant, who was once with
him in the army, and through all
has served him faithfully, is to place
him, when he dies, in his coffin and
to allow no one to look upon him,
and that he is to be buried thus on
the estate.—Philadelphia Times.
Doctors' Bills in China.
We occidentals only pay our doc-
tors when we are sick, and some-
times not even then. The Celestial
method, as shown by the example of
the emperor of China, is pay the doc-
tor only when one is well. As soon
as the emperor is sick, it is a notifi-
cation to his physicians that their sal-
ary is cut off till he is perfectly well
again. The passionate zeal with
which the regulars go to work to get
his majesty back where their salaries
will begin again is said to be some-
thing astounding. The result is that
the emperor is about the healthiest
man standing on the planet, and his
physicians seldom lose a day's salary.
—Ashton Reporter.
A Modest Request.
Joe—You know that \$10 I lent
Brown, three or four months ago.
Sam—Yes.
Joe—He hasn't paid it back and
can't, and I think you ought to "go
havers" in the loss with me.
Sam—What have I got to do with it?
Joe—He was on his way to get it
from you when he struck me, and I
saved you \$10. Under the circum-
stances, don't you think you ought to
save me \$5?—Detroit Free Press.
Journalism in Servia.
Journalism in Servia is a peculiar
institution. The Schumadski List,
which has the reputation of being the
leading newspaper of the kingdom,
came out one day with the following
announcement on its first page: "Owing
to the intolerable laziness of our edi-
tor in chief, Mr. Zrak, who spends his
nights in feasting and sleeps the whole
day through, our number this week is
only half its usual size."—Philadelphia
Record.
An exhibitor of wild beasts in Paris
has adopted a plan for securing his
money which is respectfully submitted
to bankers and bondholders generally.
Every night he deposits the daily re-
ceipts of his exhibition in the cage of
the most ferocious of his animals, and
he has never lost a penny.
It has been estimated that a gold coin
must be handled 2,000,000,000 times
before the impression upon it becomes
obliterated by friction, and a silver
coin 3,250,000,000 times.
Since his installation as grand mas-
ter of the Freemasons, now nearly 19
years ago, the Prince of Wales has
granted 1,027 warrants for new lodges.

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THE RELIGION I WANT.

"I want a religion that makes the people happy who possess it."

Then I would advise you to join the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion which will make me feel sure of its truth that it would be a sin to doubt it."

Then you must join the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion which teaches that God will reward a man according to his works, and not condemn him for what is not his own fault."

Then you want the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion which teaches that God is good and kind to all his creatures, and has called all men to salvation, and thus leaves no man to despair."

Then you want the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that is equally acceptable to rich and poor, to high and low, to the master and the servant, to the king and the peasant."

Then, of course, you want the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that makes children members of the fold of Christ, and treats them as such."

You will find such a religion in the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that does not teach one day what it will probably deny the next."

Such a religion can only be had in the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that will permit me to hold communion with my dear departed relatives and friends."

You will be satisfied when you join the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that will give me a plain and reasonable way of obtaining pardon for my sins, and show me how I can obtain a sure absolution."

Such a plain and reasonable way is known to all those who belong to the Catholic Church.

"I want the same religion the twelve apostles had."

That is the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want the same religion that the hundreds of thousands of martyrs believed in who were slain for the faith of Christ during the great persecutions of the Roman emperors."

That is also the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want the same religion which St. Augustine preached in England, St. Boniface in Germany, St. Martin in France, St. Patrick in Ireland, St. Francis Xavier in Japan, and to which these apostolic men converted all those people from paganism."

That is also the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that can make Sisters of Charity and such other like them, who leave all for Christ to give comfort to the wretched, the poor and the sinful."

The religion of all such is the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion whose priests love nobody better than they do me."

The priests of such a religion are all priests of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion whose priests are not afraid to come and give me their consolations if I should happen to have the small pox, or the yellow fever, or the cholera, or any such contagious disease."

Then you want the ministrations of the priests of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion whose priests preach the Gospel and not politics."

Then go to the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that is a religion for all nations, and for all time, even unto the consummation of the world."

When your want is realized, you will call yourself a member of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

"I want a religion that both Protestants and Catholics agree to be a safe religion, in which I can save my soul."

Then, my dear friend, you have no choice but to become a Catholic. All these wants the Catholic Church alone can satisfy. Go and examine for yourself. Any Catholic priest will gladly give you the proofs of the truth of what I say.

THE EPIPHANY.

What a scene breaks in upon the quiet of the stable of Bethlehem on this auspicious day. A cavalcade from the far east advances on the mountain side. The camel herds are tinkling. A retinue of attendants accompanies three kings of different Oriental tribes, who come with their various offerings to the newborn Babe. It is a history more romantic than romance itself would dare to be. Those swarthy men are from amongst the wisest of the stupendous East. They represent the lore and science of their day. Yet they have done what the world would esteem the most foolish of actions. They were men whose science led them to God, men, we may be sure, of meditative habits, of ascetic lives and of habitual prayer. The fragments of early tradition and the obscure records of ancient prophecies, belonging to their nations, have been to them as precious deposits which spoke of God and were filled with hidden truth. The corruption of the world which they, as kings, might see from their elevation far and wide, pressed

heavily upon their loving hearts. They too, pined for a redeemer, for some heavenly visitant, for one who should save them from their sins. Their tribes doubtless lived in close alliance; and they themselves were bound together by the ties of friendship which the same pure yearnings after greater goodness and higher things cemented. Never yet had kings more royal souls.

In the dark blue of a lustrous sky there rose a new or hitherto unnoticed star. Its apparition could not escape the notice of these Oriental sages, who nightly watched the skies; for their science was also their theology. It was the star of which an ancient prophecy had spoken. Perhaps it dropped low toward earth, and wheeled a too swift course to be like one of the other stars. Perhaps it trailed a line of light after it, slowly, yet with visible movement, and so little above the horizon, or with such obvious downward, slanting course, that it seemed as if it beckoned to them, as if an angel were bearing a lamp to light the feet of pilgrims, and timed his going to their slowness, and had not shot too far ahead during the bright day, but was found and welcomed each night as a faithful indicator pointing to the Cave of Bethlehem. They follow it as men follow a vocation, hardly seeing at first that they are following a divine lead. Wild and romantic as the conduct of these wise enthusiasts seemed, they did not hesitate. After due counsel, they pronounced the luminous star to be the finger of the old prophets, and therefore God was come. They left their homes, their state, and their affairs, and journeyed westward, they knew not whither, led nightly by the star that slipped onward in its silent groove. They were representatives of a brotherhood moving forward to the feet of the universal Saviour. They came to the gates of Jerusalem; and there God did honor to his church. He withdrew the guidance of the star, because, now, the better guidance of the synagogues was at their command. The oracles proclaimed that Bethlehem was to be the birthplace of the Messiah; and the wise men passed on to the humble village. Again the star shone out in the blue heavens and slowly sank earthward over the Cave of Bethlehem; and presently the devout kings were at the feet of Jesus.

These three kings are beautiful figures in the Cave of Bethlehem, because the attractions of Jesus are so sweetly exemplified in them. He has drawn them from the far Orient by the leading string of a floating star. He has drawn them into the darkness of his ignoble poverty, into the shame of his neglected obscurity, and they have gone from him with their souls replenished with his loveliness. There is something exotic in the beauty of the whole mystery. It seems to float over the Sacred Infancy more like an unchained cloud, that anchors itself in the breathless, sunny calm for a while and then sails off and melts into the blue. And yet, what right had ingots of ruddy gold to be turning in that poor stable? Arabian perfumes were fitter for the Herod's halls than for the cattle shed scooped out of the gloomy rock. The myrrh, indeed, was in its place however costly it might be; for it prophesied in pathetic silence that bitter penitence of love which should be extracted for men from the Sacred Humanity in the press of Calvary. How unmeet were all these gifts in reality, and yet, how meet they were in significance!

The strange secrecy, too, with which the kingly Oriental progress, with picturesque costumes and jeweled turbans, and the dark faced slaves, and the stately stepping camels, passed over many regions, makes it seem more like a visionary splendor, a many colored apparition, and not a sober mystery of the Incarnate Word. Truly it is beautiful beyond words! a household mystery to those eagles of prayer to whom beauty brings tranquility, because they live in the upper, voiceless sunshine! It is quiet in its simplicity, as is all the beauty that radiates from Heaven, for the glories of God are the glories of peace.

The Woodward School.

By the splendid work of City Solicitor McAnarney, Quincy has retained possession of the Woodward fund amounting to about three hundred thousand dollars. His victory was all the more creditable when we consider that he was opposed by such a lawyer as George Fred Williams, of national reputation, who was assisted by the influence of Dartmouth college.

The Woodward Institute is now a certainty. The Board of Instruction is hard at work and will soon open the school with a corps of teachers that will command instant approval. The one great advantage of this school will consist in this that it will be exclusively for girls. Parents who desire refinement, culture and ladylike accomplishments for their daughters can scarcely expect to find them in a mixed school where rough or sensual boys are brought in constant contact with young girls. The Woodward school should open with a large number of girls from the best families in Quincy. Application for entrance should be made at once to the clergyman who is best known to the applicant. The Institute is free to Quincy born girls between the ages of ten and twenty years.

Public Buildings.

Mayor Hodges in his inaugural was kind enough to sympathize with Quincy's unemployed and claimed that public buildings should be erected by day labor.

Why does not Mayor Hodges practice what he preaches.

If we remember rightly all the houses erected by Mr. Hodges in Quincy in the last two years have been erected under contract with Contractors, and on most of them Boston labor was employed.

We would, refer Mr. Hodges to Contractor Hatch of Boston who erects his buildings for him.

THE SMILE AND TEARS.

The firmament with stars is set,
And the "Empress of the Night"
O'er the earth in solemn slumber,
Sheds its beams of silvery light.
While on the Judea mountains
As the sheep at pasture stray,
The fear filled shepherds harken
To the glorious Christmas lay.

With strains of heavenly music
From harps by angels strung,
With soft sweet voices mingled
The midnight air is rung.
As to earth is borne the tidings
That through ages shall not cease,
Of endless joy and gladness,
Of glory and of peace.

As the sacred music dies away
Upon the peaceful air,
To vision in the eastern sky,
Grows a star of brightness fair.
And nearer to the weary earth
Now bend the white robed band,
The while the listening shepherds
In tremble listen stand.

Then to these artless herdsmen,
Who tend their flocks by night,
An angel tells the message,
He hears from the realms of light.
His words with gladness laden
On the shadowy stillness fall,
And thus foretells the Saviour
Who brings peace to great and small.

"Behold," he says, "and do not fear,
The message that we bring;
Tells that unto you is born
A Saviour and a King.
And in the town of David,
O'er where yon star shines bright
In manger wrapped in swaddling clothes,
Lies the Promised One to-night."

To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,
The shepherds anxious go;
When they have reached the stable,
Ah, who their joy can know?
For here in deep humility,
Their God and King they meet,
And low in adoration bend
The worship at His feet.

O'er the humblest of all cradles
Fondly bends the mother fair,
While beside her, Joseph watches,
That no fear may enter there.
And as both with joy-filled spirits
Gaze upon the new-born Child,
His sweet face beams with a gentle smile,
And His eyes are soft and mild.

But soon upon that lovely face,
A grief begins to show,
And the little eyes are wet with tears,
Oh, why, why is it so?
Is He not God and far beyond,
The azure starry dome,
Bliss reigns supreme and infinite
Within His Father's home?

He was the Promised Saviour,
And His mission was to die,
That He might gain for mortals,
A home beyond the sky.
The smile is given to Mary,
And Joseph at Her side;
But the tears were shed for sinners
For whom He bled and died.

And stars both bright and brilliant
Our long tried faith took
To Jesus' shrine where lovingly,
Through time, He waits for all.
Waits for the wayward erring souls,
O'er whom He often weeps,
Though they are cold and will not list,
When to their hearts He speaks.

Ah! those who answer to His call,
And serving humbly bend,
His sweet, approving smile shall gain,
And His love unto the end.
Then in His Father's dwelling,
Where all with Him are one,
Eternal bliss they shall enjoy
And the victor's crown have won.

-CATHERINE T. O'BRIEN.

GEORGE CABILL.

Those who have known him feel the loss of the patriot more and more as time goes on. The light of his life burned so quietly and evenly (for his true Christian humility kept it ever hidden in part) that the watchers scarcely realized, at the close, that it had gone out. But now, when emergencies begin to rise, wherein his help was important, when the routine of old affairs comes and goes without him, the feeling of his loss becomes a reality more poignant than at the solemn hour when God called him away. There are few men over whom an enemy may fittingly be uttered. For most men mere generalities will suffice; for when we have asked ourselves: "What have they done to merit universal regard?" we are forced to answer—nothing. They have been good men, noble men, and their record may stand clear with God. But they have not gone outward from themselves and made their individual existence so much a part of the public existence that men can say when they are gone: "The community will no longer be the same—it will miss him, for it needed him." We need not resort to generalities in praise of him who has gone from us. His life was one long, concrete series of facts. In him, Nature whether civil or religious, meant more than a mere name, and every principle that he advocated found in himself its realization. What are the things that make men great? Love of honor, love of country, love of God, not as expressed by mere words, but as acted out in the living of his life. In George Cabill's life all three principles found an admirable exemplification. Honor was to him sacred. The word that stings found no place upon his tongue; the secret locked to his care was ever as effectually locked in the recesses of his heart as are now the unexpressed thoughts that were buried with him in the grave. His course once marked out was carried through in the face of all obstacles. Oh, what a noble exemplum for any man to say of him: "he never wilfully injured anyone in thought, word or deed."

The record of George Cabill as a patriot is too well known to deserve repetition. An enforced exile from his beloved native land, his heart ever beat in unison with her every pulsation, even though he knew that, for him personally, return to these green shores was forever interdicted. He followed her in her struggles; he poured out prodigally into her lap, all the resources of time, labor and money, that lay at his command, and even when the will-o-the-wisp of Finland flickered delusively, and prophesied so much for the mother country, he followed the last to the end and stood among the last to see it sink down in the marsh of despair and die away. He struggled through the efforts of the Plan of Campaign—the efforts of the National League—of everything that held out a hope—however remote, of relief for Ireland, and it was with a pang of regret that he realized that his life must go out before the realization of Erin's latest endeavors for Home Rule. O, George Cabill! There are names of Irish heroes more luminous, more glorified than yours; but there was never one to which Ireland owed more for constant good will and effort; your helpfulness shall not be without avail, for the thousands of hearts that have been influenced by you without being conscious of the source whence came the influence. You have worked for your country, you have worked unceasingly, and time will bring about the materialization of your efforts all the sooner for the enthusiasm and courage with which you animated them.

As an American citizen George Cabill was second to none in loyalty and uncompromising effort. He chose his party; he believed in its principles almost as firmly as he believed in his faith. With-out reward, or hope of reward, he worked faithfully, till the moment of death found him at his chosen post of duty. The democracy of Quincy never sufficiently venerate the name of one whose last act of life was one of devotion to their cause.

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THE INAUGURAL.

In his inaugural address, Mr. Hodges gave to the City Council his views regarding matters that he considered most important during this municipal year. His document is regarded generally as very weak, and by no means broad or comprehensive. It deals in platitudes or set phrases which mean very little. It is notable for the absence of a progressive plan of public policy and insinuates that previous administrations have done wrong in approaching the debt limit. A glance at the table of expenses which he submits, is proof enough that the money was spent for public necessities and that it was well invested. He makes a very transparent bid for the labor vote by advocating the abolition of contract labor. He is so afraid of fraud on the part of contractors, that he has been heard of corruption on the part of city officials who have been entrusted with the purchase of materials and the employment of men necessary to the performance of expensive public works.

Mr. Hodges then makes a recommendation that will carry dismay into the democratic ranks and that will reject the republicans.

We refer to his proposition that the number of councilmen at large be increased. Any one who has watched the result of municipal elections, knows that the republicans have always carried a strong majority of the councilmen at large and that the only hope of gaining Democratic councilmen has been the ward system. If the republicans are sharp, they will at once act on this suggestion of a democratic mayor and still further weaken the Democrats. Mr. Hodges says "We must banish utterly from our consideration anything that remotely approaches a luxury." Shortly after he strongly urges the building of a hotel to the sea. He does not mention the streets that are without electric lights. He gives no advice regarding better police protection especially at night. He says nothing about the abolishing of railroad grade crossings which would give employment to hundreds of men. He does not recommend the paving of the principal streets which would be so welcome to the poor granite workers, but he wants a wide boulevard to a summer resort. He handles the fire department very gingerly as if he feared that he might burn his fingers. He has practically made no recommendation for improvement in the department of public works. He insinuates that a special officer should not be appointed to prevent the illegal sale of liquor, and he desires that all the police should be instructed to enforce the liquor law, thus opening wide the door to the surest means of corrupting the police and to the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Other matters will be noted from time to time, but enough has been shown to very much dispel the impression that Mr. Hodges was the only man who thoroughly knew how to conduct the affairs of Quincy on a business basis. He is far behind the times in his public views and if he persists in ignoring the demand for public necessities, his administration is certain to be an unequalled failure.

Mayor Hodges' Appointments.

There was a large attendance at the council meeting Monday evening, for it had been announced that Mayor Hodges would make his appointments. Pres. Bass read the following list:

Commissioner of Public Works.—William N. Eaton.
City Treasurer.—Bryant N. Adams.
City Clerk.—Harrison A. Keith.
Collector of Taxes.—Watson H. Brase.
Chief of Police.—Joseph W. Hayden.
Chief Engineer of Fire Department.—Peter J. Williams.
Overseer of the Poor.—Zeus S. Arnold.
City Solicitor.—Paul R. Blackman.
City Physician.—Samuel M. Donovan.
Park Commissioners.—William B. Rice, George C. Adams and Frederick H. Smith.
Board of Health.—Benjamin F. Curtis, Dr. Charles O. Young and Timothy F. Ford.

Board of Trustees of Thomas Crane Library.—Everett A. C. Bumpus, Harrison A. Keith, William H. Price, George W. Morton, Dr. John H. Ash and James Thompson.
Board of Managers of Adams Academy.—Charles A. Howland, William G. A. Pattee, John O. Hall, Frederick B. Rice, Henry O. Fairbanks, and Sylvester Brown.
Board of Managers of Public Burial Place.—John Hall, George L. Gill, Joseph H. Vogel, James E. Maxim, Frederick E. Green and Elijah G. Hall.

These are the eleven important offices at the disposal of the Mayor, all the others being of minor importance and having little or no influence in the management of the city business. The Republican Mayors without pledging themselves to do so, judged by the political creed of their appointees, gave the city a real citizens' non-partisan government. Their officials were selected from the great body of the citizens because of their recognized ability, honesty and standing in the community. They were pre-eminently qualified to discharge the duties belonging to the departments to which they were assigned. Mayor Hodges in his inaugural address promised to the citizens a non-partisan City Government yet on January, 15th inst., forgetting his promise, he appointed to these important offices, men whose principal qualification is their rank partisanship. Independents and Republicans who voted for Mr. Hodges may find food here for some deep thinking.

Plums for West Quincy

West Quincy has always been recognized as the banner ward of the Democratic party in this city. No other ward has rendered such faithful and valiant service to the democratic party and in particular to Mayor Hodges.

How happy and contented the democratic husters of that ward must feel when they think of the number of fat, salaried plums Mayor Hodges gave to them as a reward for past services. (1)

Was there none but an Eaton good enough to satisfy the aristocratic taste of Mayor Hodges? What a change from before election! then, nothing was too good for West Quincy; with deep solicitude he inquired into all her ills and woes. His, the Magic Elixir that would heal them all. Now, alas! the men of West Quincy who worked for Mr. Hodges are enjoying the rigor and muscular contractions of an arctic chill. "Out in the cold!"

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IF YOU THINK OF MAKING A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

—Look at our Line of—

PERFUMERY,

Prices .25 cts. to \$2.00

—AT—

TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

The St. John's C. L. and A. A. in a Flourishing Condition.

St. John's hall on School street was lavishly decorated on Monday evening with national colors, and from the centre of the ceiling, red, white and blue streamers stretched away to every part of the building. Over the stage a large sign, bearing the words "Welcome," was surrounded by large American and Irish flags. To the left of the stage was a large shield bearing the date "1884," and to the right another which bore the figures "1894."

On the stage was a handsome portrait of the founder, Rev. A. F. Roche, and at the rear of the hall was the society's large white silk banner bearing the following in large gold letters: "St. John's C. L. and A. A.—organized 1884."

It was the tenth anniversary of the association. President Richard F. Cole presided. He said it was a source of great pleasure to him to open the meeting. He said a word of praise for the efforts of Rev. Fr. Roche, whose efforts had brought the society up to its present standard.

On the stage were seated President R. F. Cole, Rev. Fr. A. Friguglietti, Rev. A. F. Roche, Rev. Fr. A. Cunningham, ex-presidents T. J. Carey, M. T. Sullivan, R. E. Foran, Wm. H. Warner and Dr. S. M. Donovan, Daniel Driscoll and P. Driscoll, Rev. D. J. Reardon, a native of Quincy, who was stationed at Roxbury, delivered an eloquent and logical address on "The Opportunities of a Catholic Young Man."

The pastor, Rev. Fr. A. Friguglietti, the director, Rev. Fr. A. Roche, and Rev. Fr. A. Cunningham also added words of congratulation and encouragement.

The following literary and musical programme was also rendered in a pleasing manner:—

Duett—Misses Roche and Walsh. Recitation—D. J. Ring.

Duett—Misses Horan. Selections—Columbian Quartette.

Song—Miss McCarthy. Song—Wm. Alexander.

Duett—Misses McNally and Doran. Recitation—Miss Gertrude Boyd.

Song—Miss Doran. Song—Edward Roderham.

Song—John Daley.

Dancing followed from 10 to 2; music by Rossi's Orchestra. Refreshments were served in the lower hall.

OBITUARY.

At a meeting of Quincy Branch, I. N. L., held Jan. 7, 1894, the following preliminary resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS—It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst an active and esteemed member, Mr. George Cahill, therefore, be it

Resolved—That while boxing in humble submission to the will of the Almighty, we express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss of one who has ever been zealous in the cause of Ireland and who was ever ready with voice and pen to champion the cause of freedom whenever the heel of the tyrant might tread.

Resolved—That his love of Ireland was no greater than for the land of his adoption, an ardent admirer of our free institutions, an active and energetic citizen, always taking an interest in the welfare of our City, State and Nation.

Resolved—That in the death of George Cahill, the Quincy Branch, Irish National League, has lost a sincere member, a devoted citizen, a true and devoted son.

Resolved—That while we tender our heartfelt sorrow to his bereaved family, we would remind them that he has but gone before, we must soon follow.

Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions be entered on the records of this branch and published in the Quincy Monitor, Patriot, and Advertiser, Boston Pilot, Republic and Boston Globe, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

Committee on Resolutions—JOHN CAVANAGH, JAMES COLLINS, TIMOTHY F. FORD.

LOCALS.

Several of Quincy's school teachers are on the sick list.

The Y. L. C. A. elected new officers Tuesday evening.

The street railway company have a new electric trolley wired ready for use in the next few days.

The boiler at the Nail factory, Neponset, has been repaired and work has again started. It is thought that very soon they will run regular time.

On Dec. 26, Mrs. Bridget, wife of Mr. John McKenna of Atlantic, died at her home on Fifth street. Though in poor health for some time, her death was quite sudden as she was able to be about the house on the day previous. Her funeral took place the following Thursday from the Sacred Heart Church. The interment was at Calvary.

The several Christmas festivals of the Sunday Schools were unusually interesting this year. The first in order was that of St. Mary's, which was held in St. Mary's hall the night after Christmas. Mr. Penman gave views of the World's Fair with his accompanying lecture, to the children in the afternoon and to adults in the evening. The children enjoyed a tree, which contained many pretty presents and each child was made happy with a pound of candy. At the close of the evening's entertainment Mr. Penman had a picture of Fr. Roche flashed upon the screen, whereupon Mr. Napoleon Grignon stepped upon the stage and presented Fr. Roche with a silver set, a gift of the teachers of the Sunday School. The set was composed of six pieces, beautiful in design and each engraved with an old English "R." Fr. Roche was completely surprised and thanked the donors in a very few well-chosen words. The teachers each received a copy of the "Imitation of Christ." The proceeds from the entertainment were given to the Charitable Society.

The following Wednesday evening the children of the Sacred Heart Sunday

School, Atlantic, held their entertainment in the church basement. The following programme was given:—

Chorus—"Ring the Bells," Choir Violin and Piano Duett.

Master John Lyons, Miss B. Trepanier Recitation—Good-bye Cheers.

Thomas Edwards Song—Christmas Gift, Rose Coladane Chorus—Hosanna, Choir

Recitation—Santa Claus, Peter Colligan Song—Blye O, Lizzie Connolly Recitation—The Portrait—Story.

James Brennan Song—Christmas Waltz Song, Lizzie Curley and Hannah Sullivan Recitation—The Stocking Ball, Mary Ago Violin and Piano Duett.

Master Lyons and Miss Trepanier Recitation—Mabel's Christmas Prayer, Lizzie Sullivan

Vocal Duett—Do you Remember? Annie Roche and Annie Walsh Solo—Afterwards, Frances McNally Sketch—Sewing Circle, Six Girls Recitation—Mabel, Mary Hastings

Song—Starbright, Kitty Hastings Chorus—Christmas Song, Choir Recitation—The Reason Why, A. Martin Song—The Same Sweet Bell, M. Sullivan Recitation—Happy New Year, T. Edwards

The children received presents from the tree and Fr. Roche was also remembered. Each teacher was presented with a copy of "The Imitation."

On Thursday evening, Jan. 4, the members of St. John's Sunday School presented the opera "Joseph in Egypt" in Hancock hall. The costumes were beautiful and also the many pretty scenes. The following was the cast of characters:—

King Pharaoh, Mr. John Pielan Princess Arda, Miss Mary Doran Jacob, Mr. Michael Hartley

Joseph, (as a boy), Mr. Michael Walsh Joseph in Egypt, Mr. Andrew Mischler Reuben, Mr. Frank A. Moha

Juliah, Mr. Henry Collins Liphah, Joseph's sister, Miss Annie Roche Bahlah, Miss Annie Walsh

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THE PAPER BOX AGE.

NUMBER OF USES TO WHICH CARDBOARD CASES ARE PUT.

An Industry Not Much Understood by Which the Figures are Gigantic—How It Provides Employment For Thousands, Evolution of the Paper Box.

In the multiplicity of modern conveniences the paper box holds a front place. Half a century ago the dry goods dealer would present an empty box to the little daughter of his regular customer as a mark of special favor. Boxes were then used only by the wholesale houses to hold their goods in, and the retailer kept them to show his wares in. Now the customer insists upon his purchase being placed in a neat box. Not only is this so in the dry goods business, but in every other business. The oyster fry in a box as a peacemaker was a popular joke half a dozen years ago; now they put ice cream in boxes, and all sorts of things. Candy used to be sold in paper bags; the smallest purchase has to be put in a box. The fancy confectioner might land a paper bag to a woman who had made a small purchase, but never to a man. The man is probably more particular about his parcel than a woman. He hates to see his carrying parcels anyway, and those he does carry must be thoroughly well disguised. If he buys a bottle of whiskey, he must have it in a box, so that his friends may mistake it for a pair of shoes.

It is not surprising, therefore, that paper box making should have grown into an important industry. In this city alone no less than 5,000 girls are employed in it. It is a comparatively clean, healthy business, and regular and well paid, the wages averaging between \$7 and \$10 a week. There are in this city 75 firms engaged in the business, but three-fourths of it is done by 10 large firms, whose individual output is as follows:—The average cost of a paper box is 5 cents, you can form some idea from this of the enormous number that are used. One candy maker alone during the month of December last used \$10,000 worth of boxes.

Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago are also prominent in this industry, and the workmen and girls employed by the firms of these cities make much less than 20,000. There are small firms, too, in every large city, in addition to which many large manufacturers make their own paper boxes.

The first paper box maker was George W. Plimley, who started in the business at Philadelphia in 1846. He and his partner cut out the boxes, their only tools being a straight edge, compass, shoe knife and scissors. They employed five girls to paste and for six or seven years had a monopoly of the business. Then Charles W. Jencks started in the business in Providence and introduced a rough scoring machine to cut partly through the cardboard where it is folded. Jencks' machine was a great improvement, but it was a struggle to obtain proper materials. There were few paper mills in the country, and the straw board used was very poor stuff, not two sheets coming out of the mill of the same size. It was made by hand of straw, meadow hay, refuse straw from stables, dried in the open air on the ground, and consequently was often filled with sand, which made it interesting for the cutters. The best quality of mill board was all imported.

In those early days the young women in the paper box factories made boxes for their mothers made pies, "come at a time and that one well." A girl who could make pies quickly and well could make boxes in a similar style. The operations were somewhat similar. There was the same manner of cutting out material, the same carving way of putting down and smoothing out the box coverings as the pie crust and the same way of trimming off surplus material. Now everything is done by machinery. Paper box making, the only girls have nothing to do but feed the material to the machines.

George A. Dickerman of Boston started in the business in 1863 in Boston, and about 1870 a Frenchman named Ronyon introduced the business in this city. The old fashioned way of scoring the pastboard with a rule and a knife's knife continued until 1871, when the first machine was introduced. This was the invention of Mr. Bigelow of New Haven. This scoring machine was such a success that a number of firms sprang up. Six years after a man named Marshall of Boston made a lighter and easier running machine, and in 1881 John T. Robinson & Co. invented the present scoring machine. The trouble with the former machines was in the time it took to adjust the knives to a new size or pattern of box. In the Robinsons' there are two sets of knives, so that one set can be adjusted while the other is being used. Nowadays the whole of the material is made in this country, and it is a sad irony to know that the scoring machines and the box-making machines are all the result of Yankee ingenuity. Paper boxes are used all over the world now, and all the world has to get its machines from this country. In France paper boxes are still made by hand by many firms, but the machines have been introduced there, and it will not be long before these Yankee inventions will be at work in all their factories.

The boxmaker now receives \$2 for the same work he got \$5 for 21 years ago, yet he makes a larger profit and is able to pay higher wages. The machines are uncomplicated and not expensive. The business gives steady employment, as there is practically no particular season and when not working on orders the machines are running on stock, of which a large supply has always to be kept on hand. Such is the rapid growth of the paper box industry, which now has three good trade papers to represent its interests. —New York Advertiser.

WATER LOCATION SENSE.

The Strange Faculty Possessed by Some Reptiles Even When Decapitated.

Reptiles and batrachians usually possess what may be termed the water location sense.

My attention was first called to this by my brother, who, while engaged in a natural history expedition in southern Texas, had what at the time we both considered a unique experience with a large sea tortoise.

This tortoise had been surprised some distance from the water, among the

sand dunes that line the Gulf shore, and in being overtaken had its head chopped off preparatory to serving as a very toothsome addition to our diet. Much to the surprise of the party the beheaded animal continued on its way toward the water.

Several times it was turned around, entirely or partly way, but every time it was able to right its position perfectly and again make directly for the water. At the time this was narrated to me I was of the opinion that there must have been something in the contour of the land that enabled the tortoise to regain the correct direction in each case.

Since then I have had numerous proofs that this ability belongs to a number of species of these animals in the West Indies, and that the loss of eyes and nasal organs, of the entire head and neck, in fact, apparently works no inconvenience to them in this particular. This is a fairly characteristic which, so far as I have been able to find, is not alluded to in any work concerning them.

The same singular ability may be observed in certain species of water-breathing snake. The common water-snake, often erroneously called the "water moccasin," almost invariably finds its way to the water, if not too far away, when its head is cut off.—St. Louis Republic.

The Color of Man.

The color of the skin in the various races of man has never yet been scientifically accounted for, although numerous mythical stories have been told, and countless theories advanced as reasons for the remarkable variations in hue. Nor have we any certain data concerning the color of the cuticle of the primeval man, the original "lord of creation."

A pretty African legend is that he was as black as the proverbial ace of spades and that the present pale color of the Caucasian race is the result of the scarce God gave Adam at the time of the fall. It is proper to state here that the same legend says that the present black race are descendants of one of Adam's sons that was born and left Eden before the great change in color overtook our first parents. The Chinese believe that the original color of a creature half god and half man, and that his color came about as a result of bathing in a river of liquid gold. The Mussulmans, the American Indians and several oriental tribes and nations account for their prevailing red or copper color by telling the story of the great being creating the first pair from red kaolin, the common fire clay of the potter shops.—Exchange.

Soap For Chapped Hands.

"Contrary to the general notion," said a well known chemist, "good toilet soap is the best preventive against chapped hands that can be used. I don't mean its general use in washing, but as a salve or balm, just as you would apply camphor ice or vasoline. While the common soap generally used for cleaning about the house is of an alkali nature and chaps the skin terribly, a good toilet soap is neutral and acts as a balm to the irritated skin. In my business I have to wash my hands a great number of times a day. At first I had great trouble for my skin, being naturally tender, chapped easily, making large cracks in the flesh which made it dangerous for me to work in acids. At last I discovered by covering my hands with good toilet soap after I had washed them—rubbing it well into the skin—that I not only prevented chapping, but kept my hands in elegant condition. Vasoline and salves are very good, but none of them can do the work of a first class toilet soap. As I said, a toilet soap is neutral. A person could eat it without injury. Why, many of the pills which are prescribed for you are made out of nothing more than toilet soap." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

It Was Foggy.

Brazil is the hotbed of "prevaricators for amusement only." It has in actual existence an Ananias club, and rumor credits Judge Silas D. Coffey of the state supreme bench with the presidency. The judge told a good story at the expense of John Vane, proprietor of the Vane's boiler works, and cousin to Carnegie, the iron king. He said that one morning while a party were camping at the judge's cottage they awoke to find the thickest fog on record. Vane was missing, and a search was instituted. He was found just outside the door where he was cutting out slices of the fog with a saw. He said he was spreading it with some molasses for breakfast. Vane denies this and says he was cutting holes in the shadows of night that had got caught in the fog.—Brazil (Ind), Cor Cincinnati Enquirer.

Force of Habit.

Speaking of force of habit, some years ago there was a man raising round the capitol grounds at Washington. The appropriation bill provided for a watchman to close and lock the gates every night at a certain hour and open them at a certain hour every morning. In the course of time the railing or fence was removed, but the gates swung between their Egyptian pillars for a long time, and all that time the watchman came and went regularly, closing and opening the gates according to law and drawing his salary.—New York Herald.

There are now over 250,000 words in the English language acknowledged by the best authorities, or about 70,000 more than in the German, French, Spanish and Italian languages combined.

A little girl startled her mother the other day by abruptly asking what barbers did with all their shavings. —Philadelphia Record.

The Atlanta Constitution is of the opinion that the south has just about recuperated in wealth what the war cost her.

Dutiful For Once.

Boy—My tooth aches, and mamma said I should come here and let you look at it. Dentist—I see. It must come out. Won't take but a minute. Now be a brave little man, and fill.

Boy (fastly backing off)—Mamma didn't say I should let you pull it; she only said I should let you look at it. Good-bye.

UNDERPAID CLERGY.

SOME OF THEM RECEIVE LESS THAN A DRAPER'S CLERK.

The Trials and Final Reward of an English Curate in the Eighteenth Century. Extracts from a Diary Which Tells a Dismal Tale of Privation.

A great deal is heard from time to time about the underpaid clergy. It has been recently said by an English writer that "there are many clerks in holy orders who receive less than clerks in linen draper's shops." This is especially true in Europe, where the clergy, or at least the curates, are paid such miserably poor stipends that but for the generosity of the parishioners they could not live.

In the United States, too, the clergyman, usually a college bred man of talents and refinement, receives a salary altogether out of proportion to his calling and his ability. This remark does not apply to the clergy in the large cities, to many of whom are paid very large salaries. In New York city, for example, it is said that there are 100 ministers who receive salaries of \$10,000, and many of them have rectories or parish houses free in addition. But in the country towns, east and west alike, the minister who gets \$2,000 is a rare exception. Many, perhaps the majority, do not receive as much as \$1,000.

While the reduction may not prove of tangible benefit to these underpaid servants in the highest of callings, still it is interesting to know that in a social and in a financial way, and in the self respect consequent upon these conditions, the clergyman of today is vastly better off than the curate or curate of a century ago. In point of abject poverty there are no curates of Wakefield today, nor any clergymen who figure as jesters or buffoons, as did many of the more favored ones of Goldsmith's day.

The following extract from The Gentleman's Magazine of 1766 shows how poor was the lot of the curate of that time:

Monday—Received £10 from my rector, being one-half year's salary, obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor, and even when admitted was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked 11 miles. Item—The doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for £13 a year. In point of abject poverty there are no curates of Wakefield today, nor any clergymen who figure as jesters or buffoons, as did many of the more favored ones of Goldsmith's day.

Tuesday—Paid £9 to seven different people, but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches offered me as a great bargain, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

Wednesday—My wife bought a petticoat for herself and shoes for her two daughters, but unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole which she had never before perceived in her pocket and reduced all our cash in the world to half a crown. Item—Child my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune and tenderly advised her to depend upon the goodness of God.

Thursday—Received a note from the alehouse at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business. Went and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for sevenpence half penny. In a struggle what to do, the baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarreled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future, and the butcher sent us word that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty at an inferior price, and therefore, though he would do anything, to save me advised me to deal at the upper end of the town. Mortifying reflections, these, but a want of humility is, in my opinion, a want of justice. The Father of the universe lends his blessings to us, with a view that we should relieve one another, and we consequently do no more than pay a debt when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

Friday—A very scant dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that, by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling, the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart and burst into tears. Mem.—Never to contradict her as long as I live, for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more right sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion, and in every lapse from the severity of economy performs an act of virtue, superior to the value of a kingdom.

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An Indian's Diplomacy.

I heard a good story of a celebrated Indian potentate who took an English peer, who was staying with him, out shooting. Truth to tell, the peer shot very badly, and the eastern prince was sorely puzzled to combine oriental compliment and empty compliments. At last, however, he said: "Your excellency shot splendidly, but God was very merciful to the little birds!" —London Gossip.

Animals and Music.

A Composer Thinks All Living Things Sensitive to Musical Tones.

"The Influence of Music on Man, Animals and Plants" was discussed by Professor Asger Hamerik in a lecture at the Peabody conservatory. Of the second part of his subject he said:

"There is no doubt of music's power over animals. All singing birds are subject to the influence. The spider, the mouse and the snake can be charmed with tunes. I saw on St. Paul street one day a runaway horse stop suddenly

where a street organ was being played and tremble all over. I had once a Gordon setter that would play with his paw on the keyboard of my piano and, with a kind of murmur, try to imitate the human voice, making an effect that, if not musical, showed at least that the dog's mind attempted something in that direction.

I have had personal experience with the musical qualities of mice, for I once used to play the piano in a room where there were many mice. When I played for a little while, out would come troops of a critical audience of mice, which seemed perfectly tame so long as the music lasted. I experimented with them again and again and arrived at the conclusion that they undoubtedly were in some way influenced by and very susceptible to music. I grew tired of my faithful auditors after awhile and closed the doors of the concert hall to them by having a tin cover over the holes and cracks in the door.

The song of the bird and the crowing of the rooster are not their conversation. They have a kind of chirping for that. What, then, do the song and the crowing mean? Joy, contentment, exultation—as with man. When a rooster has had a good dinner

Quincy Monitor.

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QUINCY, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1894.

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Big Mastodon Tusks From Alaska.
A prospector who came from the gold fields of Alaska brought a number of curious relics of that faraway region. The most interesting of the collection is a set of ivory tusks of enormous size, the remains of a mastodon. A great tooth was also found with the tusks, which were discovered in a deep canyon several hundred miles back in the mountains from Juneau.
The size of the tusks in question is something phenomenal. They form almost a semicircle, the circumference being 10 feet by actual measurement, tapering down to a point from a thickness of about 6 inches, where the tusk projects from the head. The elements of ages have apparently had but little effect on these mastodontic ornaments, for the surface is almost smooth and nearly as hard as rock, and the combined weight of the two tusks exceeds 350 pounds. The tooth found is of irregular shape, probably 14 inches long, 6 inches through, and weighs 10 or 15 pounds.—Seattle Telegraph.
Different Circumstances.
"So you married a telephone girl on account of her sweet voice, eh? Are her tones as dulcet as ever?"
"Er—well, they might be if they were at the end of 2,000 or 3,000 feet of wire, as in the old days."—Indianapolis Journal.

A MODERN LYRIC.
If you could only always know
When the doorbell rings
Just who it is who stands below,
Making the doorbell jingle so,
Quite frequently you wouldn't go
When the doorbell rings.
It isn't sure to be a friend
When the doorbell rings.
It may be "Undress to me!"
Or some one with fine shoes to vend,
Whose flow of language has no end,
When the doorbell rings.
It's always at your busiest time
When the doorbell rings.
Your hands, may be, are black with grime.
In such a case your language I'm
Quite sure I'd never put in rhyme,
When the doorbell rings.
But to the door you always go
When the doorbell rings.
You see, we're anxious to know
Just who is on the porch,
And so outsiders get a show
When the doorbell rings.
—Somerville Journal.

HIS COURTSHIP.
Mr. James Lempriere was at Watson's hotel, Bombay. He was going home. He had been upward of 30 years in India, there was no denying that. But then, as he himself said, "men wear so differently." Besides he consoled himself with the life insurance office. Terms were so much more favorable that longevity must be on the increase. He did not consider his own at all a bad age at which to commence a happy English career.
Mr. Lempriere had been in the civil service in the northwest provinces and had run the usual course without special distinction, either for competence or the lack of it. He had gone through the mutiny with determination, not complaining of hardships, and it was going to be said—encouraging the ladies. But no, that was unnecessary. If those trying times proved anything, it was the invincible courage of English women. Before the establishment of the high court our friend had thought himself rather a good district judge, but after that event it was found that there was too much hearsay evidence in his criminal cases, and as for what he considered his happy settlement of old water pipe and new window disputes, why, the chief justice told him it was clear that he had a most imperfect acquaintance with the law of easements. However, he had always been at small stations and so had saved money, for, except in the matter of the table, his expenses were small, and he had steered clear of all matrimonial engagements. But now, with England looming before him, the idea occurred to him very forcibly that he had put off "settling" for a long, long time, and that if he meant to settle at all he must brighten up and look about him.
Mr. Lempriere was not quite at his ease with white men in a rank socially below his own, because in the small stations the whites had all been "sahibs," and he was not accustomed to any that were not. A rather good looking man of 30 perhaps entered. He mentioned, but with a distinctly western accent, that he was prepared to enter service for the voyage home. His name was Stevens, and he was last, as he said, from London. Still he admitted that it was possible to view him as an American, though in his opinion a cosmopolitan would be nearer the mark.
He was not to wait at table, as the pursuer would object, but he would look generally after Mr. Lempriere—brush his clothes and shoes and keep an eye on the luggage. He seemed just the thing, and then if he had not seemed just the thing it was perhaps likely he would have been engaged, for a contract was a much easier conclusion of the business than a refusal. They were to start the next day. Stevens would take his own second class passage, and settlement would come afterward. The ship was to raise anchor at 11. Mr. Lempriere breakfasted betimes and drove down to Garden Beach to the premises of the P. & O. company.
When the judge got on board the steamship Auckland, the first duty was to choose a place at the cuddy table, tolerably near the captain, but a corner seat, easy to get at, near a wind sail and opposite a young lady. Just the thing, because he was going in for conversation and pleasantness now. He concluded the card on the plate, which card bore the name "Edie Briedenbach," must mean a lady, and Edie would be too frivolous for an old maid and inappropriate for an old woman. Stevens, who was there, said that the next card, "Mrs. Silas P. Christie," belonged to the first card. It was a party of two. He had seen the cards laid, but the ladies had not come on board yet.
The ship started as advertised and glided out of the smooth harbor into the smooth ocean and the warm sea air, which in the spring, between Bombay and Aden, is so inexpressibly delightful to the home bound traveler. Luncheon was a confused meal. Few had got their own seats and many were absent arranging their cabins. But when dinner was announced in the later afternoon the old judge (fancy a man of only 33 being called so irreverent a name, but such had been his station and appellation)

saw a very arch young lady opposite to himself, young, but not childish—say eight and twenty, dressed picturesquely, with a bodice of one color and a skirt of another and occupying the Edie seat, neighbored by a showy lady of middle age, who would answer very well for Mrs. Silas P. Christie.
The judge went off at once into conversation, for he knew if he hesitated to make acquaintance he should fall into the observant silence of his secluded habits had taught him. His new associates were very responsive, and the amiable Lempriere felt sure he had got into clover. He knew nothing of Americans beyond what he had read in books, but he concluded from a few terms of speech that the ladies hailed from the States. Edie was very likely—told good stories, described adventures, picked up any topic with mental agility and seemed determined not to let the ball of conversation drop when once in the air. The judge was surprised at himself. There was plenty of time for 10 or 12 years of happy married life with a margin beyond for paralysis, imbecility and so on, which would afford a field for affectionate nursing.
In the evening the ladies were quite ready to play at cards or backgammon, and Edie had a banjo, but that had to be reserved for deck, and the judge did not so much care for public music, because the young men—mere boys, of course—were attracted by it.
When the berth was reached the first night, and his two companions were asleep—the ship was very crowded—the judge calmly contemplated the situation. He had found out that Mrs. Christie was the wife of an American merchant in Bombay, partner in the well known house of Christie, Moore & Burgess, and Miss Briedenbach was apparently traveling under her care, but no one knew anything about her.
By the time the Auckland arrived at Aden the old judge decided that he had got on very fairly, considering the rusticity of his up country manners. He was a person of some importance when he made his own tea on the quarter deck in the early hours and Stevens brought the hot water and arranged the tray for him on the skylight. It was rather the thing to get an invitation to join in a cup of real tea in contradistinction to the beverage provided by the pursuer, which the irresponsible declared was a mixture of senna and cockroach wings. Then in the forenoon the judge would read to the ladies—Longfellow perhaps, out of compliment, or his favorite, Byron, for he belonged to the period when that nobleman was considered the type of everything which was passionate, in intellectual and rebellious.
Afternoon walks on the decks, talk at dinner, cards, music, another evening lounge. Oh, golden days indeed! And Edie was so kind as well as amusing. She would ask for his handkerchief and put scent on it and inquire if he liked it and whether he fancied flowers generally—white roses, sweetbrier or Stephanotis. It was so nice to have tastes consulted. The Red sea was very hot and the pleasant routine a little broken in upon by expedients for keeping cool, and as Edie was depressed in the daytime she tried to brighten into banjo music in the evening, and the banjo always brought the foolish young people.

Then, when Egypt was passed, the Mediterranean was very rough. The charming, halcyon Indian seas were left behind, and with them the leisure and the languor of the east. Sea sickness dispensed sentiments, and the careworn, horizontal invalids bore the trace of the syphilis of sunny hours. But the bad weather only lasted to Gibraltar, and then the days became quite lovely. They coasted Portugal, and they passed over deep Biscay with nothing but a long swell on it, scarcely curling the smooth satin surface into a fold. To be pursuing frivolous amusements in this locality, so often the arena of untamed and contending elements, seemed like picnicking by the crater of Vesuvius.
The ship glided past the redoubtable Ushant like a pleasure boat, and the judge, feeling very genial, remarked to a Chinese quartermaster that the season was delightful, to which that functionary replied, "Catchee London yesterday." This response a little embarrassed the excellent Lempriere, but the Chinese are not good linguists, and it only meant that England would be reached the next morning.
Very friendly relations had been established again, in the calm noons and evenings, with the ladies. The judge was sure Edie felt an interest in him, as he had seen her one day speaking to Stevens. He would rather she should have asked any questions from himself, not from his servants, but he supposed women were inquisitive. He really thought he was sufficiently established in the young lady's good graces to inquire at least if he might call on her in London. And then, if her friends and surroundings were nice there, could he do better? Shipboard impressions were considered transient, but there was no reason why they should always be so.

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Dinner was over. A bottle of champagne had been exhibited by the judge, and he felt very happy as he, into a cigar and paced toward the fore-castle, thinking over the exact words of what he would say later. He was rather surprised to find Edie in that part of the ship without Mrs. Christie, but then he thought of the clever western girls can take excellent care of themselves. As Edie passed she said: "You will walk tonight, won't you? I have got something to say to you." "Of course I will," cried the judge, thinking to join her there, but she hurried away. And turning to the fore-castle again he saw Stevens, and that person, catching his eye, came down to him. He was to leave when the shore was reached, but he had a few instructions to ask about the luggage.
He never touched his hat—the judge could scarcely expect it from a republican—but he was handy and polite in his own way. What could Edie have to say? Surely she was not one of those advanced women. She was not going to— But, in truth, if there was going to be any proposing, the old judge felt he would much sooner do it himself. However, as it grew dusk, he looked about for the lady, and when he had found her started with her for a walk, and they paced up and down, he, fond man, anxiously expecting the promised communication. But it did not come, and at last the judge said, "You wished to speak to me, I think?" And she replied, "Oh, yes, do come to the side." They were near the stern of the vessel, and moving to the bulwark leaned over together.

"You have been very kind to me, Judge Lempriere," the girl said, putting aside her arch manner and speaking seriously, "and I thought perhaps you might like to help me." She brought out from her dress a small bottle, and taking the stopper out of it offered it to her friend. "You have once or twice said you liked this scent. It is the celebrated Georgia water, said to be made from the choice plants in that state, but, at any rate, very fragrant, and most moderate in price if taken in quantity. I am traveling for it, and as you have been attentive I thought you would take a small consignment, as of course I get a percentage, and you would be benefiting me. Mrs. Christie, whose husband is one of our directors, proposed speaking, but I like to do it myself."
The old judge was too much taken aback to retain any self possession, and in a very stammering voice remarked that of course he would be very happy to assist her.
"Best thanks," she said, "and where shall you be in town?"
He intended to put up at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross.

"Very well. Then I shall meet my husband in London, and I will send him with the scent, and you can pay him if you will be so good."
"Your husband? Why, I understood you to be Miss Briedenbach?"
"Oh, that's my traveling name! Any suggestion of my profession does—Miss Briedenbach sometimes, sometimes Miss Piesse, sometimes Miss Lubin. You are awfully good. Come on, now, and I will play the banjo for the last time."
Space forbids more than to ask the reader to imagine the situation. Like a dream when one awaketh! Fond, fluttering judge!

The second day after the landing Mr. Lempriere was in his room at the Golden Cross. It was raining hard. London looked gloomy, the Strand a vista of umbrellas, the roadway a sea of mud. The returned prodigal thought England rather a mistake. He was very lonely, very much out of his element, very left handed—no bearer, no khidmutgars. And he himself absolutely nobody! One ant in an ant hill!
The waiter came in to say that a person wished to speak to him.
"Show him up."
There was a rumble and a thump in the passage, the door was thrown wide open, and Stevens and the waiter brought in a package about as big as a small portmanteau.
"My wife," said Stevens, bowing, "has sent me with this consignment of Georgia water, and she asked me to present the bill with her compliments and thanks. There are nominally 24 dozen, at a half crown the bottle, but by way of discount we throw in an extra dozen, which makes the amount exactly 350 bottles."

Seeing the judge's eyes open with perplexed astonishment, he added, "It seems a good lot, but it is a first rate article, and if used without stint it goes quicker."
And Stevens handed in the receipted bill. The judge felt that his servant had been in every way a traitor. But the subject of Mrs. Stevens was a delicate one, and certainly Edie's proposed consignment had been agreed to. There was nothing for it, but the checkbook.
"Really," cried the unfortunate gentleman, "I don't know. It is a large sum, but, of course—I mean I don't wish to recede from my word—yet what is to be done with foun-tains, ponds, tanks of Georgia water. Surely, there is a mistake, is there not?"
"None whatever," replied Stevens. **End**

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A LOST CHILD.

Today I saw in a Pacific coast newspaper an account of a lost child. It brought freshly to my mind a search for a lost child in which I participated 40 years ago. It was the only case of the kind with which I ever had anything to do. Children are often lost in large towns and cities, but the alarm and grief of their parents, but the straying of a child in a place through which people is not so serious a matter as the wandering away of a little one into the boundless wastes of an unincorporated country. The police are notified, advertisements inserted in the daily papers, and as some one is pretty sure to have found and taken care of the little waif it is soon restored to the arms of its parents except in the rare cases of kidnapping. In wild regions, however, when a child is known to be lost, it is necessary to at once organize searching parties and scour the country for miles in all directions. Nothing more quickly arouses the people of a settlement in one of our western wildernesses than the fact that a child has been lost. The sympathy of even the most stolid in the community is aroused. In isolated settlements all are drawn together as a sort of clan or large family, each member of which is familiarly acquainted with every other member, both great and small. This being the case, when a child is lost by one of the families of such a community, it is only necessary to mention its name to bring its image to the mind's eye of every one. Besides, there will be scores of persons who have fumbled and dandled the missing little one, looked into its innocent eyes and listened to its pretty prattle.

My experience in hunting for a lost child was had in Iowa in 1831. It was in what was known as the Wapessawock, White Earth (Creek) settlement, half way between Muscatine and Iowa City. To the southward was a heavy body of timber, a mile or two in width and extending for 30 miles along the creek—the Wapessawock—while to the west and north lay the wild and boundless prairie.

One night, late in October, I was aroused by a cry of "Hello, hello! The house!"

It was about 10 o'clock at night. Springing out of bed, I raised a window and sang out, "Hello!"

"A child is lost—William Henderson's little Lizzie. They missed her about sundown, and since then we have been searching for her all night. Can you help us? Can you carry the news to the other settlers in this direction?" and the man, a neighbor, whose voice I at once recognized, galloped on.

The farm of William Henderson was two miles away, on the edge of the boundless prairie lying to the northward. My brothers and I, and every one about the house turned out and began dressing, for all had heard the alarming news and all knew the lost child—a little 4-year-old. Without waiting to go out upon the prairie to catch up horses, we all struck out on foot for the Henderson farm. When we arrived at Henderson's house, we found it filled with excitement. Mrs. Henderson was wild. She was determined to rush forth into the prairie, despite the darkness of the night. "The wolves! the wolves!" was her constant cry. "The wolves will kill my poor child!" Twenty women were present and all nearly as frantic as the mother. The house was a perfect bedlam.

It was not without reason that the mind of the mother was filled with fear of wolves. At that time the prairies were full of coyotes, bands of which nightly prowled about the outlying farms, ready to slip in and carry off lambs or fowls. When intent upon such thieving, they are quiet enough, but if balked by the flashing of lights or unusual commotion, they stand off at a distance and yell out their disappointment and anger. This evening the hungry brutes, owing to the stir about the farm, had been particularly noisy and indignant. The howls and yelps were torture to the poor mother. Some boys had two or three times gone out into the prairie back of the field, and they had seen the wolves in such force that they each time turned and followed the dogs in asson as the boys turned about. Whenever the wolves began yelping, the poor mother would make a rush for the door, but four or five women, who had resolved themselves into a sort of bodyguard, always pulled her back and dragged her back. As the mother was an unusually large and strong woman, these struggles were so fierce as to frighten the 15 or 20 youngsters collected at the house and set them all to screaming at the top of their voices.

After witnessing a skirmish or two of the kind mentioned, and being unable to obtain any useful information at the house, we beat a retreat. The men were all out in a stretch of prairie that lay east of the farm. Toward them we hastened. Before us was a beautiful sight. Not only all the farmers, but all the residents of the little village of West Liberty, had taken the field. About 60 men on horseback, each with a large torch, were seen moving slowly in line across the prairie. At the head of the line were about 50 feet apart, and between each pair was a footman. They swept over a wide swath, and when out a mile from the fields would turn, form again and move back again over new ground. In order not to trample the child under the feet of their horses they did not move out of a walk. At the head of the number of old men were splitting up bonfires and making torches. Thus they were going over the prairie nearest the house, almost foot by foot.

This unusual stir stirred up the timorous coyotes, and they could be frequently heard yelping on the prairie to the northward of the farm, quite heedless of the gun and pistol shots when they raised their aerial howls.

The father of the lost child was among the mounted men. He was calm, but his face looked like that of a dead man in the glare of his torch. We had failed to obtain any useful information at the house, and when the father came to the fence where the torches were renewed a cousin who was with me approached him. "Mr. Henderson," he said, "keep your courage. Your child will be found. At not tonight, then, surely very soon after daylight. What kind of shoes did she have on?"

"A pair of little buckskin moccasins," said the father.

"That is all I wanted to learn," said my cousin. "Take courage, Mr. Henderson."

My cousin then went to a man from

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When he left with his lantern, I asked no questions. I knew he was off on business. I also knew that he did not like questions. Although only 31 years of age, he had the gravity and stoicism of an Indian brave. A few years more among the red men would have fixed him in their ways for life. As it was, he did not get the Indian out of him for about three years. He would every once in awhile take his gun and slip away to join some roving band of Indian hunters, presently returning a painted brave and adorned in the finery of a young red man, every stitch of his civilized dress swapped off for fringed and beaded buckskin, and many dollars given to boot.

In about an hour my cousin came back. A large bundle of bonfires had been made, near which I was standing, saying my cousin came into the edge of the circle of light thrown from the fire and make me a sign. I went out to him, and we withdrew into the dark.

"Well, what news?" I asked.

"Bad, bad!" said he. "The child has gone into the house."

"Great God! You don't mean to say that she has been devoured by the dogs?"

"No! I hope not. I could find no fragments of her dress. But if she escaped the dogs I fear she is drowned. At the side of the lot in which the dogs are penned is a slough which is 10 feet deep. I found the child's tracks in the lane leading from the house out to the prairie—the tracks turned and followed the fence of the field. Then she crawled through the fence and went toward the well inside the hogan, in a corner of the fence. There I lost the track. Don't let the father know. Take a lantern and half a dozen men, then quietly slip away, rise some kind of grappling hook and examine the well. If you don't find the body in the well, search every part of the lot for scraps of the child's dress. I shall go southward along the line of the field, and if she came out of that pen alive I hope somewhere to again find the little moccasin tracks."

Sundown showed the slough well to contain only four feet of water. I would wait for no grappling hooks. Taking a rail from the fence for use as a ladder, I slipped off my clothes and descended to the bottom of the well. It was a very cold bath, but I examined every inch of the well's bottom and found nothing but a drowned pig. This relieved our minds of all thoughts of the child's death. While I was dressing, the men with me took the lantern and began searching the corral, a lot of half an acre containing about 60 half wildhogs of some unrecognizable prairie breed. While looking for scraps of clothing, the men were also to look for blood on the jaws of such of the hogs as were white haired.

Steeping and groping up to my white knee in water had so chilled me that I left the examination of the lot to the others and bent my course toward the bonfires, a quarter of a mile away to the southward. Just before reaching the fires I met my cousin. Said he: "All looks well again. The child came out of the house and ran into the prairie. I have found the prints of her moccasins in three places in the dirt thrown out of gopher holes. She is following the main line of fence southward among the cornfields of the different farms, crawling back and forth through the fence. I left her track in the corral of her Uncle John Lewis. What was your first idea? To call off the hounds who are working southward over the prairie. I want nobody to go in that direction to obliterate the trail I am following. Make the father understand this. Tell him that, if left to himself, I will find his child. To convince him that I know what I am about, give him these threads which I found in the slough. They are four bright wool threads, and he gave me three or four bright wool threads from a fringed horn worn by the child. I went toward the half dozen bonfires blazing on the edge of the prairie, while my cousin hurried away to the southward. It was now about 1 o'clock in the morning and so cold that groups of men were huddled about all the fires. The horsemen soon came in when I announced the news of the tracks of the child having been found far to the southward of the hogan.

"The hogan!" cried the father. He had been kept in ignorance of the child having been trailed into the corral. When fully informed of what had been found, he beat a retreat. The men were all out in a stretch of prairie that lay east of the farm. Toward them we hastened. Before us was a beautiful sight. Not only all the farmers, but all the residents of the little village of West Liberty, had taken the field. About 60 men on horseback, each with a large torch, were seen moving slowly in line across the prairie. At the head of the line were about 50 feet apart, and between each pair was a footman. They swept over a wide swath, and when out a mile from the fields would turn, form again and move back again over new ground. In order not to trample the child under the feet of their horses they did not move out of a walk. At the head of the number of old men were splitting up bonfires and making torches. Thus they were going over the prairie nearest the house, almost foot by foot.

This unusual stir stirred up the timorous coyotes, and they could be frequently heard yelping on the prairie to the northward of the farm, quite heedless of the gun and pistol shots when they raised their aerial howls.

The father of the lost child was among the mounted men. He was calm, but his face looked like that of a dead man in the glare of his torch. We had failed to obtain any useful information at the house, and when the father came to the fence where the torches were renewed a cousin who was with me approached him. "Mr. Henderson," he said, "keep your courage. Your child will be found. At not tonight, then, surely very soon after daylight. What kind of shoes did she have on?"

"A pair of little buckskin moccasins," said the father.

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off occasionally went forward 10 feet at a bound. The trail, too, zigzagged about—it did not go straight ahead between any two corn rows.

"She cannot be far away," said my cousin. "She has been here wandering in the dark. Darkness came upon her about the time she turned away from the house. She could not see the fence, or she would have held to the mark which had guided her so far—the fence."

Daylight found us still puzzling over the windings of the trail. In eccentricity it reminded me of the trails of the opossums I had followed in boyhood. Not a sound had we heard from the child. This worried me, as I feared she had chilled to death.

"Nothing of the kind," said my cousin. "She has heard us and is lying low. She is in a condition to be afraid of every noise she hears."

Sunrise came, and we made better progress. The trail had turned and was leading back toward the fence. My cousin, who was about 10 feet in advance, suddenly turned and motioned me to move forward. When I came up to him, he pointed in silence to a spot about three steps beyond where we stood. There in the midst of a mass of pumpkin vines I saw the lower part of the child's dress, and the face against the upper part of her body were hidden under some large vine leaves.

The sight gave me a great shock. "My God!" cried I. "She is dead! The poor child has perished."

At the sound of my voice up came the child's head. For a moment she stared at us with wild eyes; then on all four she rushed away, keeping her little body close to the ground, like a cat when in pursuit of game. In a moment my cousin had her in his arms. She clung and fought him like a little wildcat, but not a word or sound escaped her lips.

She had got back to within 50 yards of the house, and she carried her wild eyes, visibly embarrassed, hesitated for a moment to soil her gloves by taking the bonnet, whereupon the czar clinched the matter by seizing one of the bonnet's strings and pulling it over her head, as if it were paper, making a neat covering for the stalks. The story has at least verisimilitude, as the czar's muscular strength is undoubtedly abnormal.

Ingersoll's Present to Whitman.

Details of the manner in which Walt Whitman, the poet, lived at his home in Camden were brought out in the Camden supreme court during the trial of the suit of his former housekeeper, Mary Davis, for services rendered during the last years of his life.

"But how do you know she was there?" asked the court. "I was there," answered the witness. "I was there for several years before his death. I was one of the witnesses."

"Did not Whitman's friends provide him with leeches and whips and other devices?" asked the judge. "No," answered the witness. "He was not a man who would use such devices."

"What became of the child?" asked the court. "I don't know," answered the witness. "I don't know where she went after she was found."

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In a recent comparison between "Yesterday and Today" she recalls several elements which gave to the old life its charm and value. "One of these," she says, "must have been the absence of rush and hurry. People had time for enjoyment, time to think, time to read, time to live, time to cultivate friendship, family affection and such arts as they knew, those for women being chiefly of a domestic order. Events were more rare, but they were events prepared for, experienced and remembered."

Mrs. Croly has watched the march of events, and when she says that the life of those days was peculiarly favorable to the development of beauty she might also add the life in these days is unfavorable for women show worry in company, in the home, on the cars, while frequently there is some nervous contraction of the eyes or mouth, which is positively disfiguring. In making resolves one of the first should be not to worry over trifles. "Do I annoy you?" asked a well-dressed woman, hanging on to a strap in a car, as her cape flung itself in the face of the woman in front. "Not at all," was the reply. "I am too old to be disturbed by trifles." The great pity is that the average American woman does not learn this lesson early enough to prevent her looking prematurely old.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Czar's Strength.

A story which has been told of more than one Russian is revived by a St. Petersburg correspondent. At a little distance not far from St. Petersburg the czar, as the story runs, made a somewhat longer stay than had originally intended, and feeling hungry he partook of some simple food at the buffet. Meanwhile the little daughter of the mayor presented the emperor with a bouquet of flowers, which were not only gathered from private homes in the neighborhood, but also from the streets.

The stalks being still damp and dirty the empress, visibly embarrassed, hesitated for a moment to soil her gloves by taking the bouquet, whereupon the czar clinched the matter by seizing one of the bouquet's strings and pulling it over her head, as if it were paper, making a neat covering for the stalks. The story has at least verisimilitude, as the czar's muscular strength is undoubtedly abnormal.

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you haven't anything to do, find something. This is not intended to apply to labor, as conventionally expressed, but means simply the general quality inherent in the individual which makes action necessary to comfort. And it should find expression in the child before the time comes when amalgamation into the great body of workers makes the individual a unit in the great question of labor versus capital, of which so much is written.

In childhood, while the mother is still the motive power of the forces that go to build character, this quality, or the lack of it, begins to show, and then is when the mother can do much toward making her boy either an insignificant man or a great one.—Jennens Miller Monthly.

An Italian's English.

The following is a copy of a circular received by a Dundee shipping firm from a correspondent in Italy. As a specimen of a foreigner's English it is of some interest:

DEAR SIR—In consequence of the enormous increase of the number of his own father, Mr. Dundee, prior to the firm, the undersigned, who has been, since long ago, an attorney of the same house, and especially, from late years, energetically cooperated his own father in the management of the affairs connected with the firm itself, came to the determination to continue the same business in his own name, and whose signature will be—Following his father's example, he intends to carry on business on the same footing as heretofore remained unchanged, and always in the same way of exactness and honesty which has ever been the boast of the house. He has therefore, trusting that you will never lessen your confidence to him, but that you will always continue your correspondence and friendship and favor him with your commands. Faithfully yours, —Dundee (Scotland) Telegraph.

Renewing Old Acquaintance.

"By the way, you remember Miss Krellinger, whom so many of the boys went wild over, don't you?"

"Yes, and I used to think that she was a girl that deserved a good husband."

"Well, I married her."

"You? You astonish me!"—Chicago Tribune.

He Worked the Aurora Borealis.

SEWAGE OF LONDON.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING

How Deodorizing Is Done—Strange Thing Get Into the Sewers of a Great City—The People Take All For Granted and Don't

Londoners in general are wonderfully apathetic about matters which concern them closely and which conduce to their health, happiness and comfort. We turn on a little tap and are at once supplied with abundant quantities of plenty of water, but no great heed is given to the processes of deep thought and incessant anxiety which have brought us to this well-arranged state of affairs. Water pipes and gas pipes ramify through every street and lane and alley, distributing their valuable contents to the inhabitants of the dwellings therein. There are huge sewer pipes, which carry away for us all that is disagreeable and unwholesome. We have, in our present supply of gas and water in our houses, the result of a long and painful

with the disposal of our sewage is petted and caressed, but at all events they are on the highroad to perfection.

It was one day, when negotiating the subject with the committee to meet the representatives of Londoners, and more especially to keep them in a healthy sanitary condition, that I was led to visit those unglorious works of Crossness, where the sewage from the metropolis is discharged into the river along in a sewer 11 feet 6 inches in diameter. The main pumps lift the sewage into reservoirs, where the sewage is treated chemically with lime and protoxide of iron, and the effluent contains 40 grains of lime per gallon and one grain of protoxide of iron. The sewage flows in the course of treatment down a large reservoir.

The flow is very slow, in order that the effluent solids may be deposited, and the water finally over a weir wall, and thence into the river. This is called the

This treatment necessitates the use of 15 to 18 tons of lime per day, and 4 to 5 tons of potassium phosphate of iron for every 100 tons of sludge. The sludge is pumped every two days, and men go down into the settling tanks to thoroughly clean all the sludge out which is swept down to a sump and pumped from there into the sludge settling channels, where it undergoes a further draining. It is then let down into a lower sludge store and pumped from there on to ships and taken to sea. Fifty to 60 tons of sludge are sent per trip of sludge are sent to sea.

There are five sludge ships altogether, which are sent out at every tide. They go some 40 miles away to the Barrow deeps. Two engines are required for pumping up the sludge from the reservoirs to the sludge settling channels, and

In the warm weather the effluent is deodorized by means of manganese of soda and sulphuric acid in the proportion of one grain of manganese to .75 grains of sulphuric acid per gallon of effluent. This deodorizing at Crossness costs Londoners just £100 a day, so that it is not continued longer than absolutely necessary. Crossness Outfall works employ from 190 to 200 men. They have an engineers' shop on the spot fitted up

Some strange things get into the sewers of London, and now and again babies have been found. Such are some of the most important features of a section of the great machinery of the metropolis, which never rests, never sleeps. Notwithstanding the room which exists for further improvement in the disposal of its sewage, the reduction which has been brought about in the death rate of London in modern times is as noteworthy as it is satisfactory. In the latter half of the seventeenth century the average mortality of London is said to

have been not less than 80 or 1,000, at the end of the eighteenth century it had dropped to 30 or 1,000, while in 1880 it had fallen to 19.8 or 1,000. The main shipping and principal branch rivers flow from the south-west, and are constructed for the conveyance of the sewage of London to the two outfalls into the river Thames at Barking and Crossness respectively measure about 80 English miles. As illustrating the magnitude of London, it has been computed that the streets and roads within the metropolis, if placed end to end in one continuous line, would measure about 2,300 miles, equal to the distance from London to Land's End, thence across the Atlantic ocean to the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence in Canada on the

west, or going eastward would extend across the entire continent of Europe and beyond the Ural mountains into Asia.

So one can understand at a glance what it means to control its drainage, water supply, etc. Supposing we were to employ animals to do the work which our engines do for us in pumping water and sewage, we should require four times the number of horses in the entire city, giving, both at home and abroad, this same old story of the labor involved in giving us our water and drainage away our sewage.—Pull Mall Budget.

HER TAP WAS DIFFERENT.

The mechanical figure of a woman that taps on the window of an Asylum street store, with her fan to attract the attention of the passersby became an object of curiosity to a laborer in the street.

One of his companions called out to him, "Fwat is it yez are flirtin wid, Moike?" "Phwist, there, Pat. Bedad, she reminds me o' th' ould 'ooman when she was that young." "Away wid yez. Yer ould 'ooman cud never pound wid

phist on the windy widout breakin
he glass."—Hartford Post.

A Grand Old Magyar.

One of the principal and most aristocratic figures in Hungarian politics is about to disappear from public life by the resignation of Baron Nicholas Vay from the presidency of the table of magnates, as the Magyar house of peers is termed. The baron is a grand looking old fellow of 87. He invariably presides in full Hungarian costume, with a curved scimitar dangling at his side and the Order of the Golden Fleece around his neck.—London Standard.

Wharves at East Braintree and Quincy Point.
Yard on Granite Street, Quincy.
Telephone Numbers—Quincy, 53-3; East Braintree, 68-2; Quincy
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Quincy

VOL. VIII. NO. 1.

QUINCY, MASS., MARCH

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figure, ruffle over shoulder, Watteau back, new full
sleeve, waist lined with Silesia for \$2.75.

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country and at prices that defy competition. Our aim is to sell you a shoe
for just what it is worth, and no more. We have no Fancy Prices, and our
goods are all marked in plain figures, as we have One Price to all, at
that price the Lowest.

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SPECIAL!

Short Credit Accounts.

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Tirrell's Block, Hancock Street.

M. Ande's Flying Trip.
A New York lady met in Paris M.
Ande, now attached to the French legation
in Washington. "Have you seen be-
cause in America?" he asked. When she
comprehended what it was he wished to
know, she informed him that the bicycle
had reached these wilds and had already
become a favorite instrument of torture.
He next asked, "Zen I can take ze be-
cycle from Washington to Philadelphia and
back before dinner, n'est-ce pas?" "That depends on how often a
week you dine," said the lady blandly.
San Francisco Argonaut.

Naval officers have little fads of their
own to help while away time on board
ship. Some are experts in photography.
Others make a specialty of something im-
mediately in the line of their profession.
Many collect bric-a-brac and curios.
These amusements are for the most part
inexpensive, and sometimes they are
profitable. One officer usually picks up
enough foreign postage stamps and
strange coins on a long cruise to bring in
a neat little sum when he gets to some
port where such things can be sold.
Philadelphia Times

playing. A band of traveling mu-
sicians was passing along the road.
The hand of the barber boy became
unsteady as he heard the music, and
on the cheek of the master lay an

gly gash, reaching from the end of

is ear to his nose.

Alas, poor Frieder! The chair on

which the barber was sitting fell

backward on the floor. Bleeding and

angry he sprang up and gave his pu-

il a ringing box on the ear. Then

he flung open the door, pointed with

his fingers toward the blue skies and

cried, "Go to the Cuckoo."

Now, in the country where Frieder

ved people said "Go to the Cuckoo."

st as we would say in English

Go to Jericho," meaning only that

he should go away, it mattered not

here. But Frieder did not know

is and took the barber at his word.

he packed up his little trifle, took

a violin under his arm and went to

rest under an oak and happened for

at home as Frieder inquired until the

im. He listened patiently until the

boy had finished his story; then he

hugged his wings and said:

"My young friend, if I were to

help all who were sent to me I would

have plenty to do. Times are hard,

and I am glad to have provided mod-

erately for my own children. The

latter is boarding with a family of

magtails, the second my neighbor

re-start has taken into his house.

the third child, a girl, is under the

protection of an old hedge sparrow.

and the wren is taking care of the

two youngest. I myself have to keep

in the go from morning till evening

to get along at all. For 14 years I

have been nourishing myself on

airy cankerberries, and that kind of

food was not meant for such as you

eat. No, I cannot help you, I am

sorry to say."

The great Frieder hung his head sad-

ly, said goodby to the Cuckoo and

moved away. He had not gone far

before the Cuckoo called out after

him: "Stop, Frieder! I have got a

good idea. Perhaps I can help you.

After all. Come along." He spoke,

stretched out his wings and flew

ahead, pointing out the way to Fri-

eder.

The latter had trouble to follow his

guide, for the underbrush of the for-

est was thick, and the

do I owe you?" he asked.

Frieder had already the usual ex-

pression, "Just as you like," on his

lips, but luckily before it was too late

he thought that one must take the

opportunity to strike the iron while

it is hot. So he cleared his throat and

told the Neck the story of his life.

"So you would like to be a fiddler?"

asked the Neck as Frieder finished.

"Take your fiddle in your hand and

let me hear something of your art."

So the lad took up his fiddle, tuned

the strings and played a smart flourish

and as he finished with a smart flourish

he looked inquiringly at the Neck.

A grin spread over the merman's

face, and he said, "Now, listen to

me." Then he reached down to a

band of reeds and drew out a fiddle

and bow, settled down comfortably

and began to play.

Frieder had never before heard

such music. First it sounded as if

the evening wind were playing in the

rushes, then it sounded like the rear-

ing of a cataract, and at last like a

smoothly flowing tide. The birds in

the branches became silent, the bees

ceased their humming, and the fishes

raised their heads out of the pond to

listen to the sweet sounds. But the

boy's eyes were filled with tears.

"Master Neck," said he, raising his

hands pleadingly as the merman let

his bow rest, "Master Neck, be my

teacher."

"That is impossible," answered the

Neck, "even if it were only on ac-

count of my grown-up nixie daugh-

ter. But it is not necessary either.

If you will give me your comb, you

will become a fiddler without a peer."

"My whole shaving apparatus if

you want it," exclaimed Frieder and

presented it to the merman.

The latter quickly grasped the pro-

ferred bundle and disappeared in the

pond.

"Stop! stop!" the boy cried after

him, but his cries were in vain.

He waited on hour, he waited two,

but if there was any one disinclined

to make his appearance it was the

Neck.

Poor Frieder sighed deeply, for he

thought it was evident that the

treacherous merman had deceived

him, and with a sad heart he turned

to go away—whither he did not

know.

He stooped to pick it up, and as he

held it in his hands he felt a thrill

that went from his finger tips to his

shoulder blade, and something urged

him to try the bow.

He wanted to begin with one of his

favorite jigs, but it was as if a hid-

den power guided his hands. From

the strings issued tones so sweet and

clear that Frieder remembered only

once before in his life having heard

the like, and that was just a moment

ago, while the Neck was playing.

The birds came fluttering nearer

and sat listening in the branches, the

fishes sprang out of the water, and

the deer and roe stepped out of the

woods and looked at the fiddler.

Frieder did not know what was

happening to him. Whatever passed

through his mind and whatever

moved his heart found its way to his

and, and through his hand to his

instrument, and thence issued as

sweet strains.

The Neck stuck his head out of the

water and nodded his approval.

Then he disappeared and was never

seen again.

And Frieder stepped out of the for-

est still fiddling and passed through

all the kingdoms of the earth and

played before kings and emperors.

The yellow gold poured into his

hat, and he would have become a

very wealthy man had he not been a

true musician.

But a true musician never beco nes

rich.

He had given away his shaving im-

plements. So he let his hair grow as

the mighty Samson did in olden

times. The other players imitated

him, and from that time on, even to

our day, they still wear long dishev-

eled hair.—Translated From the Ger-

man For Short Stories.

French Canadian Whims.

French Canadians insist that if you

want to break a fit of hiccupping all

you need to do is to grip the sufferer's

wrists with both hands and look him

squarely and fixedly in the eyes. For

chilled feet that are too cold to be toas-

ted before a fire they recommend the vic-

tim to simply kneel upon a chair—a hard

bottomed chair—for a few minutes. To

warm one's self all over after a chilling

ride in winter they say the best thing is

to sit down, double both fists and hammer

your knees vigorously for five minutes.

They believe in these little tricks as

heartily as any other people believe in

medicine.—Montreal Star.

She Will Learn.

A touching story is told of a young

bride in New York who hesitated to go

on with the ceremony because she did

not wish to vow obedience to her hus-

band. The girl was very young and very

foolish, or she would have known that

no woman nowadays considers the ob-

edience clause in the ceremony as any-

thing more than an idle and inoperative

form. It was only when two or three

married women placed the matter before

her in the proper light that she consent-

ed to allow the service to proceed. In

six months she will blush at the memory

of her cowardice and ignorance.—Kan-

sas City Star.

QUINCY MONITOR.

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HOLY WEEK.

"Hosanna, to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" Thus was the Prince of Peace greeted by the Jews, as he entered their city, on the first Palm Sunday. This triumphant entry the church honors on the first day of Holy Week, which is consecrated to the special commemoration of our divine Saviour's passion and death. Maundy Thursday is celebrated in memory of the Lord's last supper when he instituted the Blessed Sacrament. On this day but one Mass is said in each church after which the Sacred Host is carried to the handsomely decorated Repository to be brought back on the next day when the Mass of the Sanctified takes place during which time is sung the "Improperia" or Tender Reproaches addressed by the heart of Jesus, to the Jews who were leading him to death. At three o'clock on Good Friday services are held in adoration of the dying Saviour, and in meditation upon the seven words spoken by him while on Calvary. Holy Saturday is consecrated to honor the burial of our Lord. On this day the baptismal water and Paschal candle are blessed. The passion of our Lord is commemorated with tears and works of penance only to celebrate the more joyfully the feast of the Resurrection. This festival of Easter the church has always considered the first and most solemn of all the festivals which she celebrates. Again she dons her robe of white in honor of "the day which the Lord hath made" and in her anthem of rejoicing she says to us in the words of Moses, "Let us sing to the Lord, for He hath made a glorious display of his power."

ST. JOSEPH.

Clad in robes of royal purple sits the king upon his throne, while around stand his noble courtiers, together with eager pleaders, asking for the people's wants. Strong walls enclose the castle, and at its entrance waits the keeper who permits no one to pass without the watchword. In the royal castle, enclosed by the starry vault of azure hue, sits the "King of Kings" upon his throne, while around bend countless courtiers, whose faces are veiled to the dazzling splendor before them. Anxious pleaders, here too, are asking for the needs of their earthly clients. At this throne, is there a more powerful intercessor to plead for our wants, next to Mary, Mother of Mercy? How often did that gentle Babe of Bethlehem cradle in his loving arms? How often did He gaze with confidential love into his peaceful, solemn countenance, that bespoke heaven in every trait? Obedient to the angel call, he arises in the stillness of the night, and with the blue canopy above by day and night, he journeys as protector and guide of the Mother and her Child, over the burning sands to their exiled home in Egypt. Here among the strangers of their treasure, remains Mary and Joseph, till the Child had grown to boyhood, and the angel comes again, telling Joseph to return to Nazareth. Here in the lowly home he labors to obtain by the sweat of his brow the temporal needs of the Virgin Mother and Jesus, till now the boy has reached manhood and His mission near its opening. He was not destined to play a part that was reserved for His Mother. The prophesied sword of sorest sorrow was to pierce her heart alone. Picture for a moment the death of this most favored saint. At his side waits the gentle Mary, tending him with sweetest care, while supporting that now drooping head and soothing that brow, o'er which the shadow of death was spreading, yet illumined by the light of heaven waits the Saviour, who through years of submission to him, one of His creatures, has left us an example of true obedience. If God so trusted St. Joseph with the source of all treasures on earth, surely to that same source he now has free access in heaven. Through St. Joseph we can approach to Mary, and, Oh! through Mary we can reach her Son. She will teach us the watch word, perfection, which we must know to enter the walls of God's beauteous castle. Let us then go to St. Joseph, seek our needs through his intercession, obtain his counsel in doubt, guidance in fear, and last, ah! best, the grace to die well. Let us ask for a death like his in the fond embrace of Jesus and Mary. If we do this frequently and with true confidence, death shall bring us no fear, accompanying temptations shall weaken, and with the Sacred Eucharist in our breast we shall pass from time to eternity, and having reached the entrance to the castle, the pass word given, we shall enter and be admitted to the royal court.

ST. PATRICK.

Among the saintly cohort of Christian soldiers who have carried the cross to the most remote parts of the world spreading Christianity and civilization in their paths, there is not one whose name stands higher or purer than that of St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland. The birth of St. Patrick was in a small town in Gaul where he spent his early life. At the age of sixteen he was taken captive and carried into Ireland. "Confessions" of his life in his captivity is a story of suffering and prayer. "My constant business was to feed the flocks. I was frequent in prayer; the love and fear of God more and more inflamed my heart. I rose before day and prayed, in the snow, in the frost, in

the rain, and yet I received no damage nor was I affected with slothfulness; for then the spirit of God was warm within me." After six months spent in slavery, our saint had a dream, in which he was commanded by God to return to his own country. Having arrived there he spent many years in diligent preparation for the priesthood and was later in life consecrated a bishop. He had long been convinced that the conversion of the Irish people was the mission to which God had called him and he determined to repair immediately to that country. St. Patrick travelled over the whole island, baptizing and educating an infinite number of the inhabitants. In connection with his journeys, an interesting story is told which explains the Irish love for the shamrock. It was evening, and the King surrounded by his lords and vassals was celebrating his birthday at Tara. During the festivities, there was brought before him a man named Patrick, who was accused of profaning the ceremonies, which were being held, in honor of the pagan deities. In answer to the accusation, St. Patrick stood forth and preached to the assembled people, all the night. He told them of the Nazarene, of the Blessed Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost—of Baptism, of the Eucharist, of all the sublime faith, of the church of Rome. Toward daylight, the people began to believe, and soon after the king and several others were converted and baptized. But many of them could not understand the strange doctrine of the Trinity, how three persons should constitute one God—and it seemed that their hearts could never be withdrawn from their idols. Suddenly the apostle caught up a sprig of the shamrock, which was growing plentifully beneath his feet, and showed them that the three leaves growing from a single stalk constituted but one flower. Instantly, the quick-witted people understood the mystery, and from that hour the faith of Patrick was planted in their hearts. Throughout his whole life the same success attended the labors of St. Patrick, and he has peopled the world with a race whose firm adherence, and devotion to Holy Church, have ever characterized them. In America the majority of Catholics are either Irish or of Irish ancestry. It behooves us while celebrating this feast, to remember the true fidelity and fervent zeal of the great apostle, the difficulties, under which he labored, to bring to the Irish people a knowledge and love of God, and to remember, also, the ardor with which it has been preserved by each succeeding generation and to ourselves resolve to maintain its loyalty that we may always be able to say to St. Patrick "The fire thou hast kindled, has ever burned bright, its warmth undiminished, undying light."

Disgrace of Ward Three.

We do not know how far along the meter of the park in Ward 3 has got. It is possible to prevent the acceptance of the lot chosen by the Park Commission, it ought to be done. The location is simply miserable and entirely unfit for pleasure ground. If the conclusion from Ward 3 have voted to accept it or should they fail to protest vigorous terms against its acceptance they will be regarded as having utterly failed to do their duty to the people of the Ward. The Park Commission chose for Wollaston one of the finest sites in Quincy; and did this knowing that Wollaston possesses the magnificent Merrymount Park. But for South Quincy, a swamp in the rear of a Polish junk shop was deemed just the thing for the quality of its citizens. It is about on a par with the judgement(?) shown in the location of the John Hancock schoolhouse in the same Ward. Some officials think that South and West Quincy deserve nothing but the most contemptuous treatment. How long will the people stand such disrespect?

WOODWARD INSTITUTE.
The Woodward Institute for girls will hold its first term Tuesday, April 10, at 10 o'clock.
COURSES OF STUDY.
The courses of study will follow, as closely as the accommodations of the building will allow, the desire of Dr. Woodward, the founder, as expressed in the following clause of his will:—"I wish all the ornamental as well as useful branches of learning taught in this institute, or School, which are taught in any other similar Institutes, in the State." Provision has been made for a six years' course of study, to be supplemented when occasion demands, by a post graduate course.
The foreign languages offered are English, Latin and French. The natural sciences, Mathematics, the News of the Day, Music and Drawing will form the basis of each year's work in the several courses.
The foreign languages offered are elective. There is a three years' course in Greek, a five years' course in Latin, and a five years' course in both French and German.
BUSINESS COURSE.
The business course includes Book-keeping and Commercial Law, Telegraphy, Type-writing and Stenography.
QUALIFICATIONS FOR ENTRANCE.
There will be six grades.
All candidates for the Sixth Grade will be expected to be qualified to pursue the following studies:—English Language and Grammar, American History, Geography, Elementary Science, Arithmetic, beginning with Percentage, Inventive Science, News of the Day, Drawing, Music, Manual Training, (Cookery, Sloyd, Clay Modelling), (Physical Training), French or German will be elective. Parents are invited to consider carefully the advisability of beginning in the Sixth Grade, the study of one foreign language, especially if a future collegiate course is desired.
In issuing this prospectus, the Board of Instruction requests all parents wishing to send their daughters to the Institute to make application as early as March 1st.

Each application should state the grade of work in which the pupil is now engaged. Applications to be addressed to Mr. Edward Norton, Chairman of Committee on Prospects and Applications.
COURSE OF STUDY.
GRADE VI.—English, 8; History, 3; Geography, 3; Science, 3; Arithmetic, 4; Geometry, 1; News of the Day, 1; Drawing, 1; Music, 1; Manual Training, 1; Physical Training, 1. Electives—German or French, 3.
GRADE V.—English, 8; History, 3; Geography, 3; Science, 3; Arithmetic, 4; Geometry, 1; News of the Day, 1; Drawing, 1; Music, 1; Manual Training, 1; Physical Training, 1. Electives—Latin, 3; French, 3; Book-keeping and Commercial Law, 3.
GRADE III.—English, 6; History, 4; Geography, 3; Science, 3; Algebra, 4; News of the Day, 1; Drawing, 1; Music, 1; Manual and Physical Training, 1. Electives—Latin, 5; German, 3; French, 3; Greek, 4; Stenography, 3.
If three foreign languages be elected in the college course, History and Science may be omitted.
An Elective may be substituted for either Algebra or Geometry.
GRADE I.—English, 6; History, 2; Political Economy, 2; Science, 4; Math. Reviews, 2; Geometry, 4; News of the Day, 1; Drawing, 1; Music, 1; Manual and Physical Training, 1. Electives—Latin, 5; German, 3; French, 3; Greek, 4; Stenography, 3.
If three foreign languages be elected in the college course, Science may be omitted, as also either History or Political Economy.

NOTES.
This course of study is tentative and will be subject to whatever change the best interests of the school may demand. The number following a study represents the number of recitations per week.
At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the St. John's C. L. & A. A. held Feb. 19th, 1894, the following Resolutions were adopted:
WHEREAS: It has pleased the Almighty God to take from amongst our late member, Dr. S. M. Donovan be it
Resolved: That the members of the St. John's C. L. & A. A. mourn the loss of one who has been a good and faithful member of our Association.
Resolved: That in the death of Dr. S. M. Donovan the Association loses a brother who has at all times been prompt to serve the interests of the Association, a sincere and pious Catholic, whose virtues endeared him not only to the members of the St. John's, but to all who knew him.
Resolved: That the St. John's Society tenders its heartfelt sympathy to his family in this their sad affliction.
Resolved: That the Resolutions be inscribed on the records of the Society, published in the MONITOR and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.
RICHARD A. COLE, Pres.
JOHN W. WALSH,
P. W. DRISCOLL,
RICHARD GRAY,
THOMAS HOGAN,
Committee on Resolutions.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the St. John's C. L. & A. A. held on Wednesday evening February 28th, 1894, the following resolutions were adopted:
WHEREAS: It has seemed best to the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe to remove from our midst our late worthy and respected brother Samuel M. Donovan
WHEREAS: The intimate relations of the deceased with the officers and brothers of this Lodge render it proper that we should place upon record our appreciation of his valuable services as an Odd Fellow, and his merits as a man; therefore be it
Resolved: That in his death Samuel M. Donovan has lost one of its valuable members, and the Order an earnest worker and strong supporter.
Resolved: That we deplore our loss with feelings of deep regret, softened only by the hope that his spirit is with those who, having fought the good fight here, are now enjoying peace and happiness in the Grand Lodge above.
Resolved: That we sincerely sympathize with the family and relations in their sad bereavement and we respectfully commend them for consolation to the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe, who, though sometimes inscrutable in his dispensation, doeth all things well. Feeling sure that to them as to ourselves, there is comfort in the knowledge that the deceased was honorable in every respect, a loving husband and father, and a devoted Odd Fellow.
Resolved: That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Lodge, also published in the Quincy MONITOR, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.
WILLIAM H. SULLIVAN,
WILLIAM H. SAMPTON, JR.,
JOHN T. HENNESSY,
JAMES M. CLEVELY,
MICHAEL T. SULLIVAN,
Committee on Resolutions.

His Point of View.
An odd illustration once given Emerson, the philosopher, of the fact that the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health is reported in his lecture on "The Comic."
"I was hastening," he says, "to visit an old and honored friend, who I was informed was in a dying condition, when I met his physician, who accosted me in great spirits.
"And how is my friend, the reverend doctor?" I inquired.
"Oh, I saw him this morning. It is the most correct apoplexy I have ever seen—face and hands livid, breathing stertorous, all the symptoms perfect. And he rubbed his hands with delight, for in the country we cannot find every day a case that agrees with the diagnosis of the books."—Youth's Companion.

A Remarkable Diary.
A man who died in Berlin, Rensselaer county, at the age of 73 left a record which he began when 18 years old and continued for 52 years. The book, filled with methodical entries, shows that in these 52 years the man had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he received 43,629 as presents, while for the remaining 585,086 he paid about \$10,433. In 32 years, according to his bookkeeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,081 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent \$5,350. The diary closes with these words: "I have tried all things. I have seen many. I have accomplished nothing."—Albany Express.

Herbert M. Federhen, Jr.
ATTORNEY
AND
Counsellor at Law.
QUINCY OFFICE: Court House Building, 164 Hancock St. Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M.
BOSTON OFFICE: 28 Pemberton Square. Office Hours: 9:30 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M.
Quincy, Oct. 7, 1893.

Dr. G. R. England
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LOCALS.
The MONITOR presents its best wishes to Postmaster James F. Burke.
Pierce's sulphur and Cream of Tartar is a good Spring medicine.
Hon. J. W. McAnarney is on a trip to New York on important business matters.
If you are going to use a bottle of Sarsaparilla, try Pierce's on Hancock and School streets.
The St. John's C. L. & A. A. will hold a dance Easter Monday for funds for the base ball club.
Miss Nellie E. Ring of Quincy Point has accepted a teacher's position in one of the school of Revere.
Another of the Willard teachers, Miss McIntire, has been offered a position in the Chelsea schools at a salary of \$600.
Mr. Marshall Wright of Ward Four, having declined to be assessor, Mr. James A. White has been appointed to the place.
Miss Jennie Phinney of Westbrook, Me., commenced her duties last Monday, March 12, at the Willard School in the room formerly taught by Miss O'Neil.
G. M. Whitman of Brockton opened a new millinery store on March 17, in the Adams building in the store recently occupied by D. E. Wadsworth & Co.
The sympathy of the community is tendered to Mr. Bart Rooney and family, on account of the death of his estimable wife which occurred Friday, Mar. 16. Her funeral at St. Mary's church Monday was very largely attended. May she rest in peace, Amen.
Provision has been made for a six years' course in the new Woodward Seminary with a post-graduate course when necessary. The course of study will include English language and literature, history, the natural sciences, mathematics, news of the day, music, drawing, a five years' course in Latin, a six years' course in both French and German and a three years' course in Greek. A business course will include book-keeping, commercial law, telegraphy, type writing and stenography.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the St. John's C. L. & A. A. held on Wednesday evening February 28th, 1894, the following resolutions were adopted:
WHEREAS: It has seemed best to the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe to remove from our midst our late worthy and respected brother Samuel M. Donovan
WHEREAS: The intimate relations of the deceased with the officers and brothers of this Lodge render it proper that we should place upon record our appreciation of his valuable services as an Odd Fellow, and his merits as a man; therefore be it
Resolved: That in his death Samuel M. Donovan has lost one of its valuable members, and the Order an earnest worker and strong supporter.
Resolved: That we deplore our loss with feelings of deep regret, softened only by the hope that his spirit is with those who, having fought the good fight here, are now enjoying peace and happiness in the Grand Lodge above.
Resolved: That we sincerely sympathize with the family and relations in their sad bereavement and we respectfully commend them for consolation to the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe, who, though sometimes inscrutable in his dispensation, doeth all things well. Feeling sure that to them as to ourselves, there is comfort in the knowledge that the deceased was honorable in every respect, a loving husband and father, and a devoted Odd Fellow.
Resolved: That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Lodge, also published in the Quincy MONITOR, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.
WILLIAM H. SULLIVAN,
WILLIAM H. SAMPTON, JR.,
JOHN T. HENNESSY,
JAMES M. CLEVELY,
MICHAEL T. SULLIVAN,
Committee on Resolutions.

His Point of View.
An odd illustration once given Emerson, the philosopher, of the fact that the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health is reported in his lecture on "The Comic."
"I was hastening," he says, "to visit an old and honored friend, who I was informed was in a dying condition, when I met his physician, who accosted me in great spirits.
"And how is my friend, the reverend doctor?" I inquired.
"Oh, I saw him this morning. It is the most correct apoplexy I have ever seen—face and hands livid, breathing stertorous, all the symptoms perfect. And he rubbed his hands with delight, for in the country we cannot find every day a case that agrees with the diagnosis of the books."—Youth's Companion.

A Remarkable Diary.
A man who died in Berlin, Rensselaer county, at the age of 73 left a record which he began when 18 years old and continued for 52 years. The book, filled with methodical entries, shows that in these 52 years the man had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he received 43,629 as presents, while for the remaining 585,086 he paid about \$10,433. In 32 years, according to his bookkeeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,081 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent \$5,350. The diary closes with these words: "I have tried all things. I have seen many. I have accomplished nothing."—Albany Express.

Herbert M. Federhen, Jr.
ATTORNEY
AND
Counsellor at Law.
QUINCY OFFICE: Court House Building, 164 Hancock St. Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M.
BOSTON OFFICE: 28 Pemberton Square. Office Hours: 9:30 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M.
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—WE ALSO DO—
Cleansing and Pressing

Thanking the public for past favors.
D. BAMFORD,
FINE CUSTOM TAILOR.

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LINCOLN'S PLUG HAT
A VERITABLE "JOINT OF STOVEPIPE" WITH ROMANTIC BRIM.
It Served as a Tire Rack and at One Time Was the Postoffice of New Salem—Lives! Experience Was When It Served as a Football For Ladies.

There are enough of funny incidents reported of Mr. Lincoln's hat to tell its "fabulous" in song and illustration. For example, it served as a football on the night of his election to the presidency, when the late old homestead testified that it was his good fortune. These were done credit to the great "gambler," and President on Monday. This is the story as told by the press:

"A few of us ladies went over to help Mrs. Lincoln prepare a little for the friends of Mr. Lincoln. We had been invited in to hear the reading of the Declaration of Independence. Every half hour or so we would go around coffee and cakes. About 1 o'clock in the morning enough had been had to warrant the belief that the rail station had been elected. I think it was when we heard the news from New York. The men rushed on Mr. Lincoln and shook his hands, while some of the women actually hugged him. I was in the crowd with that hat on it. It was a terrible mass. We were in a good control. What a ride! It would have been to me a ride without knowing what I was doing."

"It was all the more so, as I had a Seward woman. While the election was in session in Chicago we were waiting to hear the news. It had arranged in case Lincoln received nomination to fire a cannon. My neighbor was a Mrs. Dubois, whom I had several friendly spats during the campaign preceding the election. I heard the cannon shot the next morning I saw Mrs. Dubois running across the street. She had a running a shirt for her husband. It was about the size of the late Julia Davis, so you may have some of the size of the garment she was wearing. She rushed into the crowd, flouted it in my face. I was mad, and I sat down and I was mad. The good woman put her hand on my head, begged my pardon and said, 'and from that time we were women. She took part in the match.'"

As if not content with his 5 inches of gaudy stature, he had his now historic hat made for him high, with a brim almost as wide as the southern soldier's. It seemed to be a combination of all styles of existence, and in this respect it told his own early experience in having a storekeeper, soldier, surveyor, finally a solicitor. It was a veritable "joint of stovepipe," and its humble and romantic brim made it serviceable in rain or shine. It has been called with propriety "a plug," after the name of the Baltimore that threatened him on his journey to the capital.

During Lincoln's great debate Douglas the hat fairly looked space. The smallness of his stature caused him to be called "The Little Giant," and he stood beside him with his difference between the two but immeasurable. Carried when Mr. Lincoln came to be rated at Washington and that on the stand prepared for his inaugural address. Douglas had hats so that no careless person put his foot in it.

Representative Springer, who from Lincoln's old home, knew it well, and in speaking of it recently "Mr. Lincoln's high hat was the indispensable thing of his whole life. In fact, it carried all his valuable property. In fact, it was a sort of file rack, were all the briefs of his various cases. Curiously enough, he carried accounts in his head, and that he lost so much money. Had he reversed the process and kept them in his hat and the cases in his head would have been better off. I served for his hat on a journey all that was needed less than his saddlebags and his large and capacious, and documents and data contained into it without seriously inconveniencing the wearer."

But Mr. Lincoln had a secret for his valuable file, which he had more virtues than he heared in the nursery of the Benstock. When he was master at New Salem, his hat was the most important part of his outfit. As soon as the mail was sent each day the young postmaster put the letters in his hat and strolled through the village. The gers knew that he was a post office, and of course every anxious to know the contents of which seemed to promise as much as a hat in the hands of a hand performer. Washington, St. Louis Republic.

Sweet Childhood.
Tommy—Europe's in the air, it, papa?
His Father—Yes.
Tommy—And you can't be starting west and get can't you?
His Father—Certainly.
Tommy—Well, then, the way round to you and begin to get east in Record.

The Trade in Maine.
"Maine burns more firewood warm winters than any other state," says a Maine man who is in the business. "The wood is quality and makes better ash than collected in Massachusetts, Hampshire, and there's a ship for Maine ashes in the north southern states for agriculture. Great quantities are Massachusetts also. There are a lot of dealers in Boston who business of collecting ashes for Maine for shipment. Carloads

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ber of dealers in Boston who make a business of collecting ashes through Maine for shipment. Carloads and car-

He gave it a yank. The signal reached the engineer, who shut off

fourth, the feeble minded, or idiots;
fifth, the inebriates—where drunken-

"Do you think they really mean this time?"—San Francisco A.

"Do you think they really mean 'amen' this time?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

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LEPROSY IN INDIA.

Various Theories as to the Origin and Propagation of the Disease.

It has often been popularly said that fish eating is a main cause of leprosy, and some scientific men hold the opinion that fish introduce the bacillus into the stomach, or stimulate it to activity when it already resides in the tissues. Against this the cry, popular and scientific, there are the facts that no bacilli have been discovered in fish; that eels which never touch fish furnish their due contingents of leprosy, and that the disease is not more rare in districts bordered by the sea and by large rivers than anywhere else. On the other hand, leprosy is common in hill tracts, where fish is a very rare article of food.

Mr. C. Conybeare, who some time ago was apprehensive that leprosy was due to the high price of salt, will be much relieved to hear that by statistics to which no exception can be taken on the ground of inaccuracy the consumption of salt is shown to be twice as great as the increase of the population in 20 years; that the Ryot spends on salt about 1 penny a month for each of his family, and that if there has been any perceptible addition to the number of leprosy it has occurred in provinces where the price of salt has fallen. Other alleged causes are mentioned to be summarily and contemptuously dismissed.

Water, opium and mosquitoes have each in turn been made responsible. Now, the bacillus has never been found in water, though the commission in vain analyzed the water of a filthy tank in which crowds of leprosy bathed. Premature marriages and the consumption of opium are not to blame, and if mosquitoes or flies could communicate the disease after they had sucked the blood of any leprosy Calcutta, where these little pests abound and murder sleep, should be a perfect leprosy asylum.

On the question of infection and contagion the report on "Leprosy in India" affirms that, "though leprosy may be considered an infectious disease caused by a specific bacillus, and also to some extent a contagious disease," it is not actively or usually diffused in this way. Again, one might imagine that leprosy must be hereditary. This assertion, if not absolutely disproved, is by no means certain.

Many leprosy are sterile. There is no evidence that the marriage of leprosy with leprosy or with nonleprosy women always diffuses the disease. The children of leprosy are often short lived, and as far as returns can be depended on there is never more on an average than a couple of children to each marriage of leprosy.—Saturday Review.

Heroic Treatment.

Almost all successful physicians have at some time placed their lives in jeopardy to experiment on themselves. Drugs, poisons and narcotics are the favorite subjects of experiments, and physicians have laid down their lives in the interests of science because their calculations failed. A Brooklyn physician, while traveling in France with his wife, was forced to go through the cholera districts some years ago. He had a new theory of his own for the cure of cholera, and his wife was in a fever of dread over the chance of infection.

This man inoculated himself with the germs of cholera, and then, with two paid attendants, isolated himself from the rest of the world and put his theory into practice, having left minute directions for his treatment before delirium set in. In a week he was cured. Shortly after his wife was stricken, and he confidently applied his remedy. His wife died, and he never again tried his discovery. To this day he does not know whether his experiment was a success or not. But it was none the less heroic.—New York Press.

A Fixture.

John Barnes, colored cook in the Augusta (Ga.) jail, owes the city over six years' time in police court sentences for intoxication. He has been cook in the prison for five years and is allowed to go out every Saturday night, invariably getting intoxicated and being resented before his former one is served. Thus it is that his time has accumulated. For forty-eight hours is the longest that he has been out of jail in the last few years, and when sentenced he is given his own commitment and goes directly to jail without guard of any kind. He has never failed to go directly and turn himself over to the jailer.—Detroit Free Press.

Great Self Denial.

"I might have staid at home from Sunday school today if I had wanted," said a small scholar in a Pittsburg Sunday school to his teacher. "Indeed?" replied the teacher, who admired the boy's preference. "Yes, in. Might have staid at home," he went on proudly. "Why, Johnny?" "Cause my cousin died."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Survival of the Fittest.

The general tendency of modern life of our existing social conditions tends to the survival of the fittest. This may be an unpalatable fact, but it is none the less a true one.—Humanitarian.

Mountain Ranges.

The origin of what is termed the "American theory" of the formation of mountain ranges seems to be due to Professor Le Conte. It is known as the contraction theory, which assumes that the earth was once an incandescent ball, now cooling, a coolness which compels yielding along its lines of weakness. An interesting investigation of the phenomenon of mountains has led to the opinion that they are born of sea margin deposits, observation showing that existing off-

shore deposits are coarse at the top, shading down to that which is fine by the same law as that marked in the structure of mountains, but the enormous mountainous deposits would, it is argued, be possible only where there was a corresponding subsidence of sea bottom. That the earth sinks by loading and rises by unloading is illustrated by the Colorado plateau. Originally 20,000 feet high, 12,000 feet have been removed by erosion which has caused the remaining 8,000 feet to rise above the general level. It is claimed to be proved that the cosmic behavior of the earth is that of a rigid solid—that as a solid globe of glass 6 feet in diameter will change shape by the pressure of its own weight the earth does the same. The earth, however, not being homogeneous, accounts for its radical contraction being in ridges.—New York Sun.

Artemus Ward and the Baker.

A member of the London Savage club relates an anecdote of Artemus Ward and Howard Paul, both of whom suffered from dyspepsia. They were traversing Oxford street when they saw a sign over a baker's shop. "Pure, Nourishing Hygienic Bread."

"They entered with a view of ordering some of it to be sent to their respective residences, and the man behind the counter chanced to be a lank, lean specimen of humanity, with a face as long as a fiddle, hollow cheeks and an odd squeak in his voice.

Paul did not like the looks of the man and nudged Artemus, who said to the attendant:

"Is your bread very healthy?"

"Nothing finer in the world," replied the man.

"Is it nourishing, fattening?" pursued Artemus.

"Quite so," responded the baker.

"And may I tenderly inquire do you eat it yourself?" and Artemus ran his eye quickly up and down the blemish figure of the person and drew a long breath.

"Well, in the time," was the response.

"Well, in that case," said Artemus, with a twinkle in his eye, "I don't think we want any. We'll call again when the bread has taken effect on you. Good day, sir," and the twain departed.

Had the Old Man Tread.

Whoever has seen the Washington monument in Baltimore, with the crouching bronze lion of Barye near its base, will appreciate the story they tell about the rustic huntsman on his first visit to town. He was shown all the objects of interest in Baltimore one by one, but gave each only a passing glance and not even so much as a word of comment. When he came in sight of the Washington monument, however, a new light shot from his eye. At last it was obvious that something had been found to interest him. He scanned the shaft for some minutes, running his eye from the base to the point on which the statue stood and back again, then fastened his gaze on the crouching lion as if fascinated. His lips parted, and his city friends drew near to hear his criticisms of the sculptor's art. At last out came the words, "B'gad, he's got the old man tread, an' he's!"—Kate Field's Washington.

Wanted No Exaggeration.

I heard an amusing story from a New York journalist the other day. In his youth he had been combined editor and staff of a paper that provided news for one of the wildest and most lawless settlements in the Rockies. Mr. — was sitting in his office, and a wild looking person was shown in, who said: "Sir, I have called to see you with regard to a disturbance that took place at one of the bars last night. I had a row with a man, he riled me, and I got excited and shot him, and I regret to say that in the excitement of the moment I scalped him. So I've called on you, sir, to request that you will see that no exaggerated report of this finds its way into your newspaper."—London Gentlewoman.

A Good Shot.

The young preacher had preached his first sermon on his new circuit. Next day one of his stewards said to him, "If you do as well all the year as you did yesterday, we won't find any fault."

To which the pastor replied, "Brother, you are sure to be at church all the year to see if I do that well."

We call that a good shot.—Tennessee Methodist.

A Very Thirsty Boy.

"Mamma, please give me a drink."

"Go to sleep. You can't drink any more."

"Please, mamma."

"Go to sleep, Charley, or I'll get up and whip you."

"Say, mamma, when you get up to whip me, won't you give me a drink?"—New York Advertiser.

Paper Belting.

Paper belting for the purpose of transmitting power is the next thing which is going to astonish the manufacturing fraternity. The inventor was five years assistant to the superintendent of power of one of the great factories of Lowell, Mass. It was while in this position, in which he had much to do with lacing and belting, that he conceived the idea that belting made of paper could be made to do better work than either leather, rubber or cotton.

He argued that as a thick piece of pasteboard can be made to take on a firm, smooth and durable surface by holding the same against another moving surface for several minutes, a larger piece of paper made in the form of a belt and permitted to run upon the surface of a pulley day after day would soon create upon the surface a firm, hard, shiny coating that would last a long time.

In making the belt, links made from paper pulp are used. As soon

as a belt is put into working order a hard, shiny coating appears upon the surface next the pulleys, and this becomes harder and harder as the months slip by. It becomes so hard finally that only the cold chisel can cut into it. Such a surface works well on the pulleys.—American Exporter.

Bawtherne's Literary Methods.

"My father wrote principally in the morning, with that absorption and regularity which characterize the labor of men who are remembered," writes Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in "My Father's Literary Methods" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "When his health began to show signs of giving way in 1861, it was suggested by a relative, whose intellect, strength of will and appetite for the theories were of equally splendid proportions, that my father only needed a high desk at which to stand when writing to be restored to all his pristine vigor. With his usual tolerance of possible wisdom, he permitted such a desk to be arranged in the tower study at the Wayside; but, with his invariable contempt for mistakes of judgment, he never, after a brief trial, used it for writing.

"Upon his simple desk of walnut wood, of which he had nothing to complain, although it barely served its purpose, like most of the inexpensive objects about him, was a charming Italian bronze inkstand, over whose cover wrestled the infant Hercules in the act of strangling a goose. My father wrote with a gold pen, and I can hear now, as it seems, the rapid rolling of his chirography over the broad page."

Parading His Green Hair.

Baudelaire's really original character would have been more interesting had he not made such obvious efforts to call attention to it. One Sunday, the day my friends are kind enough to visit me, long after our first interview, he came to see me with his hair painted green. I pretended not to notice it. He stood and looked at himself in front of the mirror, stroked his hair with his hand and did his best to attract my attention.

At last, unable any longer to control himself, he said, "Do you see nothing extraordinary in my appearance?" "No." "But my hair is dyed green, and that is unusual." I answered: "Everybody's hair is more or less green. Now, if your hair were sky blue, I might perhaps be astonished. But one may see green hair under many a hat in Paris." He took his departure very soon afterward, and meeting a friend of mine in the courtyard he said to him: "I recommend you not to go and see Du Camp today. He is in a vile temper!"—Literary Recollections of Maxime du Camp.

What Ailed Him.

They say that the mountaineers of Kentucky, Tennessee and adjoining states have no sense of humor, and possibly they have not. Be that as it may, as I rode by a miserably poor hillside farm one day, on the headwaters of Big Sandy, I saw the farmer sitting on the fence, chewing a bit of long green very complacently.

"Good morning," I said. "How far is it to Fanshaw's mill?"

"'Bout three miles in the way you've got to go," he replied in a whisper.

Another question or two brought the same whispered answer.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Have you got a cold?"

"No, mister," he whispered again; "tain't that. It's this year farm. I've been livin on it for 10 yers, an the land's so dern pore I ain't been able to raise my voice on it for the last five."—Detroit Free Press.

Good Speaking.

This good advice to public speakers is given by Dr. J. M. Buckley: "The whole art of making a good speech is to have something pertinent and moving to say, to say something all the time, to say it vivaciously, and it is a religious speech to say it with religious feeling and to stop when every one wishes you to go on."

Unquestionable.

Mamma—Nellie, I don't know that you ought to keep company with Mr. Gay. His character is questionable.

Nellie—Oh, you are wrong there, mamma. I've given him every opportunity, but he's no nearer the question apparently than he was six weeks ago.—Boston Transcript.

No Socialism in His.

Small Boy—Wot do these socialists want?

Big Boy—They want a paternal form of government.

Small Boy—They do, eh? Wen a boy gets too big to be bossed by his father, they want the government to begin bossin him, do they? Guess they never had any fathers, that's wot I think.—Good News.

Turriana is said to have fashioned miniature mills "that would run themselves" so minute that a monk could carry one in his sleeve, yet so powerful that they would grind enough wheat in a single day to make bread for eight men.

The killing of any bison, buffalo, quail or Chinese pheasant is forbidden by law in Montana for 10 years, and the killing of any moose, elk, otter or beaver for six years after March 1, 1893.

There's not much fuss when Warren Antill of Henry county, Ky., wants to move. His house is on wheels, and he has a traction engine to pull it.

The amount of silk produced by each spider is so small that Reaumur computes that 663,322 would be required to produce a pound of thread.

Galvanized iron is ordinary iron which has been dropped into molten zinc and retains a surface coating of the zinc when removed.

SMOKING IN CHURCH.

There Was a Time When It Was Practiced in the British Isles.

The practice of smoking in church was prevalent in many churches in this country in the last years of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth century. Previous to the visit of James I to the University of Cambridge in 1615 the vice-chancellor issued a notice to the students which enjoined that "no graduate, scholar or student of this university presume to take tobacco in St. Marie's church upon pain of final expelling the university."

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Heart of Midlothian," refers to one Duncan of Knockdun, an important personage, who smoked during the whole of the sermon, from an iron pipe, tobacco borrowed from other worshippers. We are told that "at the end of the discourse he knocked the ashes out of the pipe, replaced it in his sporran, rejoined in the prayer with decency and attention." The same incident is mentioned in Hudson Bay territory and some other of the British possessions beyond the seas for some time after the erection of the first churches in those early settlements, there being a general recourse at the commencement of the sermon to the soothing weed, and not before the pipes were fairly under way was the officiating minister able to proceed with his discourse.

The custom of smoking during church service was not confined to the laity and minor clergy, for it is recorded that an archbishop of York was once reproved by the vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, for attempting to smoke in the church vestry. The Rev. John Disney of Swindley, in Lincolnshire, writing on the 13th of December, 1773, to James Grainger, says: "The affair happened in St. Mary's church, Nottingham, when Archbishop Blackburn was there on a visitation. The archbishop had ordered some of the apparitors or other attendants to bring pipes and tobacco and some liquor into the vestry for his refreshment after the fatigue of confirmation. And this coming to Mr. Disney's ears he forbade their being brought thither, and with a becoming spirit remonstrated with the archbishop upon the impropriety of his conduct, at the same time telling his grace that his vestry should not be converted into a smoking room."

One of the Meanest.

"Talk about your mean ones," said the man with a straw in his mouth. "We've got the meanest dern cuss in the state runnin the postoffice in our town."

"What's the likes of him?" inquired the man at the hay scales.

"Just dirt mean, specially when it comes to money matters. Tother day I took a bundle of newspapers down to mail, and not knowin how much the postage would be I was goin to get it weighed and direct it when I put on the stamps. He didn't charge me for weighin it and said it was 2 cents. I backed it and handed it in to him to drop it in the bag, but instead of that he dropped it on the scales."

"This is 3 cents," says he.

"You told me it was only 2," says I.

"Well, that was before you wrote on it," says he in the nagginest kind of a way. "That there ink just raises it a notch."

"You didn't pay it, did you?" ventured the hay scales man.

"Course I did. He'd held it for postage if I hadn't and charged me storage besides. That's the kind of meaner he is," and the man with the straw in his mouth walked away.—Detroit Free Press.

Harmless Insincerity.

A certain distinguished queen's counsel met an equally distinguished authoress in the house of a lady friend. They had a pleasant talk, and the lady rose to leave first. Holding the door open for her, Q. C. said in taking leave: "Now, Mrs. —, we won't let you go till you tell us how we are to have another book. How long are you going to make us wait?"

Down stairs went the authoress in the pleasant glow of being appreciated, for no one is so great as to be vulnerable to delicate flattery. But see the perky of Q. C. Carefully closing the door, he returned to his hostess and said, "I am so pleased to have met Mrs. —, but pray tell me the name of one of her books, for I never read a line she has written."

Nothing could be less sincere, yet every one should be grateful to one who so adroitly oiled the cogs of intercourse. He sacrificed his own hand to that of the other and won the game.—Nineteenth Century.

Antiquity of Engraving.

Gems were engraved at a very early period of the world's history. The very oldest specimen of this art in existence is believed to be a square signet of yellow jasper engraved in the year 1450 B. C., and now in the British museum. The engraving upon it is a fair picture of the horse of Amenophis II, and the characters underneath have been deciphered as bearing the names and titles of that monarch. The earliest instance of an engraved precious stone is the emerald ring of Polygates, 740 B. C. The Bible tells us that the Jewish high priests wore breastplates with the names of the 12 tribes engraved upon them, but this notwithstanding there is no known Hebrew engraving older than the fifth century.—St. Louis Republic.

Japanese Interviewing.

A traveler who made a short stay at Nemuro was one day sitting at his dinner in a tea-house when four Japanese youths entered the room and offered to shake hands, a most universal proceeding in that country. One of them presented his card, which bore the words, "K. Sato, Nemuro Shimban" (Nemuro newspaper).

"Oh," said I in Japanese, "you have a newspaper in Nemuro?"

"Yes," answered one of his friends

in English, a Mr. Yuasa, presenting his own card.

"You speak English then, Mr. Yuasa?"

"Yes."

"Can I offer you and your friends anything to eat or drink?"

"Yes."

"What will you have?"

"Yes."

"Will you have some sake?"

"No, no. I came to speak to you."

"Thank you."

"No, no. I came to take your life in Nemuro newspaper. Please speak where came? How old? Where go?"

A very pleasant and very long interview followed, and next morning I received the following note:

Sir—I long that you will correspond to me any events wherever you have met them in your journey when you are not so awfully busy, as I have to translate and write on the Nemuro News. I met the first time here, and I hope to have your friendly favor thenceforth, and thanks for your kindness I have received ever. Believe me your humble servant.

F. YUASA.

—Youth's Companion.

Tea and Coffee.

The last word has never been said on tea or coffee making. We have been told so often how the Russians brew their tea and the Parisians roast their coffee that the mere thought spells boredom. Now another new light has been shed in upon me from the reflections of a German cookery book which I have been reading. My German friend declares that to make tea absolutely a la Russe you must first put a few teaspoonfuls of heated water in a basin and pour upon them cold water—a teaspoonful or so, if you are not in a hurry, and hot water if you are—and leave it for five minutes in the first case and one minute in the second. Then you pour off the first water and put your leaves in a teapot, when you add your boiling water in the ordinary way. A delicious flavor and a perfect wholesomeness are said to follow after.

Then as to coffee making. Have you ever tasted coffee prepared in Arabic fashion? It is delicious and very easily managed.

You put your coffee in a mortar and beat them into a soft consistency. Then you pour boiling water upon your coffee into a tin pot and let it boil for just a minute. The grounds remain at the bottom and are poured out with the coffee into each cup. These prove quite a delicate bonne bouche.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Reminiscence of Early Louisiana.

Every one who has read Miss Woolson's "Horace Chase" has probably wondered what gave the chief river in its landscape the name "French Broad." The streams in this part of the country received their titles generally from the early settlers, a class not given to multiplying words. It is easy enough to understand why there might be a Big Catatwa and a Little Catatwa, because the names of command were not many, and qualifying adjectives applied judiciously here and there would make them go further, and on that principle it would be natural to have a Broad French and a Narrow French, but why the queer combination "French Broad?"

Mayor Patton explains the name by the local tradition that the pioneers of western North Carolina when they crossed the Blue ridge came upon a river near the divide which, from its most obvious dimension, they christened Broad river. Meeting it again under conditions which made it appear to be another stream and observing to their surprise that it flowed westward, they said: "Here is a broad river, too, but it runs toward Louisiana, the Frenchman's country. We will call this the French Broad to distinguish it from the other."—Exchange.

An Expert Stenographer.

It may not be generally known that Representative Hitt prepared for his career in public life by a course of reporting, rising to the highest rank in the profession. Mr. Hitt reported the famous debate between Lincoln and Douglas in 1856, and later was employed in reporting various official proceedings at the national capital and elsewhere. One of the most notable of these was the French arms investigation by a committee of the senate. For a number of years he was private secretary to Senator Morton and in that capacity reported many of the speeches made by Indiana's famous war governor.—Washington Post.

He Loves Superstition.

Oscar Wilde's reply to an invitation to become a member in a club formed to battle with the 13 superstition is very like him. "But I love superstitions," he says. "They are the color element of thought and imagination. They are the opponents of common sense. Common sense is the enemy of romance. The aim of your society seems to be dreadful. Leave us some reality. Don't let us be too offensively sane."

Growing Heads.

"Head's grown, sir," observed my hatter one day to me, manipulating the interior of my top with a foot rule, and when I indignantly disclaimed the soft impudently he added, "All my customers' heads grow, sir, up to 65, excepting the ecclesiastical gents, and theirs don't grow after 25." Herein doubtless lies the reason why clerical headgear is so characteristic of the man beneath, for never was a greater fallacy than the adage that "it is not the cow that makes the monk."—London Globe.

Profound Philosophy.

"Wimmin," said Mr. Grogan, "is mighty similar in wan way."

"An fwa's that?" inquired Mr. Hogan.

"No matter how minny av thim you get acquainted wid, they're all alike in bein different from wan another."—Indianapolis Journal.

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VOL. VIII. NO. 2.

QUINCY, MASS., APRIL, 1894.

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Joe Morgan, the Drunkard, Simon Little
Sample Swichell, Thomas F. Hogan
Simon Slade, the Barkeeper, Napoleon Grignon
Mr. Romaine, Timothy J. Carey
Harvey Green, the Gambler, Richard J. Gray
Willie Hammond, Fast Young Man, Frank McLaughlin
Frank Slade, Barkeeper's Son, Peter J. McGrath
Mrs. Morgan, Joe Morgan's Wife, Miss Lizzie Sullivan
Mary Morgan, Daughter of Joe Morgan, Mand Welsh
Mehitable Cartwright, Swichell's Sweetheart, Miss Ella Mahoney
Mrs. Slade, Wife of the Barkeeper, "Mary E. Welsh"

SYNOPSIS.
ACT I.—Scene 1.—Exterior of the "Sickle and Sheaf." Sample Swichell and the Philanthropist. Simon's
eulogy of contentment. Scene 2.—Interior of the "Sickle and Sheaf." The landlord and his wife. Her regrets.
The gambler and his victim. Joe Morgan, the drunkard. Little Mary in quest of her father. "Simon Slade,
this little treasure still remains!" The two friends (?) quarrel. Sample's arrival. "Lay there till the cows
come home!" Tableau.
ACT II.—Scene 1.—Mehitable gets a love-letter. Sample's indignation. The philanthropist again. Scene 2.—
The landlord's progress. His enterprising son. Quarrel of Simon and Morgan. "The Fatal Glass." "Father,
they have killed me!" Struggle and tableau.
ACT III.—Scene 1.—Sample and the gambler. Their differences of opinion publicly expressed. Scene 2.—
The drunkard's home. The dying child. The drunkard's resolve. His frightful delirium. "Howling demons
hold me down; I yield!" Tableau.
ACT IV.—Scene 1.—The "Sickle and Sheaf." The gloom of impending death. Sample on a bencher. The
fight and murder of Willie Hammond. Sample on the trail. Scene 2.—Green's attempt at escape. His capture
by Sample. Scene 3.—Joe Morgan's wretched home. Mary's advice to her father. The inebriate's promise.
"I'll never drink another drop of liquor!" Death of little Mary. Affecting tableau.
ACT V.—Scene 1.—After ten years. Romaine and the Yankee. The history of Cedarville. A Yankee
courtship. Scene 2.—The "Sickle and Sheaf." Simon and Frank Slade. A terrible example. "Frank Slade,
you have killed your father!" Scene 3.—Sample's message to Romaine. Scene 4.—"Home, Sweet Home." The
happy wife and reformed drunkard. Sample and Mehitable in their new attire. Happy denouement. "A drunk-
ard now no longer—that is o'er; free, disenthralled, I stand a man once more."

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THE ANNUNCIATION.

The darkness of sin still shadows the earth. Oh! when shall the light of the universe its clouded light disperse? The desired, the longed-for of nations, why does he tarry so long in his father's home? The longings are soon to be satisfied, the sighs shall now soon be hushed, for at the throne of heaven, Jesus lays down his crown, and consents to work the Redemption of mankind. The heavens are stirred, the message is given, the angel speeds to earth.

"Hail! Mary full of grace the Lord is with thee."

Thus does the Angel Gabriel greet the destined mother of the Messiah at her home at Nazareth, while in converse with her Maker.

Thus he tells her the will of the Most High, is that she shall bring forth the Saviour of the world. He awaits her consent, and meditate on her well-weighed answer.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it done unto me as Thou wilt." See her profound humility, and then her great submission. Ah! she was the humblest of humble creatures. Her greatness she never told. God's will was ever her will, what a solemnity to the memorial prayer uttered thirty-three years later in the Garden of Olives, by her own dear Son, when the chalice of bitterness was given Him to drink. Because of her great humility she is the most exalted of God's loved ones. From her throne she gazes on us, who often hail her as the Angel Gabriel did of old.

THE ANGELICAL SALUTATION.
Oh! heavenly anthem, that no pen has had the honor to write, that mortal mind God never permit to form in thought.

Over the vast universe today it is suspended from the rising of the sun by the old and young, by the rich and poor. Think of all who have hoped in the past and all who shall live in the future, and then think of her who is greeted as the mother of Jesus, and look to Calvary and claim her as your own at the foot of the cross.

Yes, she is our mother, Jesus has given her to us. She is ours forever more.

Let us ask her then for a share in her humility, for remember, "God shall raise the meek in spirit," and thus we shall have the foundation stone of the great edifice called sanctity. She can gain for us the grace to ever embrace God's blessed will, even though it costs us numerous trials, and sacrifice that cut and pain. The prayers offered to Mary with firm confidence, have never gone unanswered. And more particularly the Hail Mary, for it cannot but remind her of the great joy that filled her soul on this great day. Mary in the depths of sorrow the "Hail Mary" has brought relief to.

At her shrine we may kneel and ask for any favor, and be assured of these words: If at her holy shrine, then often shall draw near.

The beautiful Queen of Heaven.

The pleading prayer shall hear.

MAY FESTIVALS.

Since the Monitor does not appear until the latter part of the month, hereafter, we shall comment upon the notable feasts of each succeeding month, instead of those of the current month. However, on this month we shall present both the festivals of April and May, but the May number will contain those of June.

Ascension Day, a feast of obligation, falls this year upon May 3d. It is solemnized in memory of Christ's glorious ascension into heaven, on the fortieth day after his resurrection. An old tradition tells us that before his ascension, our Lord went to take leave of his dear friends Lazarus, Martha and Mary, who lived in Bethany. With them, he ascended Mt. Olivet, and having arrived at the summit, said to his disciples, gathered around him, "All power is given to me in heaven and upon earth. Go ye therefore, in my name, and preach the Gospel to every creature. Teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Behold, I am with you at all times, even unto the consummation of the world."

At the same time He enlightened their minds, that they might understand the Scriptures and added, "I will send down upon you the gift of My Father that has been promised to you." Having said this He stretched out His hands and blessed them and immediately began to rise from the ground. The disciples adored Him and returned joyfully to Jerusalem, where they remained awaiting the fulfillment of the promise which the Lord had made to them.

Pentecost, or Whit Sunday, which occurs on May 13th sees these promises carried out. Pentecost, in Greek, signifies the fiftieth, it being the fiftieth day after the resurrection, and it is called Whit-Sunday from the catechumens being anciently clothed in white, and admitted, on the eve of this feast, to the sacrament of baptism. The old Saxons called it Holy Sunday. In the office of this day the church invites us to beg of the Holy Ghost a share in those internal gifts, which are particularly received from the third person of the Blessed Trinity, and which were so abundantly given to the apostles.

Trinity Sunday, the Sunday immediately following Pentecost, commemorates the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. We find that this mystery has been one of the special devotion to many of the saints of God. Among these, might be mentioned St. Francis Xavier, who continually repeated the expression, "O, Sanctissima Trinitas," "O, most Holy Trinity" in his war against paganism. The special prayer of the Holy Trinity is the Gloria

Patri or Gloria be to the Father etc., and the Church enriches it with many indulgences.

Corpus Christi, the last of the more important feasts of the month is celebrated on Thursday, the 24th. It is one of the two days which we especially set apart to honor the Blessed Sacrament. As Monday-Thursday falls amid the sorrows of Holy Week, amid the contemplation of the passion of Jesus Christ, it cannot be celebrated with the joy inspired by so great a favor bestowed upon mankind. Therefore, to commemorate it the more fully, the feast of Corpus Christi, or of the Body of our Lord, was instituted. It arose in Northern Europe, chiefly by the exertions of St. Juliana, and was celebrated as a feast in 1247. Pope Urban IV commanded its celebration throughout the Church, and Clement V, fixed the feast on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday.

It has ever since been one of the most solemn and impressive holidays of the Church, the Blessed Sacrament, in Catholic countries, being borne through the streets in procession, followed by the different religious orders and confraternities and thousands of the faithful.

WOODWARD BUSINESS COURSE.

The Woodward Institute was opened for school purposes on Tuesday, April 10. The attendance of pupils was very flattering in quality as well as in quantity. The very best families in Quincy are strongly represented. The Directors were obliged to begin the work before September, by a clause in Dr. Woodward's will. Many of the girls, now in the High School desire to finish out the term where they are and have only postponed for a brief period their entrance to the Woodward. In fact, the matter of accommodation for all who wish to enter it in September is really serious.

The business course seems to be very popular. Hitherto in Quincy, girls graduating from the High were not properly qualified to enter upon the duties of practical life, and recognizing this fact, rushed into the schools as trainers, hoping in the dim, uncertain future to become teachers. In order to correct the faults of inexperience and of youth, many of them were detained so long as trainers and mere substitutes that they lost courage and gave up. Others who remained, were advised to go elsewhere to acquire maturity of judgment, etc. Others yet, who were fortunate enough to obtain positions (principally in the primary grades) have constantly seen strangers, elsewhere educated, brought in as teachers, placed in the higher grades, at good salaries, with opportunities and encouragement not accorded to many of the Quincy girls. And after short service here these outsiders have been sought for other schools at larger prices than here obtained by the Quincy talent which spent long years in waiting for very small favors gratefully and humbly received. Nor is the future prospect any brighter. The most decided preference is shown for graduates of Normal schools. It will soon be impossible for any other to be engaged as teacher in any public school in or near Boston. It is then essential that young girls look about for other branches of employment. These they cannot obtain without a good course of business instruction.

The Woodward directors have secured as teacher, of telegraphy, stenography and typewriting, one of the most skillful operators of the Western Union Telegraph Co. They appreciate the advantage of a business education to any lady whatever her position in society, and feel confident that the business course at the Woodward will be of inestimable value. This innovation in school work will be closely watched and gratefully appreciated by those whose children have not hitherto approached the standard of practical education desired by the parents.

"JOE MORGAN."

The St. John's C. L. A. A., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 17, 18 and 19th, will present at its hall on School St., the finest temperance drama ever written. It has been an enormous success wherever given, and has proved a most powerful instrument for good. The rehearsals have been very gratifying. The public has every reason to expect the best entertainment ever offered in town. The comical Yankee, the cold, cunning gambler, the ruin of young men, the dangers and misery produced by liquor, the death of the little child, the degradation of Morgan, the intensely dramatic delirium scene, the reformation and salvation of the fallen, are all portrayed with the vividness of actual life. Without doubt or comparison "Joe Morgan" is the most powerful drama ever staged by the association. Remember the dates April 17, 18 and 19. Tickets now for sale at usual rates.

INGERSOLL IN BOSTON.

Col. Ing. Ingersoll seems to have lost his grip on Boston audiences. With a population of nearly a million from which to draw, the Col. could gather only a paltry fifteen hundred at Boston Theatre Sunday evening, April 8. It would indeed be marvellous, if among the hundreds of thousands in and near Boston, there would not be many ignorant, many malicious and many sensual, who seek excuse and justification from their crimes in the shallow assertions without proof, in the glittering haubles, and flattery bestial in its ends, which are so lavishly plastered on by Ingersoll for the purpose of obtaining the dollars of his too willing dupes. Educated men and all men of common sense have long since repudiated Ingersoll's glittering generalities and sophistry. They at once pierce the thin veil of his lies, they see his extreme egotism his assumed infallibility, his brazen audacity and his blasphemy. His chicanery has been so clearly exposed by Father Lambert in his masterly work "Notes on Ingersoll" that further refutation is unnecessary. Confidence is shaken in Ingersoll. His devotees begin to realize that he destroys something in them that cannot be replaced. That he takes away Faith, Hope and Charity, and substitutes infidelity, des-

pair, and selfish sensual brutality. They feel that they have lost all that redness, nobleness and elevation, and have acquired only that which degrades. All his objections to God and religion are but the rehearsal of previous and brighter infidels and have been refuted times without number. He sets up a God which no Christian could possibly acknowledge, and then proceeds to demolish the straw god of his own imagination. Any fool could do that. But his dupes make the mistake of believing that the deity attacked by Ingersoll is a true representation of the infinitely perfect God adored by Christians. One sentence in his recent speech shows his whole animus. "If Jesus attacked the Church (Jewish) he was a great man whether he was mistaken or not." According then to Ingersoll it is enough to make a man great, if he will only attack the church whether he is right or wrong. And this from a man who is always prating about "liberty, honor, bright, honest thought, tolerance, love," etc. No wonder that his audience diminishes in number.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF JOHN Q. McDONNELL.

John Q. McDonnell, of the well known granite firm of McDonnell & Sons, died suddenly at 4.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon from heart disease, at his home, No. 440 Prospect Avenue. About three years ago Mr. McDonnell suffered something of the nature of an apoplectic stroke, but recovered his health in such degree that he had since transacted a great deal of business. He had been confined to his bed, however, for two weeks, and a part of the time had been very low. Yesterday he told his friends that he felt better and to some of those who visited him he expressed a desire to talk of business matters. Half an hour later he complained of a pain in the region of his heart, and in another moment the breath of life had departed from his body.

John Q. McDonnell was born in Quincy, Mass., September 11, 1850, and attended the public schools there until he was 16 years old, when he became apprenticed to his father's business, that of stone-cutting, every branch of which he mastered thoroughly. At the age of 21 his father admitted him to partnership in the business, the other member of the firm being his brother, Thomas H., and the firm's title was changed to McDonnell & Sons, which name has remained unchanged to the present time, although Mr. McDonnell, Sr., retired in 1881. The business has grown to such dimensions that the concern is one of the largest of its kind in the United States. The firm's headquarters elsewhere than in Buffalo are in Quincy, Mass., and Barre, Vt.

It was in 1884 that Mr. McDonnell established a branch of his business in Buffalo, and two or three years later, believing that this was a great city, and being delighted with the city during a sojourn here of six months he removed his family here for a permanent home. The firm has agencies at Indianapolis and Albany, and besides its Main Street plant here it has works at Pine Hill and Limestone Hill. Altogether about 300 hands are employed. One of the most notable pieces of work performed by the firm was the tearing down and reconstruction of the Soldier's Monument, which had been condemned by the Park Commissioners. This work cost about \$20,000. Among some of the many works of the firm are the famous column monument over the remains of Gen. George B. McClellan, at Trenton, N. J.; the monument over the grave of Jared Sparks, president of Harvard University, at Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass.; and the Blocher monument at Forest Lawn.

Mr. McDonnell's numerous, varied and important business and social connections are the highest kind of testimony to his prominence and worth, and the universal esteem in which he was held. He was vice-president of the Union Bank, a director of the People's Guarantee Savings Company, a director of the Lake View Brewing Company, a member of the advisory committee of the Buffalo Catholic Institute, a member of Branch No. 7, C. M. B. A., a director of the Irish-American Savings and Loan Association. He was also a life member of the German Young Men's Association and was interested in various land and improvement companies.

Mr. McDonnell was married in 1874 to Miss Emily A. Dinegan of Quincy, Mass., who survives him, together with six sons and a daughter. Of the sons, John P. is engaged in the granite business and James S. is attending Manhattan College, New York. He will arrive in Buffalo to-day. The other children are Thomas F., Robert, Francis, Vincent, and Mary.

This clipping from the Buffalo Courier of Apr. 9th will bring genuine sorrow to our readers. John Q. will be remembered as among the brightest and most popular of our business men, a good citizen, a fervent Catholic, a model husband, father, and friend. May he rest in peace! Amen!

LOCAL NEWS.

Fr. Francis is much improved in health and able to be about the house.

The Misses Gibson advertise bargains as they are going out of business.

The Spantum Yacht club have built a new club-house at Norfolk Downs.

The public schools opened on Monday with a large number of new pupils.

Fr. Cuff went on to Buffalo to attend the funeral of Mr. John Q. McDonnell.

On April 19, a festival for the benefit of the Hospital, will be held at Mrs. W. B. Rice's from 7 to 9.

The Neponset Dramatic Co. will present "The Spy," on the evening of the nineteenth of April.

Atlantic has a new doctor, Dr. Heinrichs of Boston. He intends to make rheumatism his specialty.

Miss Carrie Thayer, who has been a member of this year's training class, has gone to Burlington, Mass., to teach.

The Woodward Seminary opened on Tuesday with something like 100 pupils. An addition will soon be made to the building.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room" will be played at St. John's hall, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 16, 17 and 18.

Mr. Thomas Garrity has purchased one of Mr. Hammond's houses on Crescent street, on the land next to Mr. Michael McGovern's estate.

Inspector Cunningham of Atlantic, has changed his residence from Myrtle St. to Hancock St., in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Archibald Monroe.

Mr. Monroe Perry, one of the most popular employees of the Street Railway company, has gone to Quincy Point to work in Miss Freeman's store.

The Monitor sends its sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. John Cavanagh in the death of their daughter Stella, which sad event took place on Tuesday.

"Past Redemption" will be played in St. Mary's hall, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, April 17 and 18. A dance will follow the play on Wednesday evening.

The Mission recently held at St. Mary's church for the French speaking people, was very successful, about 350 attending. It was given by a priest from the French church, Boston, who stayed at Mr. Bernier's on Buckley street.

Miss Kate Haverham of West Quincy, has been in Atlantic the past week, assisting the new postmaster, Miss Nellie Gerry is to be the regular assistant, and as soon as Mr. John Duggan's building is ready, the post office will be removed there.

At a recent meeting of the Street Railway company, a semi-annual dividend of 3 percent, was declared for all stock holders payable after May 1. It was also decided to issue passage tickets on the Manet beach line 12 for \$1 and 100 ride books for \$8.

THE "SNIFFLES."

Dr. Rhein Tells How the Suffering Young-

It is obvious, in the first place, that it is of the greatest importance to use every effort to prevent taking cold. The first injunction is that wool should be worn next to the skin. This is the material which best permits the normal functions of the skin to progress. The same thickness of underwear should be used the year around, the change in protection being made in the external apparel. The head covering should be light and well ventilated, so as to allow the escape of heat. Cold baths should be taken every morning in a warm room, and the skin should be rubbed until ruddy and warm. Sudden exposure to cold should be avoided, and the child should never lie in the way of a draft.

Let us now study the treatment of the disease itself. The cardinal principle is cleanliness. Keep the nasal cavities clear and do not allow the secretions to accumulate around the nostrils. The cavities should be sprayed out three or four times a day with bland antiseptic solutions. The simplest of these is one of common salt, which is not only cleansing but soothing to the mucous membrane. The best solution, however, is a combination of listerine, borax, glycerin and water. Solutions of tannin, sulphate of zinc or nitrate of silver should be reserved for the subacute affection.

The difficulty in feeding must be at once combated by spoon feeding, which must be done regularly, for it is impossible in any other way for a child at the breast to receive proper nourishment. The temperature of the room should be about 70 to 75 degrees, and fluctuations from these temperatures should be avoided. A dose of castor oil at the onset of an attack often lessens its severity and has a beneficial influence on the course of the disease, especially if there be any tendency toward constipation. For the chronic affection other more powerful means must be used, and these should be left to the skill of the physician.—Dr. John H. Wallace Rhein in Babyhood.

Had Had Enough.

Here is a story from Serbia which should perhaps be taken with a grain of salt:

To a grand dinner given some years ago at Belgrade by an august personage to a number of foreigners of distinction visiting the Serbian capital several members of the skopschima, or national parliament, had been invited. One of the alien guests, a well known French financier, happened to sit next to a Serbian M. P. and was considerably diverted by his quaint expedients for dealing with certain attributes of civilization obviously unfamiliar to him. Toward the conclusion of the feast the Frenchman selected a toothpick from a small tray lying near him and politely passed the receptacle on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily declined his offer, exclaiming:

"No, Gospodin, I have already eaten 10 of the things, and I want no more."

Pretty American Femininity.

The type of beauty of American women is confessedly high. The number of pretty girls one sees on Fifth avenue in an afternoon is actually greater than that seen in Europe in three months, and leaving out a certain class of Parisiennes the New York girls are better dressed than the women of any other world's capital. But here is the peculiar thing: Abroad the women of the poorer classes rank low in beauty on an average. In this country, as compared with the so called "fortune's favorites," the poorer girls more than hold their own in point of good looks

and dressing. Good food, education, general easy circumstances and the inculcation of self respect have given the United States a wonderfully large percentage of charming girls and women. A trip abroad will prove the correctness of these assertions.—New York Mail and Express.

A Sioux Indian Custom.

Among the Sioux Indians a common custom exists. When one family borrows a kettle from another, it is expected when the kettle is returned a small portion of the food that has been cooked in it will be left in the bottom. Should this custom be disregarded by any one, that person would never be able to borrow again, as the owner must always know what has been cooked in her kettle. A white woman on one occasion returned a scoured kettle, intending to teach a lesson in cleanliness, but her act became the talk of the camp as a fresh example of the meanness of the whites.—New York Recorder.

3

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White Blanks 3 1-2 cents.

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Straw Mattings, Stamped Goods

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ARTISANS' HOMES.

HOW GLASGOW HAS IMPROVED SOME OF ITS POOR DISTRICTS.

The Influence of Municipal Tenements in Brightening Human Life—Clean and Comfortable Dwellings Furnished to the Poor at Reasonable Rentals.

Municipalities are not necessarily wiser than other corporate bodies. Glasgow has by no means solved the housing problem. But she has made some experiments in the direction of bettering human life. But, with less than half a dozen blocks of municipal tenements, she is still far from pointing the way to a better condition. She is far from having become a socialist city. She had the opportunity to make experiments in the most wretched of her districts. The experiments have succeeded, and private enterprise here, as elsewhere, has made similar experiments and with similar success.

The municipal tenements or artisans' dwellings, as they are variously called, consist of blocks of flats on either side of the Saltmarket. The buildings are four stories in height. The ground floor are occupied by shops. The houses are usually arranged so that on two floors there are three tenements, a tenement of two rooms being on each side of a staircase and a tenement of one room on each side. There are also several of three rooms each. The tenement of one room is 14 by 13 feet. It is fitted with a bed closet, which is expected to answer the purpose of a second bedroom, a large press or cupboard, a commodious dresser and a kitchen. Such an apartment rents for \$10.

The two roomed flat has a small fitted with a press, or closet. On one side of the lobby is the living room, which is completely furnished, as is the kitchen. A scullery adjoins. There is also a bed alcove in the room. On the other side of the lobby and on the front of the house is the sitting room, to which is also attached a bed closet. Such a flat rents for \$19.50 per annum. The three roomed flat rents for \$20 a year. Gas is supplied by the city at the usual rate, 60 cents per 1,000 feet. There is a laundry at the top of the house for the use of the tenants. These artisans' dwellings are constructed in the most substantial manner. The stairs are stone, and the stairway walls are tile or glazed brick, which is easily kept clean.

It has long been objected that the dwellings do not meet the needs of the poorest class of laborers. They were too high for men who were accustomed to the one roomed tenement of unskilled labor. Glasgow has considered whether it were possible for a municipality to reach these men in any way. If it had been a question of rooms to single men, the arrangement could have been made easily enough. But the difficulty was to devise houses for large families, and it usually happens that in this part of the world the poorer the man the larger is his family. Houses could be built, of course, but could the poorest class of laborers afford to pay a rent which would return to the municipality an interest of 2, 3, or 4 percent on its investment? Could a municipality compete in that respect with the owners of rookeries, who families live in single apartments? Much deliberation was given to the subject. It was found that the municipality could put up a block of small buildings to meet the wants of the hitherto left untouched. They would not be practically too small, but something more than what are the one roomed houses—that is, they would be a room to a family. To be sure, the room could be divided by a partition within two or three feet of the sleeping quarter being taken from the cooking quarter.

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The two-roomed flat has a small lobby fitted with a press, or closet. On one side of the lobby is the living room, which is completely furnished as a kitchen. A scullery adjoins. There is also a bed above in the room. On the other side of the lobby and on the front of the house is the sitting room, to which is also attached a bed chest. Such a flat rents for \$49.50 per annum. The three-roomed flat rents for \$80 a year. Gas is supplied by the city at the usual rate of 60 cents per 1,000 feet. There is a laundry at the top of the house for the use of the tenants. These artisans' dwellings are constructed in the most substantial manner. The stairs are stone, and the stairway walls are tiled or glazed brick, which is easily kept clean.

It has long been objected that these dwellings do not meet the necessities of the poorest class of laborers. The rents were too high for men who work in the streets or on the docks and at other kinds of unskilled labor. Glasgow had to consider whether it was possible for the municipality to reach these men in any way. If it had been a question of letting rooms to single men, the arrangement could have been made easily enough. But the difficulty was to devise houses for large families, and it usually happens that in this part of the world the poorer the man the larger is his family. Houses could be built, of course, but could the poorest class of laborers afford to pay a rent which would return to the municipality an interest of 2, 3 or 4 percent on its investment? Could the municipality compete in that respect with the owners of rookeries, where families live in single apartments? Much deliberation was given to the subject. It was found that the municipality could put up a block of substantial buildings to meet the wants of the class hitherto left untouched, but that it would not be practicable to provide anything more than what are called "one roomed houses."

It was decided, it is to say, one room to a family. To be sure, the rooms could be divided by a partition running within two or three feet of the ceiling, the sleeping quarters being thus separated from the cooking quarter.

It was finally decided that a block of single room tenements should be constructed. A place was cleared at the rear of a block of artisans' dwellings, and a plain building of three stories was erected, with four single room tenements on each floor, two in the front and two behind. These were let at rents well within the means of unskilled laborers. The building was opened, and it has been filled ever since. The experiment is financially successful, but in other respects there is little to be said for it. Of course the apartments are larger, lighter, healthier, better built than any single room tenements in the old rookeries. Nevertheless the objections to the building of a family in one room are not thereby removed. They are merely minimized and in a very slight degree. It is not by any means demonstrated that a municipality is justified in doing anything to perpetuate the single room tenement system for families.

The construction of Glasgow's municipal tenement houses, whether of the better class or of the poorer, is admirable. The stairways, being built entirely of masonry, are consequently fireproof. The stairs themselves and the hall floors are of stone, and the walls of the halls are faced with glazed tiles or glazed bricks, as the case may be, and, as I have said, are easily kept clean.

A very large amount of work yet remains to be done on the municipal estate which comes under the administration of the improvement fund. Old houses are still being torn down, and crowded areas are being cleared away. Of course all this is a very expensive business. But it is being gradually carried on so that the cost may not fall excessively on any single year.—Glasgow Cor. Boston Herald.

A Duke Rebuked.

When commanding the Galatea some years ago, the Duke of Edinburgh called in plain clothes on an admiral, who rebuked him with the stiff greeting: "I should have been very happy to receive your royal highness on any of your occasions, but not at this moment I am expecting a visit from the captain of the Galatea." The duke went back to his ship and put on his uniform.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Buried In Old Point.

The late well known Miss Jane Clarke of Recent street, dealer in antique lace, historic fans, etc., desired in her will that she should be buried in old point, where she is likely to be composed of elements found on the earth. There was a time no doubt when it might have been urged that in all probability the solar elements were so far different from any bodies known to terrestrial chemists that the solar clouds must be constituted

IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Rosina Vokes' Story of Her Family's Isolation In Crowded London.

In everyday talk Rosina Vokes was altogether and bewitchingly the Rosina we knew across the footlights—the same big, honest eyes, the same drolly staccato speech, the same tossing of that stuffy mane of shining hair, and the same of her speech was quite as flavoured as any lines her playwrights ever set down for her speaking. It is a pity she never told across the footlights for all the world to hear the story she once told to a favored few. The Vokes family, she said, had returned to London from a provincial tour, and intending to remain for the season decided to hire a house in preference to taking lodgings. They looked upon it as a marvellous luck to find a house in an eminently agreeable neighborhood at a phenomenally low rent. They soon found out the reason. A particularly shocking murder had been committed in the house a few years before, and since then it had stood untenanted, its evil reputation intensifying with every night its dark windows gloomed upon the else cheerful street.

"But it was a lovely, comfortable house," said Rosina, "and we didn't mind its story a bit—in fact, we thought it rather distinguished than otherwise, and, as for spooks, we'd all played 'em too often in Christmas pantomimes to hold 'em in any special awe. Besides we never saw any—nothing. I give you my word, more fearsome than a black beetle ever crossed our paths in that haunted house. But for all that a more uncomfortable three months our happy go lucky family never spent. The neighbors gave the house a bad name and hanged it. They took the attitude that any one willing to live in a murder stained house was simply an accessory after the fact. My dears, never shall I forget the first morning I called on the local butcher with a plea for chops. 'Send them to 343—street,' piped I cheerily. The butcher turned dusky pale. He edged behind his block. He hovered. 'Time over it.' 'Three forty-three, you said, mum?' he gasped. 'Man alive, yes!' said I. 'We live there, and we're not ghosts, or we shouldn't need chops!'

"Well, the long and short of it was we could get nothing sent that wasn't ordered at high noon, and then the butcher's boy had a way of firing up the things from the bottom of the steps—didn't want to come within grabbing distance of the door apparently. That was hard on the provisions, especially the eggs. No milkman would deliver milk in the gray of the morning, not he! We had subsequently to bring it home in a wheelbarrow. When the water pipes burst, we had to stop 'em up with our stockings, while the boys scoured London for a plumber ready enough to cross our fated threshold. We lived like Robinson Crusoes on a densely populated island. It was borne in upon us at last that it was a pity so much wholesome terror should go to waste. So the last few days of our stay there we took to burning blue lights at midnight in the area window and emitting hollow groans from the front cellar. I fancy our landlord reaped the results of this light minded conduct. We never inquired."—Boston Transcript.

Shakespeare's Cats.

Shakespeare makes frequent references to cats in his plays. Lady Macbeth taunts her husband when he hangs back from the murder with: "Letting I dare not wait upon I would, / Allowing I am not to do."—alluding to that animal's fondness for fish—"What cat's averse of a fish?"—but its unwillingness to wet its feet in catching them.

Falstaff seizes upon another feature of the animal's character as detested by all well-to-do sleepers in towns: "Shallow, I am as much asleep as a cat." Mercutio longs for a fray with Tybalt, he accuses him: "Good king of cats, I would have nothing but one of your nine lives. That I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry beat the rest of the eight," and thereupon receives that celebrated "scratch" which was "not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door."—New York Sun.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Home.

"Vailima" is the name which the Stevensons have given to their beautiful home in Apia. Four miles from the beach and 600 feet above the sea level a clearing was made among the trees, and the house, a rambling two story structure, painted dark gray and with red roof, was erected. Roomy and comfortable porches encircle both sides of the house, and from the upper, looking northward, can be seen the "fine waters" of the Pacific. At the back are the green slopes of the Apian mountains. There is no driveway to "Vailima" from the town, the house being accessible only by foot passengers or to those mounted on the sure footed native horses.—Ladies' Home Journal.

When There Were No Plumbers.

Lord Fountainhall, in 1674, says that there are no plumbers in Scotland, because there is no need for them. Happy simplicity of our ancestors! No every man should be his own plumber. No man should be allowed to marry till he has passed an examination in plain and fancy plumbing. Few know what to do if the pipes are frozen or if the gas meter is frozen. If you are practicing with a pistol, however, and casually cut a gas pipe, we do know what to do. Exhibit soap! Fill up the orifice with soap. This accident, it must be admitted, less frequent than a sudden flood.—Saturday Review.

A Clinging Argument.

The healthfulness or the reverse of corsets seems finally to be settled. They have been found on the mummies of Egyptian princesses of the royal family. These corseted mummies, it is interesting to know, are all dead. What more need be said? The dress reformers appear to be justified in denouncing corsets.—Boston Transcript.

DAY'S BLAZING ORB.

Sir Robert Ball on the Substances of Which the Sun Is Made.

Let us see if we have the necessary data for ascertaining what this solar material must be. We are first confronted with the fundamental question as to whether it is likely to be composed of elements found on the earth. There was a time no doubt when it might have been urged that in all probability the solar elements were so far different from any bodies known to terrestrial chemists that the solar clouds must be constituted

of something altogether beyond our cognizance. But this view cannot be sustained in the present state of science.

Nothing is more remarkable in the recent advance of knowledge than the clear demonstration of the fundamental unity between the elements present in the celestial bodies and those elements of which the earth is composed. It is almost true that we have found grounds for believing that there may be one or two elements in the sun which we do not find here.

We have indeed assigned to these dimly discerned elements the hypothetical names of cerium and helium. But even if such bodies exist at all they are certainly wanting in the essential qualities that must be attributed to any element which purports to be the active component of the photospheric cloud. There cannot be a reasonable doubt that the sun is mainly composed of elements both well known and abundant on the earth. It is clearly among these known bodies that it is our duty to search for the characteristic photospheric material.

As the terrestrial clouds consist of water they are derived from a simple element, but from a composite body formed of the gases—oxygen and hydrogen. The multitude of composite bodies is, of course, innumerable, and the task of searching for the solar constituents would therefore seem to be an endless one, unless we were in some way enabled to restrict our field of inquiry. This is just what the modern methods of the sun permits us to do. It is well known that at a heat resembling that at which the photosphere is maintained chemical compounds cannot in general exist. Ordinary chemical compounds exposed to temperatures of such elevation are instantly resolved into their elementary components. It is thus manifest that in the endeavor to find the photospheric material we have not to scan the illimitable field of chemical compounds. We have only to consider the several elementary bodies themselves.

Thus at once the research is narrowed to a choice among some 64 different materials, this being about the number of the different elementary bodies. Most of them have already been actually detected in the sun, and it is very likely that the others do really exist there also in some part or other of the sun's mighty volume.—Sir Robert Ball in *Fortnightly Review*.

As the Boy Saw It.

A Detroit business man was making some purchases at a Woodward avenue fruit stand the other evening when he saw a street gamin take an orange and coolly saunter off. There was no occasion to raise a row over it, but the gentleman felt it his duty to follow the boy and observe:

"I saw you hook that orange, my boy. It isn't much value, but if you begin this way where will you end?"

"I never took it," he stoutly replied. "Oh, but I was looking full at you."

"I say I never took it."

"There it is in your pocket."

"That's a ball."

"Let me see."

"Oh, well," he spluttered as he worked the orange out, "this is allus my luck. I never git hold of anything on the fly but some great big duffer comes along and wants his whack. Here's your half, and now it's only fair for you to steal some pennies and divide."—Detroit Free Press.

A Singular Court.

The court of the emperor of Russia, says one of the St. Petersburg papers, consists of one chief marshal, five chief court masters, one chief gate man of the table, one chief hunting master, one chief court marshal, one chief carver, one chief stable master, six court masters, 17 stable masters, six hunting masters, one director of imperial hunters, two chief masters of ceremonies, eight assistant hunting masters, nine assistant masters of ceremonies, 173 chamberlains, 249 assistant chamberlains, 24 court physicians, 23 court priests, 10 ladies in waiting, four ladies of the bed-chamber and 180 assistant ladies in waiting.

It is well that the emperor had made his wealthiest men in the world, as the list is rather a long one to support.

A Philanthropic Woman.

Mrs. Mary Fleming, who lately died in Boston, provided by her will that the entire net income of her estate, which is estimated to be worth \$15,000,000, shall be paid to the poor for a period of not more than 190 years to the furtherance of certain causes in which she was interested. These causes she names as follows: First, educational work in Boston and vicinity; second, the historical and educational work connected with the Old South Meeting House; third, the study of American archeology. She bequeaths a valuable farm in Massachusetts, known as the Lowry farm, to the Hampton (Va.) institute, founded by General Armstrong.—Boston Commonwealth.

A Future For Him.

"Things are pretty slow now," said the czar to the minister of police. "Yes, your majesty, I know of but one matter which is likely to be brought to your attention. It is the case of a man who threw a bomb at your majesty and broke a window a block away. He wants to be released."

"He expects a great deal." "He says he will reform. He thinks he can go to America and get a place as a baseball player and lead a better life."

—Washington Star.

Brain Surgery.

Saving out sections of the skull in order to give the brain room to develop symmetrically seems a rather delicate and dangerous operation, but it is one that has on several occasions been performed with perfect success. Children apparently in a condition of hopeless idiocy have been treated upon this plan and are in prospect of developing the faculties usual in those of like age. The removal of the bone which has become unduly hardened permits growth, and the clouded intellect may become clear and normal.

Attention has been called to cases in which calculi had formed, as was supposed, upon the silk ligatures used in internal operations. In one case an abdominal tumor was removed, and some years later there were calculi present in quantity the largest great distress. It was thought that some irritating property was present in the silk, and that this acted as a nucleus around which the gritty particles gather.—New York Ledger.

HOW FAR IS THE SUN

NEW LIGHT WHICH HAS BEEN THROWN ON THE PROBLEM.

Results of Observations Made by the Coast Survey at the Sandwich Islands.—The Distance to the Sun Is Something Like Ninety-five Million Miles, More or Less.

A little new light has recently been thrown on the problem of the distance of the sun. This is the great yardstick of astronomy. For more than a century every effort has been made to ascertain the distance as accurately as possible. Methods direct and indirect have been employed. Considering the fact that the knowledge thus so laboriously pursued can serve no utilitarian purpose, the generous expenditure in the pursuit does credit to the intellectual aspirations of the human race. From the time of Captain Cook's expedition to the Society Islands to observe the transit of Venus in 1769 until the present day millions of dollars have been spent in this effort to drop a sounding line to the sun.

Copernicus believed that the sun was not more than 5,000,000 miles away. There were philosophers before the Christian era who conceived of the sun as a large ball of fire. For several years past we have been assured that the distance could not be far from 92,800,000 miles. But almost a century ago Laplace assumed a parallax for the sun which gave almost exactly that distance. Since his time various astronomers have attacked the problem of the distance of the sun. From 91,000,000 to 95,350,000 miles, the difference between these extreme estimates being nearly as great as the entire distance was believed to be by the founders of astronomy.

Yet these facts carry no challenge to the soundness of modern astronomical methods or the substantial correctness of the results attained by them. The distance of the sun is not yet known with absolute accuracy, for the same reason that the height of Mount St. Elias or of Mount Everest has not yet been exactly ascertained. But the limits of error are known, and the future we shall not be misled by millions of miles. If a series of wires should be cut, each agreeing in length with one of the recent measures of the solar parallax, and all should then be stretched from the earth toward the sun, every one of them would end in the sun, though none might stop precisely at its center.

As to the recent light upon this problem, it is furnished by the results of observations by the United States coast survey at the Sandwich Islands to determine the constant of aberration of the stars. It is the annual displacement of the stars, due to the consequence of the fact that we are looking at them from a globe which is not standing still, but is moving in an orbit around the sun at the rate of about 18 1/2 miles in a second. Light travels 186,330 miles in a second. The ratio of the velocity of the earth to that of light measures the displacement in the position of the stars that is called their aberration. But, manifestly, if we can learn precisely how far the earth travels in a second, we shall know just how long its orbit is. We know that the earth takes one year, or, more exactly, 365.256,256 days, to go once around the orbit. If, then, we can find out with rigorous accuracy how far it goes in a second, we can at once calculate not only the length of the orbit, but the distance of the sun, which depends directly upon the size of the orbit.

Of course allowance must be made for the fact that the orbit is not a perfect circle, but is an ellipse, and the consequence is that the rate of traveling varies a little. But mathematics take care of that.

Now, we have seen that the displacement, or aberration, of the stars furnishes a means of determining the distance of the earth to the sun. It is the known velocity of light. If that aberration is accurately measured, the velocity of the earth and the distance of the sun. The aberration as ascertained at the Sandwich Islands is slightly smaller than previous measurements had made it. It amounts to 20.483 seconds of arc. This gives for the average velocity of the earth in its orbit 18 1/2 miles in a second, and for the distance of the sun 92,709,000 miles. The distance derived from the observation of the transit of Venus in 1874 was 92,800,000 miles less than this, while that calculated from the transit of 1882 was about 190,000 miles greater. But Laplace's value of the solar parallax, adopted by him in 1799, gives a distance differing by only 80,000 or 90,000 miles from that shown by the calculation based on the new constant of aberration. So Laplace was probably nearer to the truth than many of the later astronomers have been.

It is evident that the final solution of the great problem has not even yet been obtained. There is an uncertainty of perhaps as much as 100,000 miles still remaining. Since the distance of the sun forms a base line for calculating the distance of the stars, an error of 100,000 miles in that base line would make a difference of nearly 30,000,000,000 miles in the calculated distance of the nearest fixed star in the sky. It is for the astronomers of the future, then, to determine the real dimensions of the universe, if they can. For our part, we must be content to know that they are great almost beyond the power of mathematics to express and certainly beyond the power of imagination to conceive.—New York Sun.

DIET OF THE GREAT.

Favorite Dishes of the World's Illustrious Generals, Philosophers and Poets.

"And I eat what he eats," said Feuerbach, the German philosopher, or, as he expressed it in his native language, "Der mensch ist was er isst," a play of words which is not without its deep meaning. Man's food is never without influence on his temper, nor is the choice he makes in his meals without a certain reflection of his character. John the Baptist's eating locusts and wild honey was indicative of his mind and motives, as was Zoroaster's predilection for bread and water crosses of his ethics and doctrines. Plato was satisfied with honey, bread, vegetables and fruit. Mohammed preferred milk to all other food, to other dishes and drinks. Hannibal, the Carthaginian warrior, lived on olives, while the Roman General Sulla's favorite meats were wild ass, chickens drowned in Falernian wine, ostrich brain and snails.

Charles the Great was a lover of veni. Henry IV of France had a great interest.

in his appetite for oysters; Frederick the Great for polenta, a sort of Italian pudding; Emperor William I of Germany for lobsters and oysters. Napoleon I was a passionate drinker of coffee, of which he took 20 to 25 cups daily.

Artists, poets and philosophers evince a larger variety in the choice of their meals and beverages. Goethe was very fond of champagne. Schiller of wine. Klopstock indulged in truffle pastry, smoked salmon and peas. Lessing's favorite dish was lentil soup, a predilection which he shared with Kant, while Lessing delighted in apple cake. Torquato Tasso was a lover of sweet things and heaped his salad with sugar. So did Mendelssohn, who mourned the impossibility of sweetening sugar.

Byron took only one daily meal, consisting principally of Old Chester cheese, pickles, cold cabbage, wine or liquor. He used to drink great quantities of tea. Bismarck in his younger days was very fond of hard boiled eggs and cognac, which he preferred to "pretzel and beer," a beverage which he considers the chief cause of German political success and of resolute and harmonious action.

William II, the present emperor of Germany, loves his wine and prefers the sparkling juice of the Rhine, which not infrequently loosens his tongue. Champagne he avoids, lest "it cause his heart to run away with his head, as he once remarked, but probably because it is too French for him.—Baltimore Sun.

Population of the Ocean.

A striking proof of the vastness and variety of the population of the sea has been furnished by the results of explorations made by a committee of the zoological department of the British association in that part of the Irish sea surrounding the Isle of Man.

Out of 1,000 species of marine animals collected, 224 had never before been found in that region. 38 were previously unknown as inhabitants of British waters, and 17 were entirely new to science. Indeed they were animals whose existence had never been suspected.

If such discoveries reward a few weeks of searching in so minute a speck of the sea, how many volumes would be required to contain a list of the still undiscovered inhabitants of the great oceans?—Youth's Companion.

An Effective Whistle.

One of the popular English authors of the day was wholly unacquainted with the whistle. He lived next door and straggled through Handel's "Messiah." His idea of the invariability of an Englishman's house did not allow him to send in any message, and he was at his wife's end till he saw in a daily paper that steam whistles could be bought to suit a kettle. He ordered one, and he himself with one and put the kettle on the fire in the room nearest the boiler. As soon as the whistle began to wail. Of course the bottom came off the kettle, but it cost little to solder it on again, and after two or three solderings the lady took the hint.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Bottomless Lake in Sweden.

In Thomas Nashe's "Terrors of the Night"—published in 1594—he says that Lake Wetter, Sweden, is bottomless. He also tells other peculiar things respecting it. "Over it no fowle flies, but is frozen to death nor any man pass, but is mumbled like a statue of marble. Awile ye inhabitants around about it are deafened with ye hideous roar of his waters when out of its midst as out of Mount Gibel a sulphurous smoking smoke issues that well nigh pyns the whole countie about."—St. Louis Republic.

As Much as She Could Admit.

Mr. Wickwire—Now, my dear, you must admit that Mrs. Watts looked extremely well in her new gown.

Mrs. Wickwire—Yes, the gown I look very well on her.—Indianapolis Journal.

Removing Metal From the Eye.

The use of the electro-magnet for the removal of particles of iron or steel from the eye is becoming general, and an oval electrode has been devised by Dr. Knapp for this purpose. The use of a magnet immediately after an injury where a chip of iron or steel has penetrated the interior of the eye always gives far more favorable results as to vision than when used later. Many cases are on record where large particles have been removed from the interior of the eye by the magnet with a hardly appreciable impairment of the vision.

Dr. Knapp recommends that in large injuries of the eye, where the presence of a piece of iron or steel within the eye is suspected, the physician should not hesitate to insert a magnet, as inflammation and loss of the eye will ensue if the foreign substance be allowed to remain. If, however, the injury shows but a very small opening through the eye, the intruding substance should first be located with the ophthalmoscope, then the wound through the eyeball should be carefully enlarged and the magnet inserted as close to the particle as possible. In this way, by cautious manipulation, the substance may often be removed with but little subsequent inflammation.—Medical Journal.

Cause and Effect.

Mrs. Jones—John, I—
Mr. Jones—I object!
"Object to what, you fool?"
"The deductions aren't germane."

"But you haven't heard what I was!"
"Object! Object!" (Goes on reading.)
"But, John, this is important!"
"Regular order-r-r!"

"What in the world is the matter with you?"
"Pre-vious question! Wow-o-o!"
"Mr. Jones, can't I speak with you, or are you a regular, driving idiot?"

"Let the words be taken down! I demand that the words be taken down!"
"Mr. Jones—"

"Object! Object! pre-vious ques! Wow-o-o! Waugh! Yee-o-o! Oo-o-o! Mr. Speaker, move 'd'journ! Waa-a-gh!"

John slammed down his paper and fled. The good wife glanced at it and found the cause of his wonderful interest.

rapport of congress—mouse proceedings.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tungsten and Steel.

A mixture of tungsten with steel is known to give to the latter so great a degree of hardness that it readily scratches glass and quartz. According to a statement in "The Paper" World with reference to the fact in question, a definitely crystallized compound of iron and tungsten has been discovered, the crystals being so hard as to scratch topaz. The crystals, as formed by the combination named, in the proportion of one atom of iron to two of tungsten, are silver gray and very brilliant. It is thought that when tungsten is alloyed with steel some of the compound just described is formed in the mass, thereby producing the remarkable increase in the hardness of the steel. This is cited as an interesting example of the value that one metal may lend to another, for until the discovery that it could be employed in hardening steel tungsten, although occurring in considerable abundance, was practically of no value.

The Last Straw.

"Are you the man that answers correspondents' questions?"
"I am."

"If you've got just a minute to spare," said the earnest looking citizen in the shiny prince albert coat, sinking into a chair and leaning his elbows confidentially on the table, "I'd like to have you tell me in a few words what the Scriptures really teach as to the proper mode of baptism and the leading arguments that are adduced by the commentators in support of the various theories thereof."

It was at this point that the long suffering answers-to-queries man lifted up his voice and swore, for the first and only time in a long and useful life.—Chicago Tribune.

Man, Past and Future.

De Morel, the French statistician, has been figuring on the gradual diminution of height in the human family with some astonishing results. He finds that in the year 1610 the average height of man was 1.75 meters, or about 5 feet 9 inches. In 1790 it was 5 feet 6 inches; in 1820 5 feet 5 inches. At the present time it is but 5 feet 3 1/2 inches. From these figures it is easy to deduce the rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature. Picturing both ways from the present, we find that the height of man "in the beginning" was 16 feet 9 inches and that the average man of the year 4000 A. D. will be less than 15 inches high.

Literary Progress.

Miss Boston—I understand Chicago is making remarkable progress in literary matters.

Miss Porcupine—I should say it was. Why, papa pays one of his clerics a week extra just to write poetry descriptive of a new brand of sugar cured hams he has put on the market.—Detroit Free Press.

An Emersonian Habit.

"I sleep with a candle, pen and pad by my bedside," remarked an assistant county prosecutor, "and you have no idea of what service they have been. Some of the brightest thoughts and suggestions come to a man who does not fall asleep the moment he strikes his couch, and by being prepared he can save them for future use. I know that some of the best points in several murder cases and other leading trials in which I have appeared came to me after I had retired, and if I had wanted until morning to jot them down I would probably have lost them."

"It is a little thing sometimes that is the turning point in a great and hotly contested case, and I believe that salient points that come to me in that manner have aided me to win cases where I was apprehensive of the result. Some authors and poets, I believe, have followed some such plan in preserving brilliant thoughts and ideas and even whole poems that came at such moments as if by inspiration."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Hatched Monstrosities.

In my own experience I have rarely, if ever, found an egg the shell of which was in the slightest degree unsymmetrical, that has been channeled at one end, or having an irregular shape, or, in the middle, to produce a chicken. The occurrence of two or in the same egg is by no means uncommon. It results from excessive feeding, and rarely, if ever, occurs in a state of nature. I have known two perfect birds, both chicken and pigeon, produced from such an egg, but the more general result is that the two ova, being developed together, coalesce, possibly from want of room to develop in the confined space, and thus arises the presence of two headed, of six or eight limbed monsters, which are much more frequent in fowls than in any other animals whatever. I have from time to time forwarded specimens of these abnormalities to the museum of the College of Surgeons, where they may be seen by those who are interested in the subject.—Correspondence Nature.

Old Names.

Some of the old personal names met with in this country originated in English workhouses, where it used to be a common thing, as Dickens intimates in "Oliver Twist," to name foundlings for some utensil about the asylum or for anything else that might strike the stupid fancy of the authorities. Thus many persons were launched upon the world bearing the names of the days of the week, of some church or street near the asylum and of a hundred and one other things furnishing equally absurd cognomens.—Philadelphia Press.

The flute took its name from the fluta, an ear caught in Italian waters which has seven spots like finger holes on its sides.

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The flute took

SOME DAY.

I know not when to-day shall see,
I know not when our eyes may meet,
What welcome you may give to me,
Or with what words he said or sweet.
It may not be till years have passed,
Till eyes are dim and tresses gray—
The world is wide—but, love, at last
Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.

THE MATCH LIGHTER.

When the pretty Margarita was confronted with the necessity of choosing between her two lovers, Don Miguel Gomez, the rich overseer of the San Adrian mine, and Manuel Campos, the poor miner, she unhesitatingly chose the latter, for something within her whispered: "Of what good is money without happiness? Riches fly away, but a good heart cheers us all along the journey."

On the day of the wedding Don Gomez, the rejected, became intoxicated with the spirit of revenge. Fortwith he proceeded to the home of Juan Pedraza, to whom he offered a position in the galera of the mine at \$20 a week if he would follow the happy bridegroom some evening as he came down the mountain and push him over the precipice at Rinconada. The job was to be done neatly and to look as though it had been an accident.

Now, Juan was lazy, drunk, good for nothing and all that, but he was not the man to commit murder. Gomez therefore went away disappointed, while Juan proceeded to relate what had passed to his wife, Anita, swearing her to solemn secrecy, for he feared the overseer and would not for worlds have this matter get beyond his household.

Alas for a woman's oath! A day had scarce passed ere Margarita knew all, and had she not been discreet enough to keep the secret from her fiery young husband there undoubtedly would have been bloodshed.

At first she was very much disturbed and exceedingly anxious, but as the weeks and months went by and Manuel's position at the mine continued to improve she deemed that the overseer had forgotten. It was not so, however, for the hatred of the man still smoldered and waited for an opportunity to break forth. One day his chance came.

On the side of the mountain there was a little notch or shelf, from the center of which gushed a cool spring. The sides were covered with foliage, and overhead spread the branches of a large tree, sheltering the spot from the burning rays of the sun and inviting the traveler to rest in its refreshing shade.

Manuel was seated here humming a gay song while he waited the coming of his little wife with his noonday meal. Presently over the rise of the hill appeared her bonny head, and soon she was standing by his side opening her basket and setting before him its tempting contents.

"You are early to day, Manuelito. How is that?" she asked, for it was not his wont to be there before her.

"There is to be another blast to-day," he replied, "and the overseer wishes to have it fired while the men are at dinner."

"Santa Maria!" she exclaimed, while a shade passed over her face.

"Oh, my Manuel, why will you not give up this dreadful duty? My life is a constant terror for you. Better to be a simple miner at \$6 than risk your life as a match lighter at \$16."

"There is no danger, my little heart," replied the young fellow.

"So thought Pedro Bravo, and so, but three months ago, thought Juan Valdez. Ah, when I think of poor Inesita weeping over his mangled body I grow very fearful, Manuel."

"They went to their work with brain muddled with aguardiente, and besides I hope some time soon to be captain of a mine, and who knows but that I shall one day be an administrator—an overseer and a rich man like Don Miguel, whom you rejected."

The young wife pleaded no further, but sat on the turf and watched him as he ate.

"Don Jayme, the English director, arrived this morning," Manuel said presently. "He seems not over pleased with the working of the mine. It is whispered that the overseer is likely to lose his place."

"Ah, that is good news indeed," replied Margarita, her face brightening. "I have always feared him, Manuel, and hate to see you in his power."

"Why, little wife, Don Gomez is very kind to me. But for him I should not now be match lighter. But, there, my time is up, sweet heart, and I must return to my duties," and so with her kiss on his lips and her warning to be careful ringing in his ears he went merrily up the mountain.

A sharp angle in his path brought him to the Rinconada, and little did he think as he glanced down its sheer descent of 500 feet that the enemy of Gomez would have him lying at the bottom a mangled corpse.

Reaching the galera, or great shed, surrounding the mouth of the mine, he found the director, the overseer and several others awaiting his arrival.

"You at least seem to be punctual, my man," said the director, glancing at his watch. "I hear from the men that you are very careful also."

"Are too infernally careful," muttered Don Gomez, not hearing which Don Jayme continued:

"I trust the complaints hitherto made among the townspeople and proprietors about the accidents which happen here will now have no further cause to exist. It is well that we have some one in whom we can place confidence."

These words, so sweet to Manuel, were to Don Gomez gall and wormwood. He took them as little less than his dismissal. But bitter than this was the thought that his defeat

was his old rival's triumph. Then awoke to full flame the smoldering fire of his hate. His swarthy face grew livid, and his eyes flashed with a baleful fire.

Having put on his conical hat, with a lighted candle socketed at the top, Manuel stepped into the bucket and was lowered down the shaft. The signal for ascent was the shaking of a small rope, one end of which was held by the overseer at the pit's mouth. Two well trained horses were attached to the raising windless and stood ready to draw the bucket swiftly up the shaft. On this depended the safety of the match lighter from the effects of the explosion.

Silence reigned, and the horsemen stood waiting for the overseer's signal.

"Now! Now!" shouted Don Gomez, and instantly the horses were goaded and the circling apparatus quickly drew the bucket to the surface.

"Great God! it's empty," cried the director, paling beneath the sudden shock.

"Quick! Quick, men! Down with it as you value human life!"

The anxious men needed no urging. Before he had finished his sentence the bucket was again on its way downward. It had proceeded only a dozen yards or so, however, when the roar of the explosion was heard, and a cloud of smoke and dust was driven violently up the shaft and filled the galera. When this had cleared away, the men stared at each other with faces pale with horror and dismay.

"You villain!" cried the director to Gomez. "Why did you do this murderous thing?"

"He shook the rope. As I live, the rope shook in my hands. I am not to blame." The teeth of the man clattered, and his frame trembled with nervous agitation, while his eyes studiously avoided those of his interrogator.

Without another word Don Jayme seized a shovel and sprang into the bucket. Two or three miners followed, and they were lowered to the bottom of the shaft, where they set to work removing the debris of the explosion, expecting at every dig of the shovel to unearth the mangled body of the unfortunate young man.

Leaving them engaged in their humane occupation, let us see what has actually become of the object of their search. Manuel had just lighted the match and turned toward the bucket when he saw it shooting away up the shaft. Instantly the murderous treachery of his old rival flashed upon him. A terrible death stared him in the face.

Suddenly he remembered that yesterday the workmen employed in this shaft had come upon a small side cut or passage which they had not yet had time to explore. With eyes made keen by the horror of his position he peered eagerly around, and soon he espied an opening in the rocks three feet over his head and just large enough to admit his body.

With a desperate spring he clutched the jagged edge, drew himself up and through and rushed headlong down the passage. On he sped for life, expecting at every moment to hear the thunder of the blast and to be dashed to earth by the rush of air or smothered in the pent up smoke.

Suddenly he saw that the passage terminated abruptly in a sheet of water which spread three feet below. Unable to check his impetuous course in time, however, he plunged over the sheer edge, and with the roar of the explosion ringing in his ears he sank beneath the surface.

Figuring that he could not be more than eight or ten vigorous strokes from the nearest margin, he struck out in what seemed to him the most promising direction. Encountering nothing, he turned over his head and swam twice the distance in the opposite direction. Again he failed to touch ground, but deeming it better to keep straight on than to waste his strength in swimming around at random he did so, and after traversing what seemed to be fully a quarter of a mile he finally touched the farther wall.

But, alas! it rose perpendicularly far above his head and offered no promise of escape. As he coasted along testing its height by splashing water against it and finding no apparent decrease in its height, his heart grew faint within him. Chilled with the ice cold element and scarcely able to move his exhausted limbs, he was on the point of giving up, when, reaching out his numbed fingers for a final touch of the cruel wall, he found that they encountered nothing.

Next moment he found he was standing in a passage about six feet square, the floor of which, being slightly below the level of the water, formed the bed of a tiny stream.

While resting to recover his strength Manuel began to think that perhaps after all his troubles might turn out to his decided advantage. The San Adrian mine was over 200 years old. It had yielded an immense fortune to its early proprietors, and then for some generations had been abandoned. There was a tradition of an ancient scabion or adit which had been driven at a vast expense through the mountain to effect the drainage of the mine. During the many years of the mine's abandonment this adit had of course been neglected. Its external opening had become closed, so that now nothing was known of it but the mere fact of its existence. Should the passage in which he now stood be the lost adit it would save the present proprietors an immense expense.

Cheered by this hope, he advanced carefully along the vaulted way, wading ankle deep in water. As he proceeded the hope grew to conviction, and forgetting that he was not yet out of danger he laughed aloud.

The sound was echoed back in such an uncanny way as fairly to startle him.

He had walked, as he judged, about 400 yards when he reached a barrier, a mass of earth and stones which he at once set to work to remove. Plying his long knife vigorously, and caring nothing for torn and bleeding hands, he at length came to a large flat stone. Overturning this with a strong push, he was temporarily blinded with a flash of clear sunlight which poured in upon him. Breathing a prayer of thanks to his protecting saint, he tore his way out and looked around him.

"Santa Maria!" he exclaimed in surprise, "who would have thought it—the very spot where my little wife meets me with my noonday meal. Here have we been hundreds of times with such reach of our fortunes and did not know it."

Meantime the news of the accident had spread through the village, and at length it had reached the ears of Margarita. In a frenzy of agonized excitement she hurried up the mountain.

Don Jayme, after an hour's fruitless search, had just reached the shaft when he was accosted by the frantic young wife.

"Where is my husband?" she exclaimed in peremptory tones. "Oh, I know it is all a joke to frighten me. What have I done that you should torment me in this way? Tell me, senior, in God's name, where is my husband?"

"Alas, senora, I would to heaven that it were nothing more than a joke," replied the director. "It is unfortunately too true."

"Dead! Dead! Then he has been murdered!" shrieked. "It was never his own fault that he was killed. My Manuel was no sot, no reckless fool. Show me the murderer that I may call for vengeance upon him!"

"My poor girl, there is no murderer," said the director soothingly. "There was carelessness, but no crime."

"I'll not believe it!" she screamed, the hot crocodile blood flushing in her cheeks, and her eyes flashing fire. "My Manuel was no sot, no madman to throw away his life like Juan Valdez. If he is dead, I accuse Miguel Gomez of his murder." Here she pointed to the overseer, who covered beneath her glance.

"Look at the villain, look in his face and judge. It was but a year ago that he offered the curagador Pedraza the position of captain of the galera if he would come behind Manuel and push him over the Rinconada. Speak, Juan Pedraza, as you shall answer to the great God for it, is it not so?"

Juan Pedraza, a wretched looking creature, with laggard face and weary eyes, croaked out a trembling answer in the affirmative. Then ensued a painful silence, which was presently broken by Don Jayme.

"Gomez," he said, "this is a serious charge. It is not for me to judge, but I feel it my duty to place you under arrest. Here, Perez, and you, Francisco, take charge of the accused and see that he does not escape."

The growing anxiety which had been depicted on the face of the overseer now culminated in an expression of fierce determination.

"Stand back, you dogs!" he yelled, drawing his knife as they approached him. "I am innocent of this man's death, but I'll not remain to have my life sworn away by mad and drunken scoundrels. Out of the way, both of you! Back, I say!"

Before a hand could be laid upon him he darted through the door and fled swiftly down the mountain. On he sped, ever and anon half turning his head to see if he was pursued.

This he was doing when he neared the Rinconada, and from around the corner ahead came the exhausted match lighter, toiling wearily up toward the mine.

The sight of Gomez approaching at full speed with a knife brought Manuel to a sudden stop, so that when the guilty wretch turned his eyes full ahead he saw the dragged, motionless form of his victim, with pale face and torn and bleeding hands, standing right in his path and staring at him with an expression of ghastly intensity.

For an instant Gomez stood gazing at the sight before him; then, with a terrible shriek, he flew to the edge of the precipice and dashed headlong into the awful abyss.—George H. Nutley in Boston Herald.

How He Gained His Title.

Henry Irving Cobb, the well known Chicago architect, is known as major. This is how he gained the title, according to his story: "I went down into the backwoods of Tennessee to get a rest. I had been there only a few days when I discovered that I did not have all that was essential to one who expects to remain in that section for any length of time. I was minus a title. That was soon supplied, for they took kindly to me down there and soon began to call me major. I accepted it and said nothing, although almost every one I met was a colonel. I was not able to understand why it was I had only risen to the rank of a major, but looking in a mirror one day I discovered what I have since believed to be the reason. I never wear any thing but a clean shaven face, and I think if I had had whiskers I would have been good for the rank of colonel sure."

Advertisements for a New Mamma.

A remarkable advertisement appears in the columns of the Vossische Zeitung. It is as follows:

A very pretty little boy, aged 14 years, who has the misfortune to lose his mamma, wishes in the manner as he seldom comes in contact with ladies—to find a new mamma, who, however, must also be capable, by tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, of affording a faithful companion for his life.

"My papa," the advertisement goes on, suddenly forsaking the use of the third person, "is an architect who fills an important social position; therefore I am unfortunately obliged, besides delicacy of sentiment, to look out for some fortune, so that my papa may be able to keep up with all the energy I possess and beg that communications may be made direct."

A Mean Girl.

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"So do I," assented the girl he was talking to as she looked straight at him, "but the Creator doesn't always do it," and Mr. Plaine pondered deeply upon her words.—Halo.

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Models of the carvings are made at the stonecutter's yard by an expert modeler and stone carver from the drawings of the architect. These models are made first in clay for the architect's inspection. They are then cast in plaster. The plaster model stands near the carver in the yard or lies near him upon the scaffold on the front of a building. Stone carvers get from \$1.50 to \$5.50 a day for eight hours' work. They are expert workmen—they rarely make a mistake.—Philadelphia Press.

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PATAGONIAN BABIES.

Remedies Used When They Are Ill, To Spleen of Which They Live.

The dispensary of Patagonia knows but two remedies for the diseases of children—animal skins and common yellow clay, both to be used at the same time, whether the disease is in the head or feet of the little sufferer.

On being called to see a sick child the Patagonian doctor takes with him a tight skin bag, opened at the larger end. Clay is plentiful everywhere. While some member of the family makes a thick batter of this yellow earth the medicine man sits staring at the sick child or else shakes a painted rattle in an idiotic fashion before the little one's face.

When the plaster of clay is ready, the child is smeared from head to foot with it and then slipped feet first into the bag before mentioned. Should the child cease crying before this proceeding has been carried out it is thought to be a bad sign—an omen that the devil is still lurking in the child, but is keeping quiet for fear of punishment.

On the other hand, should the child become calm as he is being lagged the parents and medicine man think that the prince of darkness has left the body of the child in order to escape imprisonment. In the event of this last named contingency arising the skin bag is immediately closed and tied. The doctor then opens another bag and throws three pebbles and some serpents' teeth into it. These are well shaken for a moment, the idea being to get the devil to jump into the bag after the charm, whereupon it is instantly closed, tied and sunk in the nearest body of water.

After this rite has been carried out to the letter the bag in which the clay besmeared child has been deposited may be opened. If the little one has not already been smothered by being confined in the bag during the incantations of the medicine man, it is thoroughly washed and wrapped in a clean warm skin, the hide of a "muney" white bull killed in the new of the moon being preferable. Strange as it may seem, this treatment usually cures, the water being a prime factor in restoring health, no doubt.

Should death ensue the doctor tells the bereaved parents that two devils were after the child, and that all the medical science in the world is not equal to the task of coping with two of the imps of the infernal regions.—Bow Bells.

Secret Languages.

The editor of Am Urtgell, a German folklore paper, gives over 150 specimens of secret languages collected during the past three years. To be sure quite a number of these are not languages of children, but some are of thieves, peasants, secret societies, etc., but who knows but that many of these may have their foundation in child languages?

In this list I find "Gibberish," "The Black Slang," "The Rhyming Slang," "Medical Greek," "Potter's Latin," "Dog Latin," "Robber Language," "Goose Language," "Crane Language," "Zither Language," "Bob Language," "Eisen Language," "Sa la Language," "Schi Language," "If Language," "B, P, W, O, M- and F. Languages."

There are many other names besides these. These names, in some instances, seem to be simply arbitrary, but many arise from the use of the languages or from some distinguishing feature.

Keeping Young.

It is a noticeable fact that some people get old very quickly and others very slowly—take their time to it, so to speak. It is very exasperating, too, when you are aging at the rate of a year or two a month, to see some body else going along leisurely, seemingly as young in spirits as they were 10, 20, 30 years ago. If you would avoid the rapid down hill process, keep your mind and heart young.

Get about all the young people you can, gain their love by interesting yourself in their plans and pleasures, invite little parties of them to spend evenings with you or join you in little excursions, surround yourself by youth and devote yourself to making young people happy.

But don't make the mistake of imitating youthful ways. Your heart may be as young as a girl's, while your manner has the dignity of years.—Philadelphia Times.

His Conscience.

Fierce as he was, the infamous Chief Justice Jeffreys did not always escape the stinging of a reprieve. He went to a country assize once where an old man with a great beard came to give evidence, but had not the good fortune to please the judge, so he quarreled with his beard and said, "If your conscience is as large as your beard, you'll swear anything." The old blade was nettled and briskly returned, "My lord, if you go about measuring consciences by beards your lordship has none."—New York Ledger.

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A Mild, Efficient Cathartic, purely Vegetable.
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But have experienced the annoyance of having laundry supposed to be "fast
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INSIST on GETTING the
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tutes—"Just as good."—Really, Mad-
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plugs are used to induce the public to
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of a collection of 20 books, mostly
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having a rich, symbolical ornamen-
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bert was stationed for three years.
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and afterward Luther, Duke Albert be-
came a friend of the reformation.
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WHITE LION FLOUR AT \$4.50 BBL.
Is the best value ever offered in Quincy. This is a High Grade Bread
Flour fully warranted satisfactory in every way.
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or a bottle of any kind of Medicine that we are sure to get it, and at as
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Durgin's Drug Store. Prescriptions written by any Physician whether
upon my blanks or those of some other Druggist will be put up accurately
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Woolens for the Spring and
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Go to the Granite to buy a pair of Oxford Ties, in black or russet for
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Sense and Paris Toe with Patent Leather Tip. In looking for style, quality
and a dress Shoe, gentlemen, do not fail to see what we have for \$2.50.
It is a Calf Vamp, Dongola Top, Piccadilly Toe, Bal or Congress, 5 and 6
wide.
Our Boys, Misses and Children's department you will find the most
complete of any. Look around before you spend cash these times. Scan
closely every department when in our store. Our large stock of Boots,
Shoes and Slippers are worthy looking after. It will pay us a fair profit,
and our customers a great saving over prices of goods bought elsewhere.

Granite Shoe Store.
Robertson Block. H. A. FELTIS, Manager.
Baby Carriages,
\$3.95 to \$25.00.
"EDDY" ICE CHESTS, \$5.00 to \$20.00.
Lowest Prices on Earth.
Henry L. Kincaide & Co.,
Reliable Low Priced House Furnishers.
Tirrell's Block, Hancock Street.
Easy Payments when desired.

A Silver Library.
There is in the royal library of Ko-
nigsberg a silver library, consisting
of a collection of 20 books, mostly
theological, bound in pure silver and
having a rich, symbolical ornamen-
tation partly in gold. The library has
been in possession of this treasure
since 1611. These books were made by
order of Albert, the first duke of Prus-
ia, in the latter half of the sixteenth
century. It is supposed that they
were made at Nuremberg, where Al-
bert was stationed for three years.
Through the efforts of Osterander,
and afterward Luther, Duke Albert be-
came a friend of the reformation.
Copies of the silver library are made
accessible to students by taking heli-

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.
The sun rose over the field of wheat
And warmed the breath of an early spring.
The smiling flowers made the morning sweet,
And there were crawling birds to sing.
And by the brook were children at play,
Planning their childish games for the day.
But the sun sank over a field of red,
Leaving to wheat not a farmhouse there.
And blackness and ruin everywhere,
And along the brook, instead of play,
Were the silent forms of blue and gray.
—F. H. Sweet.

Wine In Bottles.
The increase of the strength of wine
by keeping depends upon whether it is
kept in cask or bottle. If stored in cask,
there is a constant increase of alcohol.
The ancients knew that wine improved
if kept in leather bottles, and the same
result is obtained by keeping it in wood-
en vessels, for both leather and wood
are more easily penetrated by water than
by alcohol. Evaporation causes loss
from both, but more freely from water,
and the wine consequently becomes richer
in alcohol. On the other hand, the opin-
ion that wine has grown old in bottles
and therefore become stronger is thor-
oughly false. Evaporation is very much
hindered by the cork, even when this is
not covered with resin and sealing wax.
The simple explanation of our finding
old bottled wine rich in alcohol is that
only the stronger wines can be preserv-
ed and the weaker ones cannot resist
the effects of time. At the same time,
although all wine must eventually be
spoiled and weakened by keeping it in
bottles, yet some kinds acquire, as a
first consequence of that cause which
afterward destroys them, and which is
neither more nor less than the chemical
alteration in their constituents, prop-
erties which render them more agreeable
both to smell and taste.—Brooklyn Ea-
gle.

Uniforms to Scare the Enemy.
According to the report prepared by
the war department, red uniforms were
first adopted by the Emperor Valerius
Maximus in order that the Roman sol-
diers might not be frightened by the
sight of their own blood. To this day
the children of England are told that
this is the reason why French troops
wear red trousers, and French children
are taught the same notion respecting
the red coats of the British. The legions
of ancient Rome wore the skins of
beasts on the field of battle to make them
look fierce. For the same reason they
put figures of frightful beasts on their
shields and helmets. From this cus-
tom springs modern crests and armorial
bearings. The idea of scaring the enemy
by such devices has been perpetuated up
to quite recent times. Tall bearskin
hats were originally adopted to make
them look taller by the French eniras-
siers, each of whom carried a handful
of grenades for scattering among the
ranks of their foe.—Troy Times.

**Why, France! Can anybody con-
sider France as normal where such things
as 'Panama' occur, where men occupy-
ing high positions in society are ready
to commit any crime for gold? Is that
a normal state? A thousand times no!"**
Modes of Divination.
If a Scottish maiden desired to sum-
mon the image of her future husband,
she read the third verse, seventeenth
chapter, of the book of Job after supper,
washed the supper dishes and retired to
bed without uttering a single word,
placing underneath her pillow the Bible,
with a pin thrust through the verse
she had read. On All Hallow eve various
modes of divination were in vogue.
Pamant says that the young women de-
termined the figure and size of their
husbands by drawing cabbages blind-
fold, a custom which lingers still in
some parts of Scotland. They also threw
nuts into the fire, a practice prevailing
also in England, as Gay has described:
Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest color blazed,
As blazed the nut, so may my passion grow.
Or they took a candle and went alone to
a looking glass, eating an apple and
combing their hair before it, whereupon
the face of the future spouse would be
seen in the glass peeping over the foot-
girl's shoulder.—All the Year Round.

The Giant Guards.
The distinction of having the great-
est number of tall men in one company
belongs to the First battalion of the
Scots guards. The "A" or right flank
company of that battalion has over 90
men on its roll, and their average height
is 6 feet 2 1/4 inches. There are 12 men
in the company over 6 feet 4 inches,
and one stands slightly over 6 feet 7
inches. No individual member of the
company is less than 6 feet in height.—
London Court Journal.

Workmen's Tools of Moses' Time.
A collection of tools used by workmen
in building the pyramids of Egypt that
is owned by a famous Egyptologist in-
dicates that many tools credited to modern
ingenuity were in use when Moses
was troubling the pharaohs. It is also
announced that a furnace has been un-
earthed somewhere along the Nile in
which hot blast was used centuries be-
fore the modern Neilson formulated the
same idea.—Age of Steel.

**It is put forward as one proof of the
change of climate in England within
the past centuries that fig trees bore
fruit. In the Doonery garden, at Win-
chester, is a fine old fig tree from which
James I. picked fruit in 1623. At West
Tarring, in Sussex, a large fig tree still
stands, said to have been planted by
Thomas a Becket.**

**An impure condition of the blood and
an irritated state of the nerves which
arises from it are common causes of
depression. Thus it is that, in disor-
ders of the liver want of sleep and bad
dreams are very common.**

**Louis Kossuth did not like the name
by which Faneuil hall is known. Said
he, "I do not like the idea that you call
this place 'the cradle of liberty,' for
cradle denotes of mortality, and liberty
is immortal."**

**Education has silently become the
one thing which all men who differ
so much in creed, culture, sect and race
now practically agree to believe in.—
President G. Stanley Hall in Forum.**

THERE WAS NO REASON TO IT.

But He Had Abundant Reason Nevertheless to Be Suspicious.
There was a bright new 50 cent piece
lying on the pavement on Jefferson av-
enue, near Griswold street, when a
bowed backed man with a satchel came
along from the depot. He saw the coin
while he was yet 20 feet away, and he
made a sudden forward rush to get it.
The movement was almost instantly
checked, however, and he walked slow-
ly forward and backed to the curbstone
and stood there and gazed at the coin
with a foxy look on his countenance. In
about a minute a pedestrian came up,
saw the coin and reached for it and put
it in his pocket. Observing the attitude
of the old man at the same time he
turned and queried:
"It didn't belong to you, did it?"
"What's the matter?"
"This is the queerest darned town I
ever struck in all my life. I was coming
up this street last year about this time
when I saw a 50 cent piece lying just
about here. I made a grab for it, fell
on my nose and rolled all over and finally
got up to find that a boy had a string
on the money and had pulled it into
that doorway."

"And so you were shy of this one?"
"Yas, I was shy."

"Yas, I'm half a dollar out. Say,
are you in a hurry?"
"Yes—great hurry."

"Well, I'll hev to find somebody else
then. I want to find a fellow who'll sot
down with me fur about two hours and
post me up. I'm comin into Detroit
once a week now, and I want to find out
what's got strung to it and what's lyin
around loose and kin be picked up."—
Detroit Free Press.

A Countryman's Suggestion.
A countryman who boarded the fire-
boat New Yorker at her berth at the
Battery the other day was interested to
observe the completeness of her equip-
ment for fighting fire along the river
front. Her powerful pumps and inge-
nious arrangements for directing the
streams upon burning buildings or into
the holds of vessels filled him with ad-
miration. Then he asked the engineer to
show him the workings of the search-
light. He took it for granted that there
was one and was amazed to learn that
there was no electrical plant at all on
the boat. This would appear to be a cu-
rious deficiency in a boat otherwise per-
fectly appointed, and it is difficult to
see how so obvious a need could have
been overlooked in the building of the
New Yorker. The countryman's discov-
ery has led to a discussion of the need
of a searchlight and may lead to its in-
troduction on the boat. It is admitted
that such a light would be of the great-
est value to the New Yorker in finding
its way at night about among the
crowded and tangled slips. It would,
moreover, make it possible to direct a
powerful light upon the front of a war-
ship, to the very great assistance of the
firemen. Electric lights on the boat
would also be supplied in place of the
old fashioned oil lamps that are now in
use.—New York Sun.

How He Wore His Shoes.
"I'll bet any one in the party," Col-
onel Jack Gambrell said to a group of ac-
quaintances one day, "that I did some-
thing when a growing boy out in old
Tennessee that has never been done by
any one before or since."
"What was that, colonel?"
"I wore out my first pair of shoes
without both feet being shod at the
same time."
"Explain."
"You see, it was this way. Shoes
were a novelty to me. The shoemaker
was slow, and I was impatient, as all
boys are, for a new thing. He finished
one of the shoes on a Saturday and told
me I would have to wait another week
for the fellow. I couldn't stand that, so
I took the one shoe and wore it to such
an extent that when I went for the other
I had to leave the first one for re-
pairs. It went on this way week after
week, and somehow I never could bring
that pair of shoes together on my feet.
The family was too poor to think of buy-
ing me an additional pair. Odd thing,
wasn't it, to have one foot in leather
and padding the hoof with the other?
Boys'll do queer things sometimes."—
San Francisco Call.

The Natural Death.
The natural death is no utopian
dream. Both longevity and euthanasia
are within the reach of mankind. Not
a few have already secured both, while
many more may find them. I have seen
the man. He was old. He had neither
pain, anger nor sorrow. Finally his in-
tellect began to lose its power. His am-
bition changed to a desire for repose.
His ideas of space, time and duty ling-
ered for a moment, then passed away.
Step by step his powers waned. Happi-
ly, painlessly, carelessly the moments
flowed. The merry sounds of youth at play
and the hum of the busy world only
rocked him gently to sleep. On and on
he passed until his intellect ceased and
consciousness was no more. This is the
true euthanasia. It suggests no terror;
it inflicts no pain; it brings no agony.
—Dr. J. Hobart Egbert in Dietic and
Hygienic Gazette.

Kissing.
It was a woman of the world who
said: "Kissing is like any other intoxi-
cant; once you cultivate a taste for it
there is no such thing as getting enough
of it." And it was a young man with
a heart full of love for his firstborn
who declared in the very face of the
crusty old doctor's learned objections to
kissing that as long as there were moth-
ers and babies in the world there would
be kissing ad libitum.—Philadelphia
Bulletin.

One View of the Transaction.
"Did you hear Banx say that he
bought that property for a song?"
"Yes."
"Ever hear him warble?"
"Occasionally."
"Then you must realize that that pur-
chase was about the worst case of in-
timidation on record."—American In-
dustries.

Time Medicine. is the Best.

PHARMACY,
HOL STREETS.

BARGAINS
AND UNBLEACHED

5 and 50cts per yd.
5 and 38cts each.
mmed for 35cts.

Millinery
158 Hancock St

LARD'S New
Drink?

Sherbet,
Soda Fountains

OPENING.

in the Spring" aren't more
garments with which we are

Pressing
fast favors.

FORD,
M TAILOR.

LOOK.
all Paper,

ES IN THE CITY.

ents.
Wholesale Prices.

Crane's,
QUINCY, MASS.

PIANO.
4 Chestnut Street.

Call At The
Misses Flynn

adies' and Children's
UNDERWEAR.

Baby Bonnets and Jackets.
Some nice patterns in

aid Nainsooks for Dresses.
A variety of

GRAY CLOTHS, SPLA-
SHERS, SCARFS.

Hosiery, Gloves, Small Wares.
Hancock St.

WOODWARD FUND CASE.

The action of Mayor Hodges in refusing to pay the bill rendered by the counsel in the Woodward fund case is not an example of good business management. The city had charge of this property and a suit came about by reason of the manner in which this fund was managed by the city. Counsel were employed to see that the money should remain in Quincy and not go to Dartmouth College. Here was a large amount of money entrusted to the care of these lawyers. They successfully defended the action of the city against advice counsel on behalf of Dartmouth college. The Supreme Court says that this money shall remain with the city, and now, after the trial is over and the verdict is won for the city it is not in good taste for the mayor to say that the fund never was in much danger and that the fees of the lawyers are too large, and that it is not worth \$4,500 to try a case involving \$50,000; and that too against such eminent counsel as Ex-Congressman George F. Williams and G. W. Anderson. Mayor Hodges may know what the profit should be in his own business, but does he think that he is competent to say just what is a proper fee for a lawyer in a given case? Mayor Hodges will find that he is making a mistake in listening to the advice of politicians in a matter of this kind.

When counsel are capable of and competent to be entrusted with the management of a suit involving \$500,000, their services are worth something and Mayor Hodges should not listen to the advice of any man outside of the legal profession, and then only from counsel who have conducted such cases. The ability and standing among their brother lawyers of the counsel in this case puts them above the insinuation which the Administration of this city would cast upon them. There is no more able or conservative lawyer at the Norfolk and Suffolk bar than James E. Cotter. Mr. Charles F. Jenney is an upright and able lawyer and an instructor at the Boston University Law School. Mr. McEwen is too well known to need any comment on his ability which is conceded. A representative of the Monitor has called on several leading lawyers in Boston, and without exception they state that this bill is not an unjust one, but rather that it is very nominal considering the amount involved and the services rendered. The managers of the Woodward fund should not involve the fund in any further litigation, but ought to pay the bill and thereby save the fund from the expense of another law suit.

Bicycle Tax and Bad Roads.

If the bicycles owned in Quincy are to be taxed, as stated by some of the assessors, the bicyclists ought to meet and demand that the roads be put in good condition and kept in such repair as to be convenient and safe for the riders. The city has passed an ordinance forbidding bicyclists to ride upon the sidewalks, and pushes them out into the streets that are rutty, rocky and frequently very dangerous. Besides, loose gravel is dumped on and left full of stones and has such soft foundation that riders are frequently thrown and seriously hurt. If bicyclists must be taxed, their riders must be entitled to proper roads and to decent treatment. Perhaps a costly suit against the city may yet convince the officials to put the roads into a condition which shall not be dangerous to those who pay taxes for the privilege of using them with safety and convenience.

A Climbing Argument.

The healthfulness or the reverse of exercise seems finally to be settled. They have been found on the mummies of Egyptian princesses of the royal family. These mummies, it is interesting to note, are all dead. What more need be said? The dress reformers appear to be justified in denouncing corsets.—Boston Transcript.

Advice Wanted.

"You newspaper men know most everything, don't you?" asked the woman with the square chin as she planted herself in a chair alongside the editorial desk.

The editor dodged a direct answer by asking the woman what was the trouble.

"It is, just this way," she said. "You see, I want to see a lawyer last week to see about getting a divorce and the old man got run over with a coal cart and got his back broke, and of course I don't need no divorce from a dead man, and I want to know if the lawyer can keep that money, or can I make 'im chip in for funeral expenses?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Wonderful Vitality of Insect Eggs.

The eggs of insects have greater vitality than any other life germs now known. After exposing silk worm eggs to a temperature of 38 degrees below the zero of a Fahrenheit thermometer for five hours, Spallanzani, the great entomologist, was surprised to find that they had not been frozen in the least, and had their vitality was not in the least impaired. On another occasion he treated a dozen grasshopper eggs to a temperature of 50 degrees below zero without injuring the life germ in the slightest degree.—St. Louis Republic.

Did She Get It?

Wife—John, I want \$10 this morning.
Husband—How modest, my dear! I want \$10,000, and if I don't get it by noon there's going to be an assignment. Good morning, my dear.—Detroit Free Press.

English and American Holidays.

An Englishman's holiday is looked forward to, planned for and provided for with some care, while all too often in America a holiday to a busy man over 35 is a white elephant.—Price Collier in Forum.

Absorbing.

"George!" exclaimed Mrs. Fangle. "Don't bother me," replied Fangle. "I'm reading an absorbing article." "What is it about?" "Sponges."—London Tit-Bits.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

The Experiences of a Man Who Nearly Drowned in a Water Grave.
When the water rushed into my lungs and stomach, it felt for all the world like a plenary pain, which has also given me a tussle in later years, but was over in a second, writes a man who was once nearly drowned. Then my body settled, quietly to the bottom, and my arms fell limp by my side. In my half-conscious condition I could see all my relatives and acquaintances crowding about me and looking down on me with fearful faces. All the events, it seemed, of my career passed slowly in review, and the good, bad and indifferent acts stood out before me in bold relief. I knew I was drowning and remember thinking, "Why, this is not so hard after all!"

I wondered where my body would be found and shuddered at the thought that it might never be found. I also wondered whether or not my companion had become alarmed and run away and left me to my fate, or whether he was diving here and there to find me. Then I pictured my burial, and how the clouds would resound on my coffin when it was lowered into the grave, and my face would be pointed out to other boys by anxious mothers as a warning.

At the next stage I could hear bells softly ringing in the distance, mingled with little tinklings and chirrups sounding in my ears. Then I began to see pretty pictures. The colors of the rainbow danced before my eyes and intermingled and formed into all sorts of odd shapes. I had no pain and no fear of what was expected to follow. I seemed to be enchanted at the scene before me. Everything was light and calm and moved about without any visible impelling force. It was like looking into a large mirror with every beautiful thing that the most vivid imagination could conjure up revealed thereby.

The last stage that I entered increased the beauty of the surroundings. All discordant noises ceased and were superseded by the softest, sweetest music that could be thought of. Apparently I had been transported to a place flooded with bright, calm sunshine. It was neither too hot nor too cold, but seemed like a clear autumn day. Then I seemed to rise from the ground and float off into space like a thistle down. Higher and higher I went until I seemed to look down on the world from a great height, and then came a blank.

Chinese Women's Feet.

It is the common understanding among Americans that the women of China have dwarfed feet. From the time that China was opened to explorers, books of travel, and especially school textbooks, have been filled with descriptions of the dreadful agony to which Chinese women were subjected to make their feet small. According to these stories and according to the popular belief in America, the feet of Chinese girls had to be put in compresses until their growth has been stunted.

Travelers in China have described the attempt of Chinese women to walk as something very painful. No one would be shocked at Mrs. Yang Ju's pedestrian style. It is true, the interpreter of the legend tells us, that in the southern provinces of China women's feet are dwarfed, but it is only in the southern provinces that small feet are considered a mark of aristocracy.

Mrs. Yang Ju's feet were never put through the dwarfing process. Neither are the feet of her children undergoing that painful operation. The little toes run about the legation halls freely, and on the day when I was there one of them took a long peep at me through the doorway of the reception room when I was not supposed to be looking in that direction. This little fellow was dressed in the gaudy silks which are an invariable feature of the Chinese custom.—Washington Star.

Strange Captivity.

The springbok of South Africa migrates in vast herds moving in a compact body and carrying everything before it. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march—as it sometimes happens—it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the army. An African hunter tells the strange story of his seeing a lion in the midst of the antelope, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the lion prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

If the springbok travels in such armies, how can those in the middle and rear find food? In this wise: Those in the front ranks, after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest, while the herd goes on in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Adirondack Lakes.

One of the most striking phenomena of the Adirondack region is the carrying power of the human voice in still weather upon the lakes great and small. Persons ashore easily hear the ordinary conversation of others who are so far out upon the lake as to be indistinguishable, and as a great many Adirondack visitors habitually violate the law touching the slaughter of deer all such offenders are extremely careful not even to whisper a word that might betray their guilt when rowing upon the lakes.—Exchange.

An Inference.

Coran—You want me to describe my friend, Miss Pleasers? She's a charming vivacious and witty girl, an excellent conversationalist, accomplished, bright and intellectual.
Fangle—Disappointed.—Oh, please! Why didn't you tell me she was ugly in the first place.—Chicago Record.

Massachusetts Rhymed.

Referring to a statement in the Boston Globe that there is no rhyme for Massachusetts and the effort of a Massachusetts man to show that there is, a correspondent submits a rhyme which he thinks wholly beyond criticism. It is as follows:

A man named Death
Has a false teeth
Just got him two brand new sets.
Now, Tribune, dear,
Pray find just here
A rhyme to Massachusetts.
—New York Tribune

PARSONS OF GREYNA GREEN.

Three Men Who Tied the Nuptial Knot For Many Runaway Couples.

The first person who twined the bands of Hymen this way is supposed to have been a man named Scott, who resided in the village of Greytna, about 1750 or 1760. He was accounted a shrewd, crafty fellow, and little more is known of him. George Gordon, an old soldier, started up as his successor. He always appeared on marriage occasions in an antiquated full military costume, wearing a large cocked hat, red coat, jackboots and a ponderous sword dangling at his side. If at any time he was interrupted "by what authority he joined persons in wedlock," he boldly answered, "I have a special license from the government, for which I pay \$50 per annum." He was never closely examined on the subject, and a delusion prevailed during his life that a privilege of the kind really existed.

Several persons afterwards attempted to establish themselves in the same line, but none was so successful as Joseph Paisley, who secured by far the greatest run of business in defiance of every opposition. It was this person who obtained the appellation of the Old Blacksmith, probably on account of the mythological conceit of Vulcan being employed in riveting the hymeneal chains.

Paisley was first a smuggler, then a tobaccoist, but never at any time a blacksmith. He commenced his nuptial pontifical career about 1780. For many years he was careful not to be publicly seen on such occasions, but stole through bypaths to the house where he was called to officiate, and he there gave a certificate, miserably written and the orthography almost unintelligible, with a feigned signature.

Through an important trial, arising out of his marriages, he was forced to declare to the public that he was a blacksmith, and the dignity of a bishop.—Sala's Journal.

Old Age and Hard Work.

Old people make a great mistake when they give up work. Many men who have made a competency in business and feel entitled to retire from active work find themselves declining in health and becoming prematurely old for want of occupation. In most aged persons the vital functions continue in active exercise under normal conditions. But if the regularity and moderation of business life are departed from, trouble will surely follow. On the other hand, the Lancet holds that "if in any direction it is allowable for competitors in the race of life to dispense with self control, it would appear that they may to a great extent use this liberty with respect to physical and mental exertion." In other words, we must not eat too much or drink too much, but we can study hard and take plenty of exercise not only without harm, but with the best results, and if old people wish to live out all their days they should find plenty to do, both for mind and body.—London Lancet.

A Game of Catch.

Somebody once twitted John Graham on the way David Dudley Field and he were drifting apart, he remaining in the harness as a criminal lawyer, while Field was selected by his state for the exalted duty of codifying the laws of the state. "It is simply a game of catch between Field and myself," he answered. "He tries to put up as many bars as possible, all uniformly strong. Then I go around and try them and see how many weak places I can find." "Which beats, Mr. Graham?" he was asked. "Oh, I think I do in the long run," he responded. "Field never succeeded in keeping me out as many times as I have succeeded in breaking in."—Kate Field's Washington.

The Ghost on Board Ship.

A ghost haunts a ship. The mate has a story of it every morning. One night the captain watches the mate, sees him see a flash of light and walk in his sleep into the cabin. Then he takes water in a pipkin, scatters it about, and still asleep goes back to rest.

Next morning the mate tells how he had awakened, seen the ghost, followed him into the other cabin and bespoken him with holy water. He was quite honest in his statement. He had been somnambulist and remembered which seems unusual for the hallucinations of sleep walking. Probably more ghosts than we generally allow for are to be explained by somnambulism.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Music of the Future.

The young lady at the piano was playing a difficult selection from Wagner. In the midst of it she suddenly stopped in confusion.

"What is the matter?" inquired one of the company.

"I struck a false note," she replied. "Well, what of it?" said another. "Nobody but Wagner would ever know it, and he's dead. Go ahead with the music."

And she went ahead.—Chicago Tribune.

Amending a Quotation.

"It is easier," the curate read, "for a needle to go through the eye of the camel." He saw the vicar's story stare fixed on him and realized that he was making a mistake. He blushed, coughed slightly and corrected himself. "It is easier for a camel to go through the knee of an idol." Then he went on quite happily.—To-day.

Among the clans of Scotland different kinds of heather were adopted as clan badges, and from an intermingling of the colors of these badges, and sometimes the color of the rocks and mountains which the tribes inhabited, the beautiful and historic clan tartans were designed.

THE FINANCIAL END.

TRIALS OF THE BOX OFFICE MAN AND THOSE WHO WATCH HIM.

Story of the Bit of Cardboard That Admits One to the Theater—The Manager on the Road Has to Keep His Eyes Open, Says a Man Who Has Been Through the Mill.

There is something about the wear and tear of the duties incidental to the box office that prematurely ages a young man. Stay by him a single day, and you'll know what it is. When he comes to the theater in the morning and arranges his tickets in the rack and counts out his change and the advance sales on that day, it is with an air of resignation such as kings and queens used to wear just before they were carted off for execution.

There are so many tickets of various kinds and prices prepared for each performance and duly dated and numbered and marked with a big letter or number for day of the week, this larger designation is with the view of handling rapidly. There are drawers containing the tickets of the following days, each day by itself, and when an advance sale is made he puts the money received for it with the tickets for that day. When the day is over, he puts that tray of tickets on hand in the morning and at the night. The advance money is thus usually kept until the day comes around and then goes into the pile received for the night's performance.

The peculiarity of this business is that everything connected with the box office is done in cash. The box office manager is a man of business and if a combination show is in the house the settlement with the combination treasurer is made in cash at the close of every performance. Simply put, therefore, at the close of the day the difference between the number of tickets on hand in the morning and at the night's left unsold is represented in the cash drawer.

As a matter of particular fact, however, there are numerous complications incidental to the operation, and the treasurer of the house and his assistant—the box office manager before alluded to—become prematurely old and abnormally smart grappling with them.

On the rural circuits the traveling manager is obliged to be very wary in his dealings with the box office man. As soon as the theater doors are thrown open to the public the combination manager or treasurer looking after the interests of the company playing in the house makes his appearance and takes up his stand at the door, where he can watch both the box office and the ticket taker. When you enter any theater where a combination is playing, you'll find this very individual at his post of duty. He is there on the presumption that the local people will "do" him if they can. He knows all the tricks and wiles of the box office young man and the doorkeeper and takes nothing for granted.

He sees that every corner hands in a ticket of some kind, and that the doorkeeper puts that representative of so much cash in the padded box. The pasteboard in that tin box represents the receipts of the house, of which his company has the permanent possession, and he carries the key to that box, and if he is "fly" never lets the box go out of his sight. There is another watcher at the gallery door taking the same precaution. Of course he knows the nice box office young man would'st cheat him, and he would'st cheat all the same he is on guard against a possible lapse of conscience.

"On the road," said Billy Keogh, who has had experience in the box office and as traveling manager and ought to be pretty well up in the tricks of both, "the traveling manager goes on the principle that the box office is going to 'do' him up if it can. The first thing he does is to go to the theater and get his mail and 'size up' the local man. And the first thing the local man does is to 'get fly,' and if so it will be diamond cut diamond. That process we call 'jolly' begins at once."

"The traveling man is always on the defensive. He can't beat the other man. All he can do is to prevent the box office from beating him. He must be up to the tricks and as hard as nails. You know in small towns the local treasurer gets a yearly benefit and the doorkeeper gets a benefit. So these two men will 'play' traveling companies for the benefit of their friends at every opportunity."

"The collusion between the box office and the doorkeeper is perfect. Sometimes they are very sensitive about being watched, and sometimes they pretend to be indignant. The most indignant treasurer I ever met was in a place where we caught the doorkeeper, who was on the landing just above the box office, sliding tickets down a crack in the floor into the box office below."

"Take a popular price house and big audiences of from 1,400 to 1,500 people, and in the rush it is hard to prevent being 'done.' If I can manage to hold them down to \$10 or \$25 margin, I'm pretty well satisfied. A new pocket register has come into use that helps keep track of the business. You can stand at the receiver, and with your hand in your pocket count every person that goes into the house."

"When the ticket seller and the doorkeeper are close together, there is the most danger, for they will communicate with each other by a nod or by signs or words that the company's representative will not understand. No, I don't think the house itself often profits by these tricks. It is considered a rule that the house is 'done' along with the traveling company, though this is not always the case, to the personal knowledge of many a New York Herald."

"Where Ignorance," Etc.

Bridgeport Elect (who has given every reason he can find to justify his marriage)—Besides, old man, it will improve my position. Now, you were well off before you married, weren't you?

Heckled Husband—Yes, I was. But I didn't know it.—London Judy.

THEY SWORE OFF.

When He Resumed His Little Vice, She Took Up With Her Own.

A prominent young man of this city has been an inveterate cigarette smoker for several years past, and he indulged in the habit to such an extent that it was injuring his health. He has a girl of whom he thinks all the world, and it is a case of vice versa. This young lady has a very good complexion, but has an inveterate love for the use of powder, which habit the young man deprecates as heartily as she does his cigarette habit. They finally agreed that each would swear off, the one from smoking cigarettes and the other from using powder. It was a week for the young man, but ever time he hungered for a wad of nicotine he mind pictured the form of his fair one parading down street with her face looking like a man of dough, and he desisted. This went on for several weeks, and each was remarking how much better the other was looking, but the old craving for the coffee nail came upon the young man once more, and one day last week he broke over. He thought no one would ever find it out, but he was seen, the news was carried to the girl, and she prepared to get even.

They were to go to see a certain popular comedian the last night he was here and the young man called with a cab. The young lady was at the door, her face closely muffled, and in her hand the bouquet that cost him \$5. Arrived at the opera house, they were entering the door when the young man turned to speak to the fair one by his side. Oh, that face! She had smeared it with powder until it had been necessary to cut eyelashes. It was frightful. He stopped. "Are you going in looking like that?"

"Just as you say," was the response. "Well, I say no. I'm not traveling with freaks now. We'll go back home."

And they did. It cost him \$10, there were two vacant seats at the opera house, but the young man has not smoked any cigarettes since.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Night For Sleep.

Man, in common with most of the animal creation, has accepted the plain suggestion of nature that the approach of night should imply a cessation of effort. He ignores this principle, his work is done against inherited habit and so far with additional fatigue. It follows, too, that he must use artificial light and sustain his combustion at the cost of his own atmosphere. Naturally, therefore, when he does rest, his relief is not proportioned to his weariness.

As in many cases, however, sensation is not here the most reliable guide to judicious practice. Established custom affords a far truer indication of the method most compatible with healthy existence. The case of the overworked and the invalid lends but a deceptive color to the argument of the daylight sleeper. In them excessive waste of tissue must be made good, and sleep, always too scanty, is at any time useful for this purpose.

For the healthy majority, however, the old custom of early rest and early waking is certain to prove in future, returns of longevity and common experience alike show that it has proved in the past, most conducive to health and active life.—London Lancet.

Charity at a Pawnshop.

A man who had been to his uncle's said: "No one can claim that charity is not widely distributed in this city after seeing the contribution boxes that are hung up in conspicuous places in the heart of the pawnshop district. The particular relative to whom I spoke of it told me that the little boxes were put up every year about the beginning of the autumn and generally were for the benefit of some Hebrew charity. They are taken down just before the holidays, and he said that for the past 10 years the one in his shop had averaged between \$12 and \$15, mostly in 5 and 10 cent pieces, although once the agent had found a \$5 piece in it. 'One doesn't look for much charity among persons who have to pawn their goods,' he said, but I've seen the very poorest class of men and women look at the box with interest and then drop something into it."—New York Mail and Express.

Trees Five Thousand Years Old.

The oldest as well as the most interesting botanical monuments now growing upon the earth are the baobab or sour gourd trees of Africa. This remarkable tree has a short branching trunk which seldom attains a height of over 70 feet, while its diameter is often as great as 80 or 100 feet. Adanson, the naturalist who gave the genus its botanical name, calculating from scientific data, says that the age of some of the oldest of these trees is little if any short of 5,000 years. The baobabs are the forest giants, which are often of a capacity sufficient to furnish room for 40 or 50 bodies, are used as tombs by the native Africans, who suspend the remains of their departed friends and relatives on hooks fastened upon the interior of such trees for that purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

Space.

If there was no dust haze above us, the sky would be black—that is, we would be looking into the black darkness of a limitless space. When in fine, clear weather we have a deep rich blue above us, it is caused by a haze. The particles in the haze of the heavens correspond with those of the tube in the kitescope, and the blue color is caused by the light shining through a depth of fine haze.—London Monitor.

Too Severe.

Police Magistrate—This case shows unusual depravity. The sentence of the court is that the prisoner be confined in jail for 30 days and fed on bread and water.

Penitent Vagrant—Jedge, for heaven's sake, make it just bread.—Chicago Tribune.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHER.

How Johann Heinrich Schulze Came to Make a Sun Print.

The first photographer, Johann Heinrich Schulze, often spelled Schultze, was a professor of medicine in the University of Halle, and he wrote a great number of medical works, most of which are in the British museum library. He was born at Colbitz, in the duchy of Magdeburg, May 2, 1687. When at school, and before he was 10 years of age, Corvius, the priest of his native hamlet, was struck with his ability. Indeed one day he found him in the garden studying a Greek Testament. His father was a poor tailor at Colbitz. In 1697 young Schulze was sent to the Royal Academy at Jena, and he remained at Halle to continue his education.

In 1701 he began the study of oriental languages, and in 1704 he was admitted into the University of Halle as a student of medicine. He was trained by Professors Stahl, Richter and Boerhaave. At the same time gave some attention to antiquarian research and to rabbinic lore. In 1708 he accepted an appointment as teacher in the school of

habit. They finally agreed that each would swear off, the one from smoking powder and the other from smoking cigarettes.

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The Image Peddler.

You know these Italian peddle boys who go about with a tray load of plaster images on their heads? They are big robbers than the trusts. They make up a lot of the images in the dark, and next morning they name them.

One of the peddlers went into a grocery on Van Buren street on a stormy quiet day and begged with the customary pitiful eyes and guileful heart for a buyer. He was so persistent, he assured his hearers so emphatically that all the images were imported, he moaned so perfectly over their ruinously low prices, that the young woman who has charge of the pickle department asked him what he would take for a bust of Shakespeare. He said, "Two dollars."

"Who's that?" asked the fair patron. "Bacon," said the boy. "How much for him?" "Three dollars."

"I'll give you 25 cents for the two," said the girl. "All right," said the boy calmly, and quickly setting the twain upon the counter.

But she was game. She bought them, solemnly declaring with beautiful heroism they were perfect likenesses, wrapped them tenderly in tissue paper and started home with them in the evening.

But the butcher boy from the Dearborn street side of the store said next morning he had followed her part way home, and he vowed he saw her smash them against a fire plug at Third avenue and skip along without once glancing at the pieces.—San Francisco Post.

Bits of Wedding Tradition.

Knives formerly formed part of the accoutrements of a bride. This is easily accounted for by the fact that anciently it formed part of the dress for women to wear a knife sheathed and suspended from their girdles. A bride says to her jealous husband in Dekker's "Match Me In London," 1631:

See, at my girdle hangs my wedding knives, With those dispatch me.

The use of bridesmaids at weddings is

Quincy Monitor.

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QUINCY, MASS., JUNE, 1894.

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1877 1894
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18 & 20 ESSEX STREET, BOSTON,
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MOURNING.

1 LOT PACIFIC, 1 LOT WM. SIMPSON & SONS', REGULAR
PRICE, 8 CTS. PER YARD.

Only 5 cts. per yard.

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1 BALE OF UNBLEACHED COTTON, REGULAR PRICE 7 1/2 cts.
Our price 5 cts. per yard.

1 LOT UNBLEACHED SHEETING, 9-4 or 8 1/2 INCHES,
Only 15 cts per yard

D. E. Wadsworth & Co.

Hancock Street, Quincy.

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Ask for the "Hickory"
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A large stock of new
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LEBANON OVERALLS

and jumpers are the
best.

SAVILLE & JONES,

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For a Healthy, Wholesome, Nourishing drink during
the heated term nothing surpasses ICED TEA made from
BUFFALO CHOP FORMOSA TEA and ICED COFFEE
FROM STANDARD JAVA.

WHITE LION FLOUR AT \$4.50 BBL. 60c. a BAG
is best value for Flour on this market.

Franklin County Creamery Butter
In 5, 10, 20 and 50 lbs. Tubs, at low prices.

Bryant's Root Beer Extract, 10 cts. bottle, Williams' Hires,
Knapps, Quaker 15 cts. bottle. Beer bottles, 60 cts. doz

Boston Branch Grocery.

Durgin & Merrill's Block.

RELIABILITY.

Of course we all know that when we
want our Prescriptions prepared or a
bottle of any kind of Medicine that we
are sure to get it, and at as low a price as
the same can be sold by any First Class
Apothecary, at Durgin's Drug Store.
Prescriptions written by any Physician
whether upon my blanks or those of some
other Druggist will be put up accurately
and quickly.
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signs of Foreign and Domestic
Woolens for the Spring and
Summer Season of 1894 now on
hand. I am prepared to manu-
facture same into Suits, Over-
coats, and Trousers to order.

Cleaning, Dyeing, Repairing
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Class Manner.

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Picnicing Season

For a Day's Outing this Season you should go prepared to be comfort-
able. That you can accomplish by purchasing a pair of OXFORDS of us

Ladies' Russel and Black	at \$1.00
Ladies' Russel and Black	at 1.25
Ladies' Russel and Black	at 1.50
Ladies' Russel and Black	at 2.00
Ladies' Russel C. S. & Op Toe	at 2.50
Children's Kid and Russel from	.50 to 1.25
Boys' Bicycle Oxford	1.50

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A popular NOVEL given with every sale of a dollar and over

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"EDDY" ICE CHESTS, \$5.00 to \$20.00.

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Reliable Low Priced House Furnishers.

Tirrell's Block,

Hancock Street

Easy Payments when desired.

Misunderstood.
The young Laird of Lochnow was
a character in the Scotch camp life
of the early eighteenth century. He
was cool in action and full of fun in
daily life. One day he was detailed to
command a burial party, and as he
strode over the battlefield his or-
derly came to him in great perplex-
ity.

"Sir," said he, "there is a heap of
fellows lying out yonder who say
they're only wounded, and they
won't let us bury them like the rest.
What shall we do?"

"Bury them at once," replied young
Agnew, without moving a muscle of
his countenance, "for if you take
their word for it they won't be dead
for a hundred years to come."

The man saluted and started off, in
all simplicity, to carry out the order,
and Agnew had to dispatch a counter
order in haste to prevent his joke
from being carried further than he
intended.

This recalls an "overtrue" tale of
border life. Some Galloway moss-
troopers were brought before Sir Wil-
liam Howard, who was an enthusias-
tic mathematician. He was deep in
his studies when the prisoners were
marched into the castle courtyard, and
a lieutenant came running up to
get orders as to their disposal. En-
raged at being interrupted, he cried,
"Hang the prisoners!" and went on
with his work.

He finished his problem and went
down with a cheerful mind, only to
learn that his exclamation had been
taken for an order, and the prisoners
were all hanged.—Youth's Compan-
ion.

Anthony the Wanderer.
Insight into the strange condition
of the popular mind of Russia at the
close of this nineteenth century is
afforded by the immense renown and
influence enjoyed at present by a per-
ipatetic saint who goes by the name
of Anthony the Wanderer, and who
for more than 40 years has been per-
petually on the move, his peregrina-
tions extending all over Siberia, cen-
tral Asia and European Russia. In
the depth of winter, just as in the
height of summer, he marches bare-
foot and almost entirely devoid of
clothing.

Fifty pounds weight of iron chains
are welded about his shoulders and
body, while his waist is encircled by
an iron belt weighing 30 pounds
more, closed with a lock, the key of
which was cast into the Arctic ocean.
Thus equipped, Anthony the Wan-
derer has spent two score years in
tramping all over the Russian em-
pire, collecting enormous sums of
money for the building of churches
and schools in places where they are
needed, and without keeping a single
kopeck for himself. He is venerated,
we are told, not alone by the ig-
norant peasantry, but also by the most
highly educated and affluent classes,
and men and women of all sorts and
conditions of life are described as
plying to him for advice in matters
spiritual, worldly and even hygienic.
—Toronto Mail.

How Marble Works.
The flooring of the lobby of a New
York city hotel shows in a curious
manner the difference in hardness
between two kinds of marble which
were quarried from opposite sides of
the same hill in the Green mountains
in Vermont.

The floor is laid in oblong blocks
about 1 by 1 1/2 feet in size, set in zigzag
lines, one line of mottled white and
the other of red and black marble.
Near the windows and walls and in
other parts of the room not much
used the whole floor is still level, but
at the foot of the staircase and
around the desks the white marble
has worn away until in some places
the surface is half an inch below the
level of the red. It has worn out
smoothly, and until one sees the
parts of the floor that are unworn
one is apt to imagine that it was pur-
posely laid with the white below the
red in order to catch the light and
accentuate the lines of the floor.

The red marble is apparently un-
worn and seems as hard as granite,
even its edges having preserved
their form. The floor was laid nine
years ago.—New York Letter.

The First Will Ever Written.
The father of all the wills and the
most ancient document of its kind
known to the historians and antiqua-
rians is that of "the great king," Sen-
nacherib, who is frequently men-
tioned in the Scriptures and also by He-
rodotus and Josephus. Sennacherib
lived and reigned between the years
702 and 681 B. C., over 2,500 years
ago. In the will, which is written
upon a tablet of clay, and which was
found by the excavators who were
exploring the site of the royal palace,
the "great invincible" wills his sons
"certain stores of precious things" at
that time deposited in the temple of
Nebo. These same sons afterward
killed their father "while he was en-
gaged in worshiping his private god."
—St. Louis Republic.

The Age of Desperation.
Minnie—Is it really true that Miss
Parsay has gone and engaged herself
to that worthless young Doodlette?
Mamie—I guess it is. I never would
have imagined such a thing either. I
thought she was young enough to
know better.—Indianapolis Journal

A London secondhand bookseller
recently advertised a little book of
religious consolation. It was pub-
lished in 1650 and bears the consola-
tory title, "A Handkerchief For
Parents' Wet Eyes Upon the Death
of Children."

Six-year-old Johnnie, walking
through cemetery and seeing inscrip-
tion on tombstone, "Not dead, but
sleeping," said, "Well, I know if I
was dead I wouldn't tell a story
about it."

The eyes should be distant from
each other exactly the breadth of an
eye. A greater distance, according
to an authority indicates stupidity;
a less, low cunning.

Every baby is the sweetest baby in
the world. You were once consid-
ered the sweetest thing in the uni-
verse, although you may not look it
now.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

In the shaded light of waiting
I have stood and watched the days
As they moved in numbered measures
By the slow receding ways
That the hazy hours and moments
Have of passing when we long
To rehear a voice whose music
Is a recollected song.

I have felt the hurt of distance,
I have known the silent pain
Which companion constant, hoping
That the parted meet again—
An unyielding, helpless hoping.
In the likeness of distress,
Which as time goes on develops
Into utter hopelessness.

I have wandered in the shadows,
I have groped my way along
By the guidance of the music
Of that recollected song.
I have held my heart and waited
For a kindly, loyal ray
Of the sunshine through the shadows—
And her letter came today!
—Detroit Free Press.

Are Incandescent Lights.

It has been lately shown by Profes-
sor Nichols, the electrician, that in
the average incandescent lamp, ex-
cepting the latest three watts per
candle lamp, the light giving ef-
ficiency is only 5 per cent of the total
energy radiated from the filament,
the remainder being lost as heat. He
has also demonstrated that the supe-
riority of the arc lamp in the matter
of candle power per horse power is
not nearly so great as has been com-
monly assumed. So that, although
the arc lamp may, when measured in
the best and most favorable position,
develop six and seven times as much
light per horsepower as the incandes-
cent—when their mean spherical in-
tensities are compared—the actual dif-
ference otherwise is far less, and the
ratio is reduced to only two to one in
favor of the arc lamp.

On the other hand, however, arc
lamps are usually placed in such a po-
sition as to bring their best light giv-
ing value into practical effect. In or-
der to avoid the difficulties which
have been met with in the method of
measurements for the light giving
value of illuminants, Professor Nich-
ols suggests such a change as will take
account of the fact above noted—viz,
that the candle power of a lamp does
not represent its light giving value,
and in the case of the incandescent
lamp, temperature and area of radi-
ating surface should be made account
of.—New York Sun.

Trash in Love Letters.

Referring to love letters, who in-
deed does not write rubbish when he
writes a love letter? The greatest
geniuses have proved themselves to
be temporarily the merest simpletons
when they correspond with the fair
ones whom they professed to adore.
Byron, who was a very astute as well
as a very eloquent poet, was thor-
oughly aware of this fact. A mas-
terstroke of determination not to be-
come ridiculous in love letter writing
was made by the Scotch writer to
the signet, who always concluded
his communications with, "Yours,
dearest madam, without prejudice."
But we cannot all of us be Scotch
lawyers.—London Telegraph.

An Ostreich Skin Rug.

One of the most interesting curiosi-
ties for which sea captains' cabins
are noted is possessed by Captain Pea-
body of the ship Tam O'Shanter. It
is a rug made of seven ostrich skins,
with feathers entire, sewed with cat-
gut strings. The captain obtained it
on one of his voyages to Patagonia.
The work shows considerable skill
and an eye for color effects possessed
by the Patagonians, for the colors
are most artistically blended. Cap-
tain Peabody asserts that it is al-
most impervious to the cold and
maintains its pristine freshness and
durability against all the rough han-
dling on shipboard.—Philadelphia
Record.

Crushing a Boston Girl.

"Is this a smoking car?" she asked
in choice Bostonese as she peered
through her girlish spectacles into
the uncultured conductor's face.
"No, miss," he answered, with a
glad, joyous feeling that for once he
was getting even with a woman. "It
is not."

She disappeared into the interior of
the car, but in a few moments came
out livid with wrath.
"You—told—me," she said in icy
tones, "that it was not a smoking
car."

"It is not, miss. None of our cars
smokes. It is the smokers' car."
—Washington Star.

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the world. You were once consid-
ered the sweetest thing in the uni-
verse, although you may not look it
now.

GOTHAM BY NIGHT.

From the Boston Post of New York City
on May 20, 1894.

The contrasts between New York
and Boston are manifest at night, the
good Bostonian in his own city presents
the more favorable majority when it
comes to a scintilla summing up. But
New York is a metropolis if turning
night into day can make it one. It
is an owly town. And it is far hand-
somer by artificial light, like some
beauties wot of, than by the cold, un-
flinching glint of Old Sol. At night
its paints and powder do not show,
its ugly spots vanish under the mag-
ical effect of electricity, and its var-
ied and elaborate architecture, its
miles of brownstones, loom out in con-
spicuous, aggressive splendor amid
the millions of lights, the animated
throb of the crowded streets and that
half mysterious movement which
signifies the pleasure seeking of thou-
sands of people. After dark even the
"L" road assumes a picturesque
that makes one sorry for the down
at the heels cheap Jack tenements
by whose thresholds it passes.

Like London and Paris, New York
begins only to live after 8 p. m.
When the theaters let out at 11
o'clock, the plot waxes hot and fast,
and that other metropolitan qualifi-
cation, the restaurants, show how
well New York has won its spurs.
When Boston can compete with New
York in regard to first class restau-
rants, where its multitude of theater
goers can appease hunger in such for-
eign resorts as thrive by the dozens
in New York, we shall readily be-
lieve that the Hub has graduated
from its kindergarten and become a
full fledged city.

It is claimed, with some justice,
that the night of Gotham has left the
Parisian model far in the back-
ground. I dare say one dines and
sups in New York quite as delight-
fully as in Paris. Foreigners now
admit it with their own voice, but
they clank up on learning that fa-
mous chef from their own bound-
aries have direct. The construction
of the menu, the service, the accom-
modation, and a chief with a \$10,000 in-
come back of him, and a wonder in
the culinary art, and the man who
also sups after the theater can eat
anything from pies' feet to terrapin,
cooked with absolute perfection, the
amount of money to be blown in be-
ing the only consideration in choice
of the restaurant where the epicurean
rites are performed. Boston's dark,
dreary streets, illuminated by electric
lights at long intervals, are no match
for the brilliant thoroughfares of its
sister city—a sister, by the way, who
does not go to bed till morning and
who, yet looks as fresh as paint year
in and year out.—Boston Herald.

Burglar's Bargain.

A chemist in the city had resolved
to take advantage of a holiday to shut
up for that day. Afraid lest his shop
might be honored with a visit from
the midnight prowlers, his mind was
on the rack as to the best means to
adopt to safeguard a sum of money
in bank notes, which he had not been
able to get deposited in the bank. If
he took it home, the house might be
broken into; if he locked it in his
desk in the shop, there it was equally
unsafe, and to take it with him was
to risk the loss of it by pickpockets
or otherwise.

At last a happy idea struck him.
He rolled up the notes and wrapped
them neatly in one of the ordi-
nary little packets used by druggis-
ts, sticking on one of his shop
labels, "Finest Eucalypti," and
adding as a direction, "Mr. So-and-
so's medicine." The little parcel was
left carelessly on the counter, as if it
had been accidentally forgotten by the
shopboy. The sequel was in-
structive. The burglar came in the
dead of night, rummaged a very draw-
er and lockfast place for money, but
the parcel of salts was contemptu-
ously tossed aside. It wasn't to their
liking, so they gave it a wide berth.
—Dundee Courier.

Shetland Ponies.

It is believed that the small Shetland
ponies have developed from the larger
horses of the rest of the herd. In
consequence of a smaller amount of
food at the command of the horses in
the more northern regions, resulting
in what might be termed a constant
struggle for existence, they have be-
come reduced in size, and in that way
took on the characteristics which dis-
tinguish them now from other breeds
of horses. This must surely be noth-
ing but an ingenious surmise. Rough
figures of horses and riders have been
discovered on the sculpture of the
earlier Celtic inhabitants of the Shet-
land islands previous to the Norwe-
gian invasion, and there seems to be
no difference now between the Shet-
land ponies and those of these remote
ages.—Mechan's Monthly.

Borrowing Trouble.

Higgins—There comes Baggs. I
don't care to meet that fellow. I
asked him to lend me £10 one day
last month.
Wiggins—He ought to have let you
have it. He's rich.
Higgins—Well, you see, he did—
Liverpool Mercury

QUINCY MONITOR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

-BY-

St. John's C. L. & A. Association

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LOCK BOX 101 QUINCY, MASS.

THE LOVE OF THE SACRED HEART.

WE MUST LOVE JESUS BECAUSE HE HAS LOVED US.—Every creature that God has made can be won by kindness. Even dumb animals love their masters, when they are treated kindly. But man, above all other creatures, is governed by his heart. This is our weak point. God has taken advantage of it in order to gain our love. "He first loved us that we might love Him." I have loved them, he says again, "with an everlasting love." Love is the only price we can return for love. If, then, God's love is "everlasting," how can we fail to love Him in return? Perhaps you have some friend who was faithful to you during many years and in severe trials. Do you find it difficult to love that friend? Surely, then, we ought to find no trouble in loving this Friend of ours, who is called Jesus, and who is the greatest of all our friends. Some one has said that if every one in this world, and all the saints and angels, together with the Blessed Virgin, should try to love us with all their might, their love would fall so far short of the love which Jesus bears to us, that it would be only as a drop of water in an immense ocean. This is true. Their love would only be limited and finite. The love which our Lord has for our souls is simply unlimited and infinite. Here is a great truth (and perhaps you never thought much about it before): Jesus cannot love us more than he actually does. His earthly love proves this. He cared more for us than for his own comfort, his glory, or his pleasure—more than for his life itself; for He sacrificed even that to teach us this divine truth. Remember, too, the words He spoke to a saint: "I would be ready to rescue each day this sacrifice of myself for my brethren, if it were necessary for their salvation, if it were necessary to gain their love."

WE MUST LOVE JESUS BECAUSE HE HAS BESTOWED SO MANY BENEFITS UPON US.—What do we owe to Jesus? St. Paul has answered that question. "In all things you are made rich in Him." What does this text mean? Surely this! St. Paul wishes to tell us that every blessing comes from Jesus. We owe Him everything that we have now, and all that we expect in Paradise. You love your children; it was Jesus that gave them to you. You are strong and able to support your family; it gives you pleasure to do this; you like to see all round you happy and contented; how, remember, you owe all these blessings to Jesus. But, perhaps, some one who is poor and has to struggle hard to get along in the world will read this tract. It may come to a sick-bed, where the weary sufferer has endured much pain for many months. Ah! can I not speak to your hearts, and tell you that the love of Jesus is the balm of every earthly sorrow. Who but He has made sorrow and humiliation His companions that from His example we might learn the holy lesson of faith and confidence in God? It is Jesus, also, who has given the certain knowledge of that better land "where there is no pain, neither sorrow nor crying."

WE MUST LOVE JESUS BECAUSE HE HAS SUFFERED HIMSELF TO US.—Our Lord has given Himself to us in two ways: first, by His crucifixion; second, by that perpetual memorial of His Passion which he has left in the Blessed Sacrament. He could have saved us without dying and without the least suffering. Why, then, did He submit to be crucified for you and for me? You will know the reason. "He loved us and delivered Himself up for us." See what St. Francis says of this text: "When we reflect that Jesus Christ, true God and true man, has loved us to such an excess as to suffer the death of the Cross for our sake, our hearts are, as it were, put in a wine-press, and suffer violence, until love be extracted from them. But the stronger this violence is, the more delightful it becomes." Another saint was forced to cry out, when he saw a crucifix: "My Jesus, Thou art crazy with love; I repeat it, and I will say it forever, Thou art crazy with love." But even His Passion could not satisfy our Lord's love. He must show it in a still more wonderful way. He has placed Himself entirely at our disposal in the Holy Eucharist. He has done this that each one of us might have before our eyes an ever-present pledge of His love. Oh! my dear Catholic brethren, Jesus has, as we have, annihilated Himself that He might be united to our poor hearts! One day He said to a person who had just received communion: "See the beautiful union between us and thee, come, then, love me; let us ever remain united in love, and let us never be separated again."

But further, we must love Jesus, BECAUSE OUR FUTURE DEPENDS UPON HIM.—What is going to become of us when we leave this world? At the hour of death, how completely dependent we shall be upon the goodness of Jesus! If, then, we are not generous enough to love Him out of gratitude, let us be wise enough to love Him from self-interest. We must live for ever; and our eternal happiness depends upon His word. One day He is going to judge us. If then we do not love this Saviour for His sake, we ought, at any rate, to love Him for our own advantage. We shall not save our souls if He does not help us a great deal. We shall not escape hell, unless He pardons our sins. But, on the other hand, if we are faithful and do our best, no one can tell the happiness he will bestow upon us in Paradise. Here, then, is something which should rouse everyone to love our Lord. The eternal happiness of our soul depends upon the decision of Jesus Christ, as completely as a little infant depends upon its mother.

BUT HOW ARE WE TO KNOW IF WE LOVE JESUS?—He himself has answered this question. "If you love me, you will keep my

commandments." Then each of us can decide for himself, whether he loves our Blessed Redeemer or not. We do not love Him if we are in the habit of committing mortal sins. If we disobey the laws of the Church, we do not love Him. Those who are unkind to their families, or who slander their neighbors, cannot lay any claim to this divine love. But if we do obey God's commandments, and if we try always to do right, when our Lord says to us, "Lovest thou me?" we can answer Him with St. Peter's words, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

HORRORS OF ENGLISH RULE.

We commend a careful reading of the following extract. It is an exceedingly brief statement of the diabolical persecution waged against the Irish just before the appearance of Wolf Tone in politics. It furnishes a sufficient explanation of the poverty and lack of education among the Irish.

To appreciate the work done by Tone, one must recall the situation in Ireland when he appeared in the political arena. The repeal of Poyning's act had made the Dublin Parliament an independent legislature, but the Irish Executive was not responsible to it, being appointed by the British ministry. Then again, the Catholics were disfranchised, although they were estimated to number 3,000,000 against 900,000 Dissenters and two or three hundred thousand adherents of the Anglican Church. The provisions of the penal code then in force against the Catholics may be briefly summed up as follows: Catholics were excluded not only from serving in Parliament or voting at Parliamentary elections, but from the magistracy, the municipal corporations, from Trinity College, at that time the only Irish university; from the bench and bar, from the right of voting at vestries, of becoming solicitors, or jurymen; of serving in the army and navy, or even of holding the post of gamekeeper or watchman. They were prohibited from becoming schoolmasters, ushers, or private tutors, or from sending their children to receive abroad the education withheld from them at home. Catholics could not buy land or inherit it from Protestants, or receive it from them as a gift; or hold leases for more than thirty years, or any lease on such terms that the profits of the land exceeded one-third of the rent. Except in the linen trade a Catholic could have no more than two apprentices. He could not have a horse of the value of more than \$25, and any Protestant, on giving him \$25, might take his horse. He was compelled to pay double to the militia, and in case of war with a Catholic power he was obliged to reimburse the damage done by the enemy's privateers. To convert a Protestant to Catholicism was a capital offence. No Catholic might marry a Protestant, and if his child, however young, professed itself a Protestant it was taken from its father's care, and the Chancellor could assign to it a portion of his father's property. The land of a Catholic landowner was divided equally among his children, unless the eldest son became a Protestant, in which case the parent became simply a land tenant. Lastly, no Catholic could be guardian either to his own children or to those of another. This horrible system, whose enforcement had been pursued for upward of a century with unrelenting acrimony, had reduced the great body of the Catholic peasantry to a condition, moral and physical scarcely above that of the beasts of the field, and had broken the spirit and degraded the minds of the few remaining Catholic gentry; only in the class of Catholic merchants and traders, and a few members of the medical faculty who had obtained an education in spite of the penal code, did anything like an aspiration to political activity exist.

COM. "JACK" ADAMS AND THE IRISH BRIGADE.

The noble testimony and tribute to the patriotism of the Irish, with which Commander in Chief "Jack" Adams, of the Grand Army of the Republic, thrilled his auditors, is told in the subjoined clipping from the Boston Journal. It is all the more notable as the utterance of a staunch republican, made to the G. A. R., also considered strongly republican, and in addition, was published in the most intense. In partisan republican Boston Journal. This splendid eulogy by Commander Adams ought to be carefully conserved by all our readers. It shows that the National Chief of the Grand Army has no sympathy with the A. P. A. It shows that he believes in freedom and justice. "Commander W. L. Gage of Sylvanus, Thayer Post 87 of Braintree opened the exercises, and delivered the address of welcome, followed by an instructive history of the post. Secretary John V. Scollard of the Board of Selectmen was the next speaker and tendered the freedom of the old town to the Grand Army men and their visitors.

"When Commander 'Jack' Adams stepped to the front of the stage he was greeted with three mighty cheers and a tiger. He delivered a rousing speech, which was frequently interrupted with mighty bursts of applause. He said in part: "This 25 years' history of your post has not always been strewn with roses, but I am glad to hear that it is in a flourishing condition at present.

"When we first organized we were credited with being in the interest of a political party, but by our upright conduct we lived that notion down. To-day we are called 'bummers,' banded together to rob the Treasury, but we shall live that slur down also, as our work for the past 25 years speaks for itself.

"We went into the war for peace. We asked the South to be peaceful, but when they fired on the old flag at Sumter we swore to have peace, cost whatever it might. When Grant received the sword of Lee at Appomattox and said, 'Let us have peace,' a fervent 'Amen' rose from the hearts of every man in blue."

one dares to touch that grand old flag we old boys, bend and gray as we are, will go forth and fight for that flag again. [Applause.] In some parts of our country the people do not recognize our flag, but we here in Massachusetts must instruct our boys and girls to be loyal to the Stars and Stripes.

"To-day there are coming to our shores thousands of foreigners. But do not mistake my stand on our foreign population, and let me tell you an incident in connection with these foreigners. At Savage's Station, while the Union troops were being driven back from Richmond, at a turn of the road the rebels had planted a battery of six guns, and were mowing our men down until it seemed that not a man could live in the face of that murderous fire. Just then there came a hail in the storm, and we saw, through the smoke the men of Meagher's Irish Brigade, just rising from their knees, where they had been receiving the blessing of their chaplain. Then with a whoop and hurra they, as only Irishmen can give, they rushed on the rebel battery, and in an instant had captured the battery and had turned it on the fleeing enemy.

"I said then and I say now, if all our foreigners were made of such stuff, we want all such foreigners that we can get. But when foreigners come to our shores and run up the red flag of Anarchy then we step in and cry:

"Halt! Civilize yourselves first, and then you may help run the machinery of this Government.

"Bring up your children true to liberty and the old flag, and then the Government of the people, for the people and by the people, shall not perish from this earth."

[Applause.]

Woodward Institute Items

The Institute will close June 22 at noon. It will be re-opened Monday Sept. 10.

The overcrowded rooms have been somewhat relieved by placing 50 new desks and seats in the upper hall. Except the passages, this hall will be used as a regular school room.

The finest piano ever brought to Quincy now graces the Woodward. It was chosen by City Clerk Harrison A. Keith and reflects credit upon his judgment. It is a Miller Grand and truly deserves the adjective. It was made to be sold for one thousand dollars and is the exact counterpart of one recently purchased by Ex-Gov. Ames. As in teachers and in pupils so in equipment the Woodward must have the very best.

Applications for admission to the fall term come in almost daily. The quality is fully as satisfactory as the number. The question that now troubles the Directors, is to find anything like sufficient accommodation for the pupils. A new building must be erected during the summer in order to provide facilities for all the work mapped out for the scholars.

The business course is a decided success. Many of the young ladies are already expert typewriters and have made notable progress in stenography. The book keeping and the telegraphy will receive special attention at the fall term.

During the summer, the grounds will be laid out in pretty walks surrounding lawn tennis courts. When the new building is finished a fine gymnasium will be thoroughly equipped and a lady teacher specially engaged to teach physical culture according to the most approved modern methods.

One of the most popular studies in the Institute is the history of Quincy. Our city is rich in the glory of great men and of notable events. It seems but fitting that natives of Quincy should be well versed in the knowledge of their own place especially when it has memories so honorable and so worthy to be perpetuated.

Applicants for admission in September must bring a certificate signed by the principal of the school last attended. This blank certificate may be obtained from Miss Small. It must state the which the pupil would attend, had she remained in the public school.

CURRENT POLITICS.

The lot of the democracy in city state and nation is none too happy just at present. In Quincy there is deep and widespread dissatisfaction with the administration and there is no denying that Mayor Hodges is exceedingly unpopular with most of those who have always been his staunchest political friends. He has also grievously disappointed the expectations of the republicans who voted for him and seems to lose ground every day. In state and national affairs, the self-concocted visionary mugwumps pull the party one way to ruin while the populist element seems determined to rend and tear every shred of stability, every foundation on which democracy triumphantly built its magnificent majority of 1892. The dreadful stagnation of business, the vast numbers of men suffering for employment, the threatened reduction of wages, and the consequent destruction of labor organizations, are all used as mighty weapons by the republican press. At present, it seems as though the fall election would roll up tidal waves in favor of a high protective tariff. Men who never before faltered in their support of democracy are hesitating now and wondering if the theory of low tariff really means prosperity.

Pay For Your Paper.

We most respectfully but positively insist that our delinquent subscribers pay what they owe to the Monitor. In many cases we have been lenient, in fact too indulgent. But our readers must recollect that it costs considerable money to publish a paper and that no sufficient reason exists for the non payment of so small an amount as the yearly cost of the Monitor. The agents in each district are well known and will shortly call upon those who are indebted to us.

LOCALS.

Mr. John Golden is now station agent at Atlantic.

During the summer, the City Hall offices will close at 12 o'clock.

A \$1,000 Miller Grand piano has been placed in the Woodward Institute.

The marriage is announced of Mr. Martin Smith and Miss Sadie Golden.

Mrs. Edmund Puntas and son have gone to Lanesville on an extended visit.

The night police go on duty now at 5.30 P. M. in all the wards except Ward 1.

Mr. James O'Connell of Copeland St. is making some improvements in his house.

Miss Annie Shea of Larry Place, has gone to Moravick, N. Y. for the summer.

Mr. Michael Martin has started a restaurant at Crescent Beach for the summer.

The new steamer "City of Quincy" will make a trial trip about the 20th of this month.

Miss Mary Doyle of West st., is much improved in health by her recent European trip.

NOTICE.—All Catholics in search of prayer books and articles of a Religious nature call at Flynn & Mahoney, Boston.

Small principal of the Woodward Seminary, visited St. Mary's Sunday School last Sunday and addressed the children.

The Lincoln School has been presented by George H. Field with a collection of mineral specimens, also specimens of different kinds of wood.

The children of the parish, who have not as yet made their First Communion, and of the required age, are now preparing for that sacrament.

On Saturday June 9, East Weymouth "painted the town red" it being the event of the electric cars making their first trip from there to No. Weymouth and Quincy.

The annual festival of St. Francis Sunday School was held in Town Hall, Braintree, Tuesday evening June 12, 1894. Consisted of songs, recitations, Nursery Maids Drill, and drama Mrs. Willis Will.

The public schools will close Wednesday, June 27. The grammar school graduates will hold their exercises in Hancock Hall on Tuesday, June 26. The High school graduation takes place June 28. On Friday evening June 29, the graduating class will give a reception in Faxon Hall.

The St. John's Sunday School entertainment will be held Monday June 18. The entertainment will be given by outside talent. There will be several saleables. The Atlantic Sunday School will hold its entertainment the latter part of the month. On July 4, as usual the St. Mary's Sunday School festival will be held.

I have much pleasure in returning my heartfelt thanks to the St. John's C. L. & A. for their kindness in playing the Great Temperance Drama, entitled "The Flowing Bowl" under the direction of the Rev. A. F. Roche, for my benefit on Mar. 30th. And the public for their generous patronage of the same.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

BISMARCK'S WASTEBASKET.

It is a Morgue For the Deceives of Ambitious Self Advertisers.

Every year as his birthday approaches Prince Bismarck receives scores of telegrams from persons who request immediate replies.

Bismarck's secretary in speaking of the wastebasket recently gave a Vienna journalist some information which is of special interest to Americans, as from the United States comes most of the telegrams intended for self advertising purposes. Here is a dispatch received recently by the prince from a New York newspaper whose name was withheld:

"Ten million Germans listen for your voice and wish to know whether you will again undertake the leadership of the empire founded under your auspices. Ten million Germans in America wish to hear from your mouth words of comfort as to their native land. Cable answer prepaid."

The dispatch was no sooner read than it went into the wastebasket. The idea of answering it never entered the head of anybody at the castle. An Englishman sent this cablegram shortly afterward:

"I, the poorest citizen of this town, have but one unfulfilled wish—to stand before the most famous man of the century and receive the honor of his acquaintance. If the fulfillment of my wish should depend upon my giving any sum of money to any cause or society, I beg your excellency to name the amount, and I will at once deposit the same, no matter how large it may be. Cable answer prepaid."

The offer of money was as futile as the appeal of "10,000,000 Germans in America," and it followed the latter into the wastebasket.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Value of Inventive Genius.

"Speaking of street car conductors," said an old friend of mine the other day, "recalls an incident that came under my observation not long ago in which one of those much abused public servants displayed a quality of inventive genius that made a lasting impression on me and illustrated the value of this element in an emergency.

"The scene was laid on a horse car in a neighboring town. It was the last trip, and owing to an obstruction on the track that caused a delay of five minutes or more the conductor was pelted with numerous questions by the passengers who came aboard all along the line as to the cause of the trouble.

When at a particularly lonesome point of the route, some part of the harness broke, and the prospects were favorable to a still further delay, as neither the conductor, the driver nor a passenger had the sem-

blance of a string with which to repair the damage.

"Now, here is where the inventive faculty of the conductor came in. Pulling a number of hairs from the tail of each horse, he soon twisted them into a stout cord, and the needed repairs were made. Genius of this character," added my friend, "should have a wide field in which to operate."—Boston Herald.

Took to the Water.

A lady who lives in Lincoln, Neb., has a canary of which she has long been fond and is now both fond and proud. Its cage hangs in a room heated by a large coal stove.

One afternoon the lady was going out for a walk, and as the fire was low she filled the stove and opened the draft. She was gone much longer than she expected, and when she got back the stove was red hot and the air of the room was like a furnace seven times heated.

Her first thought was of the canary. She glanced up at the cage. The bird was nowhere in sight, and she stepped on a chair expecting to find the little fellow lying on the floor of the cage dead.

Instead to her delight there he sat in his bathtub, squatting down in the water with nothing out but his head, and even that he was ducking at short intervals.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not In Their Class.

They were two fishermen of the purely sportsmanlike type. As they were making their way to the scene of their hopes they met a boy, a small boy, with a carefully trimmed branch from a tree thrown over his shoulder. In one hand he had a tin can, and about the branch was festooned a fishing line.

"Hello, my boy," exclaimed one of the visionaries, "going fishing?"

"The lad surveyed with envious eyes their neat costumes, the handsome poles furnished with shining reels and all the rest of their equipment, and replied with a sigh:

"Nope. I ain't goin' fishin. I'm jes goin' down ter ketch some fish."—Washington Star.

Reminiscence.

Mr. Stayhome of Philadelphia)—Stephen, you were at the World's fair Chicago day, as they called it, were you not?

Traveling Nephew—Yes, I distinctly remember I was there.

"Now, tell me honestly, Stephen, were there more people there that day than there were on earth at the time of the centennial?"—Chicago Tribune.

J. W. McANARNEY,

Counsellor at Law

QUINCY, MASS.

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PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY.

CORNER HANCOCK AND SCHOOL STREETS.

For Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic and all Summer Complaints, use

Dr. Pattee's Cholera Cure.

PREPARED ONLY AT PIERCE PHARMACY.

C. S. HUBBARD has a large Assortment of

Ladies' Shirt Waists.

PRINT SHIRT WAISTS, all Sizes 25 cts.

SATEEN SHIRT WAISTS, .50 to \$1.25

Lawn Shirt Waists 50, 75, \$1.00, \$1.25

Also Boy's Waists in white and colored 25 & 50c.

C. S. HUBBARD'S, 158 Hancock St

Have you Tried WILLARD'S New and Popular Drink?

Roman Sherbet,

To Be Obtained at all Soda Fountains

OUR SPRING OPENING.

ANOTHER—"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" aren't more beautiful in their way than the handsomest garments with which we are supplying our patrons.

Ceansing and Pressing

Thanking the public for past favors.

D. BAMFORD,

FINE CUSTOM TAILOR.

JUST LOOK.

10,000 Rolls Wall Paper,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

White Blanks 3 1-2 cents.

Cilt Papers at wholesale Prices.

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Frank F. Crane's,

4 CHESTNUT STREET,

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NEW UPRIGHT PIANO.

\$160.00

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Carpets

For Rugs.

Ladies' and Children's

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Baby Bonnets and Jackets.

Some nice patterns in

Plaid Nainsooks for Dresses.

A variety of

TRAY CLOTHS, SPLASHERS, SCARFS.

Hosiery, Gloves, Small Wares.

QUINCY. 21 Hancock St. QUINCY.

A SUMMER CHAPEAU.

A slender hoop of Russian lace.

A Paris straw hat with a

"Neath the nosegay."

Tiptilted, jaunty was the brim—

On her it reached perfection.

She toyed with it, then asked the price

And signed it in deep devotion.

That night she gazed at a friend,

And sealed the rhyme and sent them

But did not tell mamma.

It was an airy bit of verse.

Society collection.

But pointing less did half content

To wear it on rejection.

Next Sunday morn within a peep

A little saint saw fit

To add unto the library

THE CLOVER.
Some sing of the lily and daisy and rose,
And the pansies and pink and the summer
time throws
In the green, grassy lap of the meadow that
lives
Blinking up at the skies through the sunshiny
days.
But what is the lily and all the rest
Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his
breast,
That has slipped, brimful of the honey and
dew,
Of the sweet clover blossoms his boyhood
knew?
I never set heavy on a clover field now,
Nor fool round a stable, or climb in a nook,
As plain
As the smile of the clover I smile again,
And I wander away, in a barefooted dream,
Where I tangled my toes in the blossoms that
gleam.
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of
love
It wept over the graves that I weep above.
And so I love clover. It seems like a part
Of the sacredst sorrows and joys of my heart,
And whenever I blossom, oh, there let me
be
And thank the good Lord as I thank him,
And pray to him still for the strength, when I
die,
To go on in the clover and tell it goodly
how,
And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom,
While my soul slips away on a breath of per-
fume.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

A GAGE OF LOVE.

Richard Bulkley, M. D., or, as he was generally known in his native town of Pergamos, "young Dr. Dick," was a skillful and successful physician, well liked and respected by his fellow citizens, with one exception; but, oh, what a mighty test of the rule that exception was!

"Dr. Dick" was tall, slender, erect and replete with nervous energy. His face was pleasant and sympathetic, and his brown eyes more expressive than ingenious, for they were neared. In the sickroom he was intent and solicitous, like a thoroughbred hound on the scent, but in his recreations he was apt to be vague and distraught, as if his mental acuteness also required the adjustment of his professional spectacles. Probably the amiable failings resulting from this absence of mind were more potent aids to his popularity than his ability could have been, if he had been aggressive, for we laugh most with the friend at whom we offend least.

Outside of such trivial eccentricities, "Dr. Dick" had no detriments. He was a bachelor, alone in the world, unrestrained by either the demands or the jealousies of relatives and hampered by neither debt nor vice. His future was a broad, rich meadow, growing more expansive and fertile as he advanced. What wonder that many an anxious matron of Pergamos believed that she possessed just the one ewe lamb fitted to gambol on such a green?

Now, Dr. Dick, at heart, was ardent and romantic; his dreams of love were universal, except that time sort which comes when one looks. Hence the mute professors of such well trained bowers were uninterested by him. And indeed his reveries at the present sufficed for reality. When he smoked at night in his easy chair, before the cheery hearth, he could see the tender eyes of his ideal in the glow and could well nigh feel the stroke of her little hand in the heart's soothing vibrations. Such imaginary companionship was very grateful after the labors and worries of the day, and then, by the time his pipe was exhausted and the embers were teaching the melancholy of all fervor, how exceedingly sleepy he had become!

Then his recreations, though dimly shared, were keenly appreciated by Dr. Dick. There was the club, of which he was a founder, and a perpetual member of the house committee. Its list afforded as many various types of comradeship as it did of good fellows. Besides, every month or so he was called on important business to the metropolis, which exigency in truth consisted of his yearning for some old college friends there divergently engaged in clambering Parnassus and of their yearning for him.

It happened one day of such pleasurable outing that Dr. Dick came dashing down the stairs of his hotel in a tremendous hurry, for it was natural for him to be always behind time and never give in to the fact. In a word, he was ever doggedly chasing the train of an engagement out from its station. He was now on his way to a bachelor dinner, which was to adjourn for digestion to the theater. As he reached the bottom step, plunging his hands the while into various pockets in search of what he had forgotten, he discovered that that inevitable something was his handkerchief. As the elevator was old fashioned, and hence more suave than brisk, he abandoned its wabbling inertia to the impish children haunting the different floors, and, breathless yet determined, turned about and sped up again toward his room. As if his physical gaze was also fixed, he saw nothing save his impatiently waiting friends.

Alas for the proverbial leisure of haste! As Dr. Dick, headlong and heedless, swung around the angle of a corridor he ran full against a young girl hurrying from the opposite direction with such force, too, that despite his confusion he was constrained to recall his professional skill. For an instant the maiden lay half unconscious in his arms while he frantically endeavored to count a pulse, to the fluttering of his own heart responded. Then she recovered sense and possession at once, and shaking away his grasp stood a little apart gazing mockingly upon him as he strove to express the thousand apologies which he so poignantly felt. Ah! how could one be collected before such a pretty stranger, with such merry gray eyes, so filled up with light; with such tantalizing lips, seemingly repeating his words, and with swaying, graceful form, so admirably molded by the dark blue gown! Poor Dr. Dick, rent and staggered, nor did his

fair adversary's fluent ripple of blithe laughter lend him its fluency. "Pray think no more about it, doctor," at length she said. "I feel highly honored, I'm sure, to have been attended by so distinguished a physician, for you must be successful, you know—again she pushed away, and again she laughed and then flitted down the corridor, leaving a haunting echo of merriment behind her.

And an hour later this young unknown was on her way with her parents to her western home, where, doubtless, she received the homage due to her beauty, met and married the Prince Charming and lived happily forever after.

But this was not the future that Dr. Dick had arranged for her as he hurried to his appointment. No, indeed, for already had his romantic fancy named him as the guardian of it. Yes, it had come—that great, mysterious love which had so often fascinated him with half glimpses in the heart's chamois; at a single wave of its magic wand his eyes had opened and seen; in one entrancing instant he had passed from existing into living, he had found her, he had found her, "I know I shall. There is a mystic magnetic influence which will guide me more accurately than the needle turns to the pole. At last, at last, I have found my fate!" Poor young doctor, so foolish in thy sapience! Through experience thou shalt learn that one does not find one's fate, but is rather found by her whenever she deigns to seek.

As Dr. Dick sat in the theater box gazing at the stage, but in reality viewing the sharp end of the hotel corridor, after a nervous wait he fumbled with his watchguard. His fingers caught a strange little object entangled in its meshes, which further observation revealed to be a charm in the shape of an anchor. His companion's absorption allowed him to examine the trinket. On one side was the inscription, "St. Griselda's, '33," and on the other the bold original legend, "Hope on, hope ever."

"Ah!" murmured Dr. Dick, after the singular yet veracious habit of the warhorse, "I have a clew." He had indeed, and hence was likely to become involved in the labyrinth of false influence. Certain it was that the next day the affable hotel clerk was either Spartan or Beotian in his inability to recognize the fair guest from her admirer's impassioned description, and when at length Dr. Dick returned to Pergamos to resume his round of professional calls he took with him a heart so heavy with disappointment that his gig creaked and his faithful horse looked laden with a burden. And yet the little jewel in its own bold and original language made him to not despair. Its possession was such an advantage, if only he might encounter its owner. It gave him the rights of an acquaintance which certainly his adventure did not vouchsafe. If only—ah, what a high fence around felicity that little proviso can be. And yet the steadfast of heart may climb and peep and finally gain an unbroken view.

One Sunday, as Dr. Dick was passing out of church, he caught a glimpse of a face a little in advance which gave to his feet the wings of decorum. Was he dreaming? If not, then there she was—that fair, bewitching girl—not smiling indeed, but even more charming in her sweet seriousness. Dr. Dick pressed forward until only one obstacle intervened his pursuit. But this body was bulky and important, with its swaying gait, and, alas! it was animated by the fiery soul of John Knox McPherson, M. D., the exception aforesaid—that one soul, in a word, that felt a better, unextinguishable hatred toward him.

Dr. Dick cast off impatience and resumed the steady tread of decorum. Too well he knew that his ancient enemy would embrace the most inoffensive chance and squeeze it into a deliberate insult. Were not their relations already sufficiently strained? Besides, this was hardly the time or place for an elaborate explanation. He would restrain his ardor and hope, since the "on" and the "ever" seemed so near a glorious fruition.

The following afternoon, while Dr. Dick and a friend were standing at the club window, two ladies passed by—one elderly and matronly, the other young and sylphlike. And on the "other" Dr. Dick stared with eyes which blinked with uncertainty, which glowed with assurance. Yes, it must be she; there was the identical blue dress, and could he mistake the outlines of that form or that radiant smile, once more asserting its superiority over sweet seriousness.

"Who is she?" he gasped.

"Why, old Dame McPherson, of course," answered his friend. "Don't you know her?"

"The wife of my mortal enemy? Pshaw, of course I do! But I mean the other."

"Why, their daughter Evelyn, their only child. You must remember her."

"Yes, as a little girl. But where has she been to grow like that?"

"Away at boarding school, receiving her instruction. She's a hummer, isn't she?"

"At boarding school?" repeated Dr. Dick. "Oh, do tell me where, at once."

"Why, old man," said his friend in surprise, "I'm not a vinegar nosed spinster. But let me see. Yes, she's been at St. Griselda's Female seminary, at Hillsdale."

Ah, here was confirmation stronger than proofs of holy writ of that ineffably dear identity!

"Why, you act as if you were very much struck," continued the friend. But Dr. Dick said not a word. He turned abruptly away and in the deserted smoking room sought his favorite seat before the hearth. He broke the coals into a joyous blaze and gazed; but, alas, he could not

share in the vengeance. He was struck, struck in a heap. To think that this bewildering unknown should prove to be the daughter of his adversary, and such a prejudiced, redoubtable adversary too. If he were only a foe of the ordinary sort, then he might well persist, but against that hard, stubborn head the keenest blade would turn its edge. He remembered her now—oh, yes, the little Evelyn. How had she indeed ever passed from his memory—that dear little child, so eager for his word and smile!

In his student days, when her father, that grim, unrelenting one, had been his friend and mentor, she had been a great pet of his. Why had he not realized that 5 can change 14 from immaturity into goddesshood! Ah, those old days! There was something inexpressibly tender about their memory, after all. Then the one stout champion of his pupillage had been this same Dr. John Knox McPherson, his dead father's friend, his own guardian and tutor. What pride that old man had taken in his success, with what daring hyperbole had he pictured his future! Even now, as Dr. Dick recalled those fierce, scintillating features, he seemed to see again peering out at him as if from a mask. Oh, the pity of it, that he should ever have become estranged from this pugacious yet noble nature! But could he blame him? Come, let him see.

Dr. John Knox McPherson was a Scotchman, typifying to the ends of his fingers the strength, the reason, the frailty and the absurdity of his race. He was stout of heart and of intellect, but overconfident in his confidence in each. Mankind was generally wrong, with one unchanging exception, and that was Dr. John Knox McPherson. He was called a doctor of the old school, a title he would have repudiated with scorn, for there was but one school to him, and without it he the utter darkness of quackery.

He had a practice as extensive as his desires in Pergamos, for his dress suit and ruff, his ponderous watch, guard, his snuffbox and red bandanna, the latter of which waved at the snap of the former, exhaled a tonic of confidence in a sickroom. But more, and vastly more, too, he was president of the Pergamos Medical school. Here indeed centered his interests, for here were taught the pure principles of his craft as they had been transmitted through an unbroken line of adepts from Hippocrates even unto himself. For one shut out from this source of learning Dr. McPherson felt the sincerest pity, but he who after attendance there dared to seek strange gods was to him anathema marantha and the abomination of desolation combined and infinitely intensified.

It followed, then, when young Richard Bulkley, his prime favorite and hope, after graduation, had gone abroad and to Germany, of all places, and had there studied in despite and contravention of professional ethics, that Dr. McPherson shook the dust of friendship off his feet and bestowed his head with the ashes of hatred. Thereafter Dr. Dick was an accursed thing to him, the name accursed by his reason would often approve of his industry and skill and memory reflect his nature in soft, pleasing colors.

Little wonder, then, that Dr. Dick had well nigh forgotten the little girl whom in his student days he had so petted and admired. Little wonder, too, if in this maiden's heart every fond word and deed of his had not only been preserved, but also enhanced, for in trouble man's pampered ego is oblivion and woman's remembrance.

Just off from the smoking room, separated by heavy curtains, was a small apartment popularly called "the den," for there sundry fierce old members were wont to gather and quarrel over their cups. As Dr. Dick sat reviewing the past and conjuring from it aspirations and passions long since unheeded, there came from this quarter sounds of a wrangle, so unusually virulent that perforce he had to listen.

"Of course," said a voice, oily, insinuating, exasperating, "of course you boast now so far ahead of the event, but when it comes off and your precious proteges are so much out of the race as to never have been in it, why, you will have so thoroughly swallowed your words as to swear you never even chewed them."

"It's a lie," rasped another voice, tremulous with wrath, "a damned unmanly lie! I'll bet my head and my boots that a graduate of the Pergamos Medical school takes the prize without half trying. I could name a thousand fine young men who could do it, and let me tell you, sir, when this particular fine young man, whoever he may be, has done it, he can own anything I've got, from a partnership to my daughter's hand in marriage. Meanwhile, sir, I conceive your doubts are meant in no friendly way, and so good day to you."

Dr. Dick crouched in his chair and just in time, for through the room stamped Dr. John Knox McPherson, red faced and furious, through the room and out, with a tremendous emphasis of the door.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the inner room. Dr. Dick entered and found, as he expected, Professor Eben Meade, dean of the Pergamos Law school, perpetual cynic and occasional foe of the insubstantial president, and hence this young man's advocate and friend.

"Pray what is it all about?" said Dr. Dick.

The professor beat his sides for several minutes before he answered, "That impossible old idiot," he gurgled, "went off in a fury just because I ventured to say that it wasn't an absolutely sure thing that one of our confounded graduates would take the prize offered by the state university for the best essay on 'The Idio-

syncrasies of the Medulla Oblongata.' As if he hadn't turned out a perfect pestilence of numskulls and quacks, by Jove. Why, even you, my son, had to clear away the cobwebs with a German brush, and yet he'll wager his head and his boots on his paragon and give to the victor his daughter. I swear if I wasn't just as old as I used to be I'd have a try for it myself. Ha! ha! ha!" and away waddled the professor.

Dr. Dick stood and pondered like one who has heard the voice of the oracle, yet is doubtful of interpretation. "I'd have a try for it myself," he repeated. Ah, why, oh, why shouldn't he, a graduate of the Pergamos Medical school, take the prize offered by the state university? Would not the old man's gratification in his triumph do away with all remembrance of his apostasy? Would not the former regard revive enhanced by this later respect? At least he would have a try for it. Yes, indeed! At the worst he could hold the doctor to his word, and who more scrupulous than John Knox McPherson? At worst—ah, this worst would be a rupture, even if the obdurate sire should burst with chagrin! Have a try for it! Of course he would, and gain it too! For weeks thereafter the places that had known Dr. Dick's recreations knew them no more, and the round of his professional engagements became in comparison his resting spells.

There was general rejoicing in Pergamos, and amusement, too, when it was known that Dr. Dick had won the great prize offered by the state university. Not only was the popular pride tickled by his success, but also the popular sense of incongruity, and many were the surmises as to how the old president would be able to assimilate so bitter a pill. Dr. Dick wondered also, and uneasily, as he viewed his way to his antagonist's house, where the mead of his victory was awaiting him. He was resolved to endure verbal, aye, even physical abuse, if only, ah! if only he might be permitted to see his beloved. But what then? Would he be allowed to begin where he had left off? Poor Dr. Dick did not realize that Evelyn did not know that he had ever left off.

John Knox McPherson, M. D., received Dr. Dick with the awful, awe-dignity of his namesake. "It behooves me, sir," he began, "by virtue of my official position, to present to you the prize which you have so unexpectedly—ahem! so meritoriously won. I am constrained, too, to express my personal sentiments of gratification—no, damn it, I mean amazement—I swear, mon, I dinna ken what I mean. I've lost my head altogether!" and the red bandanna frantically waved like a signal of distress.

"Not at all," said Dr. Dick, with the pleasant, captivating smile of his boyhood. "I've saved your head and your boots too."

"What?" roared the old man. "Was it you smuggling before the fire? Well, it was lucky I didn't know you. I was that enraged! But you did maintain my words, me boy, and right scientifically too. And the dean may put that in his pipe and smoke it. And you are a graduated school and honor to it besides. There, there. I've always loved you, and I'll not only forgive, but I'll forget," and Dr. Dick was inclined in a snuffy and sticky embrace.

"My success was due to your instruction, sir," said Dr. Dick adroitly. "All else is but"—

"But an idiosyncrasy of your confounded concocted medulla oblongata," interrupted the delighted president.

"And now may I hope," continued the young man, "that you will wish to keep your word?"

"Me word! I'll have you to understand, sir"—

"From a partnership to my daughter's hand in marriage," quoted Dr. Dick.

"So it's Evelyn you're after, and 'twas not a sneaking fondness for your old preceptor that moved you! Well, well! It's natural, I suppose, and the mother says she has never forgotten. But, no secrets out of school, you shall ask her your own self. A partnership, though—that requires deliberation. There'll be no potencies, no trinitaries, will there, now?"

"Nothing later than Galen," asserted Dr. Dick.

"Come on then." And a moment later this medical knight was alone in the drawing room with his lady-love.

How pretty she was, and how altogether desirable in her unforgotten joy!

"I have never changed," Evelyn murmured in response to his impassioned protestations, "and I have always believed in your constancy."

"Ah, well you might!" vowed the shameless Dr. Dick. "Your long absence has been purgatory, and the three glimpses I have caught of you since your return revelations of a heaven cruelly denied."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Evelyn. "But it's only twice, isn't it?"

"Twice!" repeated Dr. Dick in wonderment.

"Why, yes. Twice that you have seen me—once in church and once from the club."

Dr. Dick was quick and accurate in diagnosis. Evidently there was some mistake about that encounter in the city police, but whose mistake? Why, his own, of course. This young girl's nature was too simple, too clear for any doubt as to that. Instead of following an ideal, he had merely blundered into felicity. But should he explain? Well, hardly. Love was too subtle for an analysis. An explanation might possibly separate it; it could never bind.

"Twice, of course," he assented.

"But I didn't think you saw me. You looked so sure."

"That ought to have told you," said Evelyn.

"See," continued Dr. Dick after a moment's reflection, displaying the little golden anchor in his watch-guard; "see, I found this in the city, and I've kept it ever since. It reminded me of you."

"How sweet of you!" cried the enraptured Evelyn. "It is our class badge. One of the girls must have lost it. I always wear mine on my chain around my neck. And you will always wear that, won't you, as a token of your devotion, as a gage of love?"—New York Times.

Such a Thing as Luck.
If a man does not believe there is such a thing as luck, let him go to a race track. There was a good illustration on Derby day. A young man went out to see what races were like. He had not thought of betting, but after he had been there awhile he saw that everybody was "playing," so he went down in the betting stand to look into the matter. He arrived just after they had posted the odds on the second race. He saw the name "Elise," and at once he knew that Elise was going to win. He had been thinking about Elise for weeks, sending her flowers and going to see her twice a week—dear Elise! The name could not lose. He went straight up to a bookmaker and said: "I want to bet you \$10 that Elise will win the next race, if you please." He did not grow excited during the race; he was not surprised when Elise won, only very proud. He pulled out his ticket and showed it to a group of friends, saying: "See what I've done!" "Won \$250! Why didn't you tell me about this?" exclaimed the man who had played "form." The young man would not believe at first that he had won \$250. He said he had only bet \$10.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Making Sure.
John W. Kern tells a good story on one of his distinguished friends of the Indianapolis bar. It was several years ago, and his friend was trying a case in the circuit court which related to a valuable piece of real estate. One of the witnesses in the case was a prominent real estate dealer of the city, and when he came upon the stand to testify the usual question was asked him as to whether he had been sworn. He replied that he had. "Your name, please?" was the first question. The answer was truthfully given. "Real estate agent." "How's that?" "I said 'real estate agent.'"

The Champion Egg Stealer.
Game eggs and small birds, alike are the objects of the fowls, furred and feathered, who come behind man. The feathered ones naturally have the widest scope, for eggs, whether resting on the ground or in a well built nest in a lofty tree, come equally within the range of sight and swoop. The furred ones have to content themselves with the ground eggs, which are of course the best. Perhaps, therefore, they have the best of the deal, though not so much variety. And among them we rank facile principles, the stealthy, ubiquitous weasel. Stout and sleek like eggs, but they are rarer and more sparsely distributed than the smaller but more effective weasel.

This wily creature is an egg sucker of immense enthusiasm and perseverance. Winding its way through the purple leather of the scrub and bracken toward the nursery of the red or black grouse, creeping amid grass or clover or scarcely rustling along the leaf carpeted ditch toward the simple nest of the gallant hen partridge, a veritable amazon in defense of her family, poking its sleek head out of a disused drain in the farmyard, reconnoitering the hen-houses, gliding through the long grass at the edges of the rides and amid the hazels and hollies of the copes after pheasant's costly eggs, the weasel is equally indefatigable. It will banquet on every egg it can find till gorged like a trout on the May fly and kill young birds till it desists only from sheer weariness. Like its semitame relative, the ferret, it is in bloodthirstiness and its concomitants a four footed September—Saturday Review.

The Brooklyn Bridge.
As you stand in the exact middle of Brooklyn bridge you will observe where the compensation is made for the expansion and contraction by heat and cold. The bridge, resting on the four cables, is divided into two parts in the middle, and one end is arranged to slide over the other. You can put your hand on the railing and measure by the rubbing of the parts how far they have pulled back in winter or have overlapped in summer. If you watch from mid morning till midday, you can see just how much the bridge has expanded in six hours.

But does the bridge which thus feels heat and cold also feel all the strain of the weights that pass over it? Let us look and see. We stand again in the middle of the bridge and watch as a train of cars passes by. We notice, where we looked before to see one end slide over the other, that foot passengers do not seem to affect it in the least. When a heavy team passes by, there is no observable movement. The bridge does not seem to have noticed it at all. But here comes a train of cars crossing the bridge. As it comes near we observe that the railing overlaps—the ends begin to move apart. They separate for an inch. Then as the train passes they come together again, and in a moment they are in their normal position. The bridge has noticed that the train was passing. It did not break, it felt a painful strain, but it noticed and it acknowledged and registered it—pressure which vainly attempted to break the cables.—Independent.

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West Quincy House House.

As the new house in Ward Four grows, so in proportion does the disgust increase regarding its location. Almost without exception the West Quincy people look upon the erection of the building on the school lot, as a stupendous blunder. The rooms in the Willard are gloomy enough now on cloudy days and to have them still more darkened can hardly be called advantageous. The house house should never have been placed on the lot. Even though passed by the Council, one would think that a democratic mayor would have used his veto power to prevent such an error of judgment. It was a serious mistake and will be a serious source of regret and annoyance to West Quincy.

New Catholic Cemetery.

A magnificent tract of land to be used as a Catholic cemetery has been purchased by a syndicate represented by Mr. John Cashman. The land is located at the junction of the roads leading to Hough Neck and Germantown. It consists of about 70 acres and is admirably suited for a burying ground. All the lots in the West Quincy cemetery have been sold and the Catholics were obliged to go elsewhere. They have found just what they desired. It is intended to lay out grand avenues, and ample lots. In fact, it is the purpose of the directors to have the most beautiful cemetery south of Boston. As soon as arrangements are perfected, notice will be given of the opening of the cemetery, and subscriptions to the stock of the corporations will be taken. The business of the graveyard will be managed by a Board of directors to be chosen by the stock holders.

Current Politics.

The risk of the situation in the democratic ranks in Quincy seems to be about this: The Charter gives to the Mayor the right to appoint the heads of the departments. The manner in which the present Mayor has used this right is extremely unsatisfactory to the vast majority of the democrats. The Charter gives these same democrats, with others, the right to condemn the Policy of the Mayor by rejecting him at the next City election. A right which they will surely exercise.

SOMETHING ABOUT GOD.

Q. 1. What is God?
A. God is a spirit infinitely perfect, the Creator and Sovereign Lord of all things.

Q. 2. What do you mean by a Spirit?

A. An immaterial being, quite distinct from body. Now God is a most pure uncreated Spirit, without any body; and those expressions of scripture where mention is made of the hands of God, or his feet, or the like, are only figurative ways of speaking, accommodated to our weak understandings.

Q. 3. What do you mean by infinitely perfect?

A. I mean that all possible perfections essentially belong to God, and are in Him in an infinite degree, without bounds or limitation.

Q. 4. What are the perfections of God?

A. Power, wisdom, goodness, justice, mercy, holiness, truth, beauty, eternity, immensity, and numbers of others, of which we can have no idea. So that God is infinitely powerful, infinitely wise, infinitely good, infinitely just, infinitely merciful, infinitely holy, infinitely true, infinitely beautiful, eternal and immense, and unchangeable.

Q. 5. What do you mean by infinitely powerful?

A. I mean that God can do all things whatsoever he pleases, and in what manner he pleases; so that nothing is impossible or difficult to him.

Q. 6. How does this appear from scripture?

A. On this head the scripture declares, 1. That "with God all things are possible." Matt. xix. 26; and that "no word shall be impossible with God." Luke i. 37. 2. That he created this world, and all that it contains, out of nothing, by his word alone; for, "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Gen. i. 1. "He made the heavens and the earth, the sea and all things that are in them." Psal. cxlv. 6. "In him were all things created, in heaven and in earth, visible or invisible, whether thrones or dominations, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by him and in him." Col. i. 16. "He spoke the word, and they were made, he commanded, and they came to be." Psal. cxlvii. 5. That he can do all in all creatures whatsoever he pleases; for "whatsoever the Lord pleased, he hath done in heaven, in earth, in the sea, and in all the depths." Psal. cxxxv. 6. 4. That "all things are in his power, and that there is none that can resist his will." Esther xiii. 9; for "he alone is mighty, the King of kings and Lord of lords." Tim. vi. 15.

Q. 7. What do you mean by infinitely wise?

A. I mean that God knows all things, past and present, and to come, even the most secret thoughts of the heart of man, and all things that possibly can be.

Q. 8. How is this proved?

A. His holy word declares, that "there is no creature invisible in his sight; for all things are naked and open in the eyes of him with whom we speak." Heb. iv. 13. "The works of

all flesh are before him, and there is nothing hid from his eyes; he sees from eternity to eternity, and there is nothing wonderful before him." Eccles. xxxiii. 24. "For the eyes of the Lord are far brighter than the sun, beholding round about all the ways of men, and the bottom of the deep, and looking into the hearts of men, into the most secret parts, for all things were known to the Lord God before they were created; so also after they were perfected, he beholdeth all things." Eccles. xxxiii. 28. "The heart is perverse above all things, and unsearchable, who can know it?"

Q. 9. What do you mean by infinitely good?

A. I mean, that as God is infinitely perfect and infinitely happy in himself, so he has the most earnest desire of communicating himself and his happiness to his creatures; and, in consequence of this, is continually bestowing good things upon them, according as they are capable of receiving them; for "every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the father of lights," Jam. i. 17. And God "giveth to all abundantly, and upbraideth not," Jam. i. 5. All the creatures by whose means we receive any benefit, are but the instruments God makes use of to communicate good things to us; for "there is none good but God alone," Luke xviii. 19.

Q. 10. What do you mean by infinitely just?

A. I mean that God gives to all men the necessary means of saving their souls, and will never require any thing of us above our strength; so that we only are to blame, if we fail in our duty to him; that, therefore, he will exercise the most impartial justice on all men, according to their deservings, without respect of persons; for, as St. Paul assures us, God will "render to every one according to his works; to them indeed who, according to patience in good works, seek glory, and honour, and incorruption, (he will render) eternal life; but to them who are contentious and obey not the truth, but give credit to inquiry, (he will render) wrath and indignation, Rom. ii. 6. That he will not judge according to the sight of the eye, nor argue according to the hearing of the ear, but will judge in justice." Is. xi. 3, and that "he will not accept of any person, nor receive any gift," Deut. x. 17.

Q. 11. What do you mean by infinitely merciful?

A. I mean that God has the most tender compassion for the miseries of his creatures, knowing their frailty and their weakness, and is most desirous and ready to deliver them from them; "he will be gone to perish, but that all should come to repentance," 2 Pet. iii. 9; "for, as I live, saith the Lord, I will not be the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn and live," Ezek. xxxiii. Hence "the Lord is gracious and merciful, patient and plenteous in mercy: The Lord is sweet to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works," Psal. cxlv. 8, and "his mercy endureth for ever," Psal. cxxxv. Yes, in the "midst of anger he will remember mercy," Hab. iii. 2. For "as a father hath compassion on his children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust—But the mercy of the Lord is from eternity to eternity, upon them that fear him," Psal. cii. 13. Hence, thou hast mercy upon all, because thou canst do all things, and winkest at the sake of repentance; for thou lovest all things that are, and hastest none of the things that thou hast made; for thou didst not appoint, or make any thing, that should perish, but thou sparest all, because they are thine, O Lord, who lovest souls," Wisdom xi. 21.

Q. 12. What do you mean by infinitely holy?

A. I mean that God is holiness itself, infinitely pure, and free from every spot or stain, or shadow of imperfection. Hence he is called in scripture, the Holy of Holies, and the blessed in heaven continually adore him under this title, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of Hosts," Isaiah vi. 3.

Q. 13. What do you mean by infinitely true?

A. I mean that God is truth itself, that he never can be deceived himself, and that it is impossible for him to deceive his creatures; for "God is true, but all men are liars," Rom. iii. 4. "God is not like men, that he should lie," Num. xxiii. 19. "God is faithful in all his words," Psal. cxlv. And "heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words, he says shall not pass away," Luke xxi. 33.

Q. 14. What do you mean by infinitely beautiful?

A. I mean that God is beauty itself, infinitely lovely, infinitely excellent. That all the beauty and perfections which we see in creatures, are but emanations of his divine beauty; and, though all the beauties of the whole universe were collected together in one, it would be infinitely less than a spark of fire is to the sun, or a drop of water to the ocean, if compared to the beauty of God. "Let them know how much more the Lord of them is more beautiful than they; for the first author of beauty made all those things," Wisd. xiii. 3. "For from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, out of Zion the loveliness of his beauty," Psal. lxxix. 1. This divine beauty is so great, that all the blessed saints and angels in heaven are enraptured with inexpressible delight in the contemplation of it, and the enjoyment of it makes God himself infinitely and essentially happy. Hence the scripture says, "O taste and see how sweet the Lord is, blessed is the man that hopeth in him," Psal. lxxxiii. 9. "They shall be inebriated with the plenty of thy house, and thou shalt

make them drink of the torrent of thy pleasures; for with thee is the fountain of life, and in thy light we shall see light," Psal. xxxv. 9. "O how great is the multitude of thy sweetness, O Lord, which thou hast hidden from them that fear thee!—Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy shade," Ps. xxx. 20, 21.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted at a meeting of Quincy Branch, I. N. L., of America:

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God to take from amongst us our late Treasurer, Mr. James Parker, therefore be it

Resolved: That in the death of Mr. James Parker this Branch loses a member who has at all times been prompt to serve its interests; Ireland a sincere supporter in every hour of his need, and Quincy an honored citizen.

Resolved: That we deeply deplore his loss, and while bowing with submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, we sincerely sympathize with his bereaved family in this hour of their deep affliction.

Resolved: That as a mark of our appreciation of his loss these Resolutions be inscribed on the records of the Branch and a signed copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

EDWARD LAWTON,
GEORGE D. CARROLL,
PATRICK FAY,
JAMES COLLINS,
TIMOTHY DEANE,
Committee on Resolutions.

LOCALS.

A new directory of Quincy has been published.

During Saturday's severe storm W. H. Doble's block in South Quincy was struck by lightning and severely damaged.

An accident occurred at the Quincy station Sunday evening, which came near being fatal. A Michael Shyne of Albany street, Boston, attempted to cross the tracks in front of the 10.15 train. He was struck by the engine and thrown upon the platform. Dr. Gilbert cared for him and he was sent to the Boston city hospital.

A lot of land in the Germantown road has been purchased for a Catholic cemetery. It contains about 70 acres and will be controlled by a corporation. It will be laid out in large lots with beautiful walks and drives. A good opportunity is offered for those who wish to invest their money in shares.

Mr. James Wodlock, a well known young man of Ward 4, died at his parents' home on Copeland street, July 2, after a lingering illness. He was buried from St. Mary's Church July 4, with a solemn high Mass. It was celebrated by Fr. Roche. Fr. Croteau and Fr. Cunningham were sub-deacons. May his soul rest in peace.

The new steamer "City of Quincy" is being well patronized. It makes daily trips, weather permitting as follows: Leave Quincy Point at 9.30 and 11.30 A. M. 2, 4 and 7.30 P. M. Leave Nantasket at 10.30 A. M., 12.30, 3.00, 5.30 and 9.15 P. M. The round trip tickets are 35 cts. The pier at Nantasket is at the foot of Sagamore Hill. The juvenile choir and Altar boys accompanied by St. Mary's church enjoyed a trip on it Tuesday, July 10. They were accompanied by Fr. Roche and some other gentlemen. The party took dinner at Hotel Standish.

St. Mary's Fourth of July festival was as usual a big success. The views were both entertaining and educational. The different tables presented a pretty appearance and were well patronized. The comedy set on the ice cream table was drawn by Mr. John McGilvray. The pine apples on the fruit table went to Dr. Sheahan and Master Timothy Buckley was the happy receiver of the basket of fruit. The box of candy on this table was drawn by Miss Nellie Green of Rockland. The box of candy on the candy table was received by Rita Lyons. The picture "Grace Darling" on the fancy article table went to Mrs. Tyan of Wollaston, the pretty table cover to Mary R. Sullivan of Atlantic, the tidy to Nellie Bates, Braves Avenue, the carriage robe to Carl Wells and Mrs. Thomas Fineman received the rases. When the Monstrous went to press the wood and a few other articles had not been disposed of.

Special Notice.

Do not fail to read the ad. of C. F. Derby the new clothier in Adams Building, J. C. Dorgan, Manager.

A Curiosity About Eclipses.

The average number of total and partial eclipses in any one year is four, the maximum seven and the minimum two. There is nothing really peculiar in this except the fact that where only two occur they are always both of the sun. There are more solar than lunar eclipses, but the sun being so much larger than the earth or moon the shadow terminates in a point and is visible only along a narrow track, while the lunar observation is frequently visible over half a continent.—St. Louis Republic.

One of a Thousand.

Maudie—Isn't it funny he should fall in love with that fright of a girl Elaine—Not at all. She used to laugh at his jokes.—Chicago Record.

A tramp applying for alms or food in Holland is sent to the state farm of 5,000 acres to earn his living. If he won't work there, he is sent to a labor colony where he has to work.

It was said of both Athens and Rome, that so numerous were the temples and statues of gods it was easier to find a god than a man.

In Siam, until a few years ago, a heavy tax was levied on umbrellas. Every umbrella carrier had to pay.

SMOKING IN JAPAN.

Three or Four Well Dressed Whiffs Exhaust Their Pipes.

"One day while traveling in a railway carriage," said a gentleman, speaking of his recent Japanese trip, "we had just pulled out our cigars to commence smoking when the door opened, and a Jap and his wife came in. We forgot for the time being our smoke and were lost in the contemplation of the queer couple. The woman was carrying on her back a baby, which was strapped on in a peculiar fashion. The poor little thing had fallen asleep, and its head bobbed from side to side with the motion of the car. We found out afterward that the women were taught to carry children upon their backs from babyhood up. We saw infants not more than a month old with dolls strapped to their backs to educate them to the method of carrying. Then, when they got older, their younger brothers and sisters were strapped upon them to strengthen their backs for their duty in life."

"I found that the Japanese women considered the carrying of an infant no inconvenience, as the education which they go through fits them for it just as much as walking. Well, having exhausted the peculiarities of our fellow travelers, our thoughts turned to our cigars, which we held in our hands. We were in a predicament, not knowing the customs of the country. We did not know whether smoking in a lady's presence was considered bad form or not. The more we thought about it the more we wanted to smoke. For 50 miles we rode in misery, when finally the woman herself put us at ease by drawing a small pipe from her clothes and filling it with tobacco, lighting it and beginning to smoke. You should have seen how eagerly we grasped our cigars and lit them."

"The Japs smoke in a peculiar manner. The pipes have very small metal bowls, with bamboo stems and metal mouthpieces, and only hold enough tobacco for three or four whiffs. They use a tobacco which is cut extremely fine and looks more like light blond hair than anything else. It is of very good quality, however. The Japs take whiffs of smoke and inhale it, letting it pass out through the nostrils. They rarely smoke more than one pipeful at a time, but if they do smoke a second they dump the little ball of ashes out of their pipe, which they refill, then light it with the ashes taken from the bowl. This small pipeful seems just as satisfying to the Japanese gentleman as the longest cigar to the American. So much for habit."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Evason.

A story is told in central Maine of a young woman who distanced her father's family, so to speak, in a matter of parental authority. "Now, Mary Jane," said the stern parent, "I will consent to your going to the dance at the Corner tonight only on one condition. 'What is that?' asked Mary Jane meekly, her eyes his drooping pathetically. 'It is,' said her father, 'that you won't let that young scoundrel, —, bring you home.'"

"I'll promise," said the maid, and she went to the dance. Scene next morning: "I thought you promised me not to let that fellow bring you home!" said the angry parent with fire flashing from his eyes. "He didn't bring me home," said Mary Jane archly. "But he came home with you, for I saw him." "Yes, but he didn't bring me. I told him what I had promised, so my walk home, and he led the horse."—Lewiston Journal.

Father Taylor was the pastor of the Seamen's chapel in Boston. He was a reverend and always kept his sailors in sympathy with himself on political questions. One Sunday, just before the state election, his prayers for the commonwealth were peculiarly fervent. He asked that a man might be chosen for governor who would rule in the fear of God and never be afraid of the face of clay, and defeat the ring-leaders of corruption and defy his own party if it yielded to wirepullers—and suddenly he paused and then exclaimed:

"O Lord! what's the use of boxing the compass in this way? Give us George N. Briggs for governor, Amen!"

The prayer was answered the Tuesday following by the most tremendous majority ever scored.—Christian Intelligencer.

A Mean Insinuation. Bouvard, one of the most learned as well as brusque physicians of his time, was one day called to attend the archbishop of Rheims, who was suffering from violent colic. "I am coming," said Bouvard, who, however, did not stir. "For the love of God, sir," said the messenger, "do not wait any longer. Monsignor is suffering the tortures of the damned."

"What?" exclaimed Bouvard, "al ready!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Good Appetite. Happy Bridegroom—Waiter, I want a dinner for two.

Waiter—Will ye lady and gentleman have table d'hôte or a la carte?

Happy Bridegroom (generous to a fault, but weak as Freckle)—Bring us some of both, and put lots of gravy on 'em.—Baltimore Telegram.

On Roaches. When roaches are syringed regularly and thoroughly, there is seldom need for insecticides, but if they should succeed in effecting a lodgment a douche of quassia water, obtained by boiling a pint of quassia chips in two gallons of water (which can be made up to four gallons by the addition of cold water, is effective. Use the infusion while hot, but not sufficiently so to hurt the hand placed in it.—Forest.

STREET CARS IN ENGLAND.

Overcrowding Prohibited by Law and the Charter Regulated by the Distance.

If the American alderman would take a few trips on the tram cars of the great provincial cities, say Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham—where the city owns and operates them—York, etc., and those of the metropolis itself, he would return to America admirably fortified by experience to renew his attack upon the panes of the municipality hein part represents for superior accommodations for the long complaining passengers. In the first place, there is no question but what the law distinctly states that there shall be no crowding, that there shall be no many on a seat—not one more—but if necessary one passenger may be permitted to stand. This applies to both inside and outside cars.

I do not know the reason of the overcrowding, but this is certain that in the street cars there is an order of things the humble or distinguished and exalted can take a penny or two penny or more expensive ride, pressed that it will not only be without inconveniences and annoyances, but with ease and pleasure. If a conductor was to permit a second person to stand either inside or out he would be instantly rebuffed by one of the inspectors on the route who at intervals board the cars to check the way bill, which shows the number of passengers carried during the journey. The inevitability which one occasionally experiences in American cities of drivers declining to take notice of would be passengers waiting on the sidewalk is practically unknown here, for the men know full well that two complaints of this character would cost them their situation.

To every passenger is given a ticket from a package numbered consecutively, which must be shown when called for by the conductor, though this very proper provision is rarely exercised, for the young conductor, who is invariably a bright fellow, seldom makes a mistake as to who has paid and who has not. In the matter of boarding or alighting from the car, the ends of the conveyance are used, but only one at a time. That is to say, the door where the driver stands is not used for the time being, the passenger always making his or her exit from the end of the car and the same upon entering it. In this way any possibility of accident in that direction is avoided.

The schedule of time for starting and arriving at certain points on route is admirably maintained, and the experienced traveler knows almost to the minute what time a car will arrive at a certain spot, though the place may be two or three miles from the depot. So I really think it may be truthfully said that the entire arrangements and details of the street car system in England are as nearly perfect as possible.

There is a very important advantage which the passenger has here which the directors of companies in America do not vouchsafe. In Boston, for instance, every passenger pays 5 cents if he rides for five blocks; here you can go a couple of miles for a penny (2 cents). If the average Englishman had to pay out 5 cents for a mile's ride, he most certainly would walk. The principle the less the distance the smaller the cost encourages riding and keeps the cars well filled.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

A REVENGEFUL LITTLE CUSE.

Because His Wife Called Him Down He Took A Mean Revenge.

"I was reading about marriages the other day," said the large man, "and it made me think of a woman I knew who had a mania for getting husbands and then shaking them. She got nicely come up to money. She was a pretty fair looking woman, and she had quite a lot of money. These conditions made her search for partners an easy one. There were more fish than she could get into her net."

"She married a lawyer and shook him aside of a year. Then she got a doctor, and he lasted for six months. A plumber hung on for a year and a half and a baker for two years. After that they came in quick succession. There was a liverman, and a grocerman, and a conductor on a railroad, and a carpenter, and finally she hooked up with a little fellow who seemed to have no particular occupation. He was a musician, I guess, when he wasn't too lazy to work at it. He got acquainted with the widow when she was hankering for a new matrimonial experience, and it didn't take her long to land him."

"They went to living in her house as nice as you please. The little fellow grew sleek and fat, and the months rolled around the people began to think that at last she had met her match and would be compelled to struggle along with the same old husband for a number of years in succession. One day, however, the little man came down town and announced that he had been fired and that his wife had told him that she was through with him and intended to get a separation so she would be in a position to take about for somebody else."

"He was a revengeful little cuss. He went to living at the hotel and got to planning on how he could get even with the woman. One day he hit on an idea, and he hustled off to put it into execution. Now, what do you suppose that man did? Not a single solitary thing but organize a brass band of the ex-husbands of that fair dame and advertise that the band would give concerts every Friday evening. Before the first concert was over the woman closed her house and left, and there has been nobility in those parts who has ever heard of her since. She was capable of getting along when the husbands were scattered, but she couldn't stand organization."—Buffalo Express.

PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY,

CORNER HANCOCK AND SCHOOL STREETS.

For Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic and all Summer Complaints, use

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PREPARED ONLY AT PIERCE'S PHARMACY.

Great Mark Down in Summer Goods.

Print Shirt Waists all Sizes 15 cents 2 for 25 Cents.

TOWELS WORTH 10 CENTS EACH FOR 5 CENTS

All Our Millinery we are selling Below Cost.

C. S. HUBBARD'S, 158 Hancock St.

OUR SPRING OPENING.



ANOTHER—"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" aren't more beautiful in their way than the handsomest garments with which we are supplying our patrons.

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Thanking the public for past favors.

D. BAMFORD, FINE CUSTOM TAILOR.

One Lot of

Misses Flynn SUMMER CORSETS,

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LADIES' UNDERWEAR, Worth 50c., which we

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BETWEEN THE SUN AND MOON.

I hear a plowman, far away,
Fideliest working;
Sleep he is resting in the day,
Softly the cattle low.

I smell grass flowers the birds are out,
I'm happy and most snug;
The bees are humming near the trout,
The brook is murmuring.

Wind from the south, a sign of June,
A dreamy dawn in June;
Above the western hills the stars,
A splinter of the moon.

My red it is of cedar red,
As fragrant as a rose,
My line is like a spider's thread,
When down the stream it goes.

The water chills my wading boots,
And sparkles round my thighs;
The cool below you tangled roots,
Maiden faces at my flies.

Oh, who would not be fishing?
At break of day in June,
When the green world is swinging low
Between the sun and moon!

A silver splash, a rise, a rise,
A surge, a sudden struggle;
And then my line in circles flies,
Like a wheeling of a skiff.

A monster that, my red is bent—
A loop from bent to tip;
Will every joint anon be bent?
Ho, what a lovely skip!

Three glorious thrills—the trout I pluck,
The rising sun of June;
And, in the west so soft and gray,
A splinter of the moon.

—Maurice Thompson in Youth's Companion.

A HEROINE BY PROXY.

"You fool!" he said aloud, utter fool, and threw himself downward on the turf.

A girl rose quickly and gathered her soft draperies, and turning her steps noiselessly, she reached the path some distance above the spot where he lay, treading rather heavily on the stones she marched down the path toward him. At the sound of his footsteps he sat up, twisted hurriedly his handkerchief around his head, which was covered with dust and blood, and turned toward her with a face which he tried hard to render as unconcerned as her own.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Percival," she said. "Who would have thought of seeing you of all people in the middle of all places? And what have you come to your hand?"

He had risen while she spoke, and held out his left hand to her. "I was clumsy enough to trip," he said, awkwardly enough, "it's nothing much. Which way are you going?"

"I was going to sit here," "I often do. Don't let me see you."

She sank lazily on the turf a yard or two of him, and the man had nothing left but to look at her. He was a tall, well-knit young fellow of 27 or thereabout, with dark, curling hair and light mustache.

BETWEEN THE SUN AND MOON.

I hear a glowman far away,
Fiddling and singing glee,
Sleep bells are ringing in the day,
Softly the cattle low.

I smell grass flowers; the birds are out;
I'm happy and most snug.
The bees are plucking; leap the trout;
The brook is murmuring.

Wind from the south, a sign of luck,
A dreamy dawn in June;
Above the western hilltop stuck
A splinter of the moon.

My red it is of cedar red,
As fragrant as a rose,
My line is like a spider's thread
When down the stream it goes.

The water chills my wading boots,
And sparkles round my thighs.
The pool below you faunted boots
Makes faces at my flies.

Oh, who would not be fishing go,
At break of day in June,
When the green water is swinging low
Between the sun and moon!

A silver splash, a rise, a rise,
A surge, a sudden strain,
And then my line in circles flies,
Like a wheel of fate.

A monster that, my rod is bent—
A leap from butt to tip.
Will every joint anon be bent?
Ho, what a jolly skip!

Three glorious thrills—the trout I play,
The rising sun and moon,
And, in the west so soft and gray,
A splinter of the moon.

—Maurice Thompson in Youth's Companion.

A HEROINE BY PROXY

"You fool!" he said aloud, "you utter fool," and threw himself face downward on the turf.

A girl rose quickly and quietly, gathered her soft draperies, and picking her steps noiselessly over the turf reached the path some 20 yards above the spot where he lay. Then, treading rather heavily on the loose stones she marched down the path toward him. At the sound of her footsteps he sat up, twisted hurriedly his handkerchief around his hand, which was covered with dust and blood, and turned toward her with a face which he tried hard to render as unconcerned as her own.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Percival?" she said. "Who would have thought of seeing you of all people in this place of all places? And what have you done to your hand?"

He had risen while she spoke and held out his left hand to her. "I was clumsy enough to knock it," he said, awkwardly enough. "But it's nothing much. Which way are you going?"

"I was going to sit here," she said. "I often do. Don't let me disturb you."

She sank lazily on the turf within a yard or two of him, and the young man had nothing left but to follow her example. He was a tall, well-knit young fellow of 27 or thereabout, with dark, curling hair and a light mustache.

His eyes were of a good blue, but they were small and keen, and his face was so heavily cut that nine people out of ten who met him said to themselves or to their friends, "What an ugly fellow that Percival is!" But the truth person found Percival by no means so ugly, for he showed in the sparkling blue eyes, intellect marked the broad brow and delicacy and tenderness had melted the corners of the rather thin lips. His face was very pale now.

"I didn't know your Sunday walks ever led you this way, Miss Helston," he said, with an evident desire to make conversation.

"I come here sometimes when I want to be quiet and think things over," she said.

There was a silence. His difficulty in finding suitable small talk was now obvious that Miss Helston suddenly abandoned her half formed determination to act as though things were exactly as they ought to be. She looked steadily at him for a minute, and then she said:

"Do you mind telling me why you called yourself an utter fool and why you lunged your hand against the rock just now?"

He flushed a dull red and frowned angrily.

"It's no use, your being angry with me," she said, "because I happen to have seen you. If you behave that way in a public quarry you must expect an audience."

"I don't see"—he began stiffly.

"No, you don't see what it would be of mine, and you think it would have been more delicate and more ladylike for me not to have seen anything, or, at any rate, to pretend that I haven't. And that's because I'm a woman. If it had been a man when you like as well as you do, me who had seen you this afternoon, you would probably have told him what was the matter. And perhaps he could have helped you. Perhaps I can if you tell me."

"The truth of what she said came upon him for the first time. He realized that if she had been a man and one whom he liked as well as he liked this black haired, athletic, trying tennis playing girl he would have told everything. His voice had a note of apology in it as he said:

"It's very kind of you. If you care to be bothered with my confidences, though I am not much by way of talking them to anybody, I will tell you what I should certainly tell to any man alive—that I totally disapprove of your cousin's conduct, while at the same time I can't help loving her, like the fool I am."

"Of course," said Miss Helston, on looking at him calmly. "I know that you love my cousin. I know it just as well as she does. But that you should disapprove of her—"

"No, not of her. You don't understand. She is so young, so innocent, so childish. She is led away into these foolishnesses and flirtations by the mere spirit of youth. If she cared for me—if she cared for any one—she would settle down and give the whole noble side of her character a chance to show itself."

"But she doesn't care for you," said Miss Helston, with decision.

"Don't I say so?" he answered, but

irritably, for no man likes to be told these things.

"Do you know why she doesn't care for you?" He looked an inquiring negative. "Because you are just like everybody else."

"Your frankness, Miss Helston, is quite refreshing."

"Well, but aren't you? Every man who comes near her falls in love with her. You do the same. Every man sighs and languishes, and brings her flowers, and wants to carry her racket, and post her letters, and turn over her music. You haven't given Lola a chance yet to distinguish you from the herd."

John Percival laughed. Frank, almost brutal, as her words were, they were sweetened by the subtle pleasure every man feels in talking himself over with a young woman.

"I suppose, now you mention it," he said, "that the symptoms of the disease are just the same in all of us. We love her, and we show it. But don't you see that, short of risking my fate on a definite 'yes' or 'no,' there is nothing I can do to distinguish myself from the herd? I realize my unpleasantness much more than you can, Miss Helston. I have had 27 years experience of it—only six months. It's about that, isn't it, since we came to know each other?"

"I never said you were unpleasant. I don't think you are, but you must seem so to Lola."

"Well, what can I do?" he asked impatiently.

"I don't know. I know what I should do if I were a man."

"What?" he asked, and in spite of himself he hung almost breathlessly on her answer.

"I should give her a new sensation."

"For instance?"

"Suppose you paid a little attention to some one else when Lola was present. That would be an entirely new sensation to her."

He laughed. "Of course it would. How could any one help? You don't mind my treating you exactly as a man since you asked for my confidence on those terms?"

"No, I know no one can think of any one else while she is by. But if you can make up your mind to pay a little—no, a good deal—of attention to, say, one of the Gumpidge girls, who are really very nice, if Lola would give any one the chance of seeing it."

"You don't seem to like your cousin very much," he said doubtfully.

"On the contrary, I am extremely fond of Lola; but, like you, I regret her lack of a serious attachment, and I believe honestly that the only way to inspire one in her would be to pay it plainly, to make her jealous."

At the back of his mind lurked a deep, intense astonishment to find himself thus in confidential conversation with a woman, and that woman Miss Helston. But he went on as though that confidence were the most natural thing in the world.

"Don't think me a conceited fellow when I say that I don't think it would be quite fair to Miss Gumpidge to do that."

"Of course it would not unless you explained what you were after. But surely there's some girl among all the tennis playing set whom you like well enough to be able to trust."

"You're the only girl I ever trusted or could trust." Then a new look came into his eyes, and he said slowly:

"Would you—but I know you would not—I say, what an awful lot of nonsense we are talking."

"If you thought that you could play the part convincingly, I don't know that I should mind," she answered gravely. "And if I were quite, quite sure that you cared seriously for Lola—seriously enough, I mean, for your happiness to depend upon whether you married her or not—"

"I care for her so much," he said, "that nothing in my life seems to have any value or any interest except at the points where other things touch her."

"Very well," Edith Helston answered. "I know Lola pretty well, and I believe that the man who appears indifferent to her will be the man she will care for. If you care to play the comedy, I will help you play it. But you will have to play it well. She added, with rather a sad laugh:

"It will take a good deal of acting to convince Lola, or any one else that you could look at another girl while she was by."

"I can play the part well enough," he answered. "You have seen me act, and they say I am rather good at it. But after all, isn't it rather too much like the plots people make on the stage? Do you think it's any good?"

"Just as you like," she said. "But is it fair to you—to give you all this trouble?" he added hastily.

"I don't mind the trouble," she said briskly. "Indeed I shall enjoy it, and it won't—I mean it couldn't be considered unfair to me in the way you said it would be to the Gumpidge girls, because—you may take my confidence in exchange for your own," she said with burning cheeks, but with steady eyes—"I have cared for some one else this long time. That is why I am sorry for you and willing to help you."

Her voice had in it the first soft note he had ever heard there. He sprang up and held out his hand to help her to her feet.

"Thank you," he said, "for telling me that. You give me back my self respect. Now we are on even ground again. And however it turns out, I shall bless you all my life for your help and your goodness."

"Don't let's be sentimental," she said, laughing; "at any rate, when we are by ourselves. Remember we shall have quite enough of playing that part when other people are about."

John Percival was sitting on a

stone in the old quarry, and he felt in the soaked ground with the finger rule of his stick and waiting for Edith Helston. All the glory of August and September had faded from the world, washed away by long days of steady, constant rain.

Now, at the sun setting, the rain had ceased, but a pall of gray cloud dropped above the distant hills. The sky overhead, the ground underfoot, everything green, the very rocks themselves seemed soaked through and through.

A chill wind was rising, and the ground was dank and slippery, but Percival's face was brighter, warmer than it had been on that golden August afternoon when he met Edith Helston for the first time in that place. He turned as her footstep announced her and went to meet her up the narrow path.

"I asked you to meet me," she said hurriedly, "because I have got a lot of things to say to you."

"Let's sit down," he said. "See, I brought this plaid to wrap round you. The wind is rising, and these October evenings—"

She shivered unconsciously, and he wrapped the plaid around her, took his seat at her side and said, "Now."

"I made up my mind last week when I asked you to meet me," she said, "that this comedy of ours, it not to go any longer. It was a piece of folly, but I meant it to end well. I was wrong. I hoped that it would move her. And so it has," she added half to herself.

"You have something more to tell me?"

"Yes, I have. I have this to tell you—that I have played your comedy as well as I could. Have I played it well?"

"You have played it wonderfully," he answered.

"Until last night," she went on, "I hoped it would succeed. Last night I saw Lola's real heart, and I am glad that it has failed."

"It has failed, then?" he asked gloomily.

"I succeeded, and I have made it fail. I will tell you how, if you like, if it is not enough for you to know that Lola never cared for you; that she is incapable of caring for any one."

"No," he said quickly, "that is not enough for me."

The rising wind drove a few belated raindrops against their faces, and the forlorn cry of the plover rang far away over the moor behind them.

"Last night," she said, "Lola came into my room. She came to ask my advice, she said. She was in a difficulty, and this was what the difficulty came to: Young Rogers had offered to marry her, and she liked his smile, and she liked his fortune, and she liked his horses, but she said she liked you better, and wouldn't I give you up to her because you had been fond of her before, and she was sure you would be again if I would only let you."

Miss Helston had set her little teeth together hard and spoke through them.

"That was pleasant for you," he said gently, "but so far it worked as you wished, didn't it?"

"So far," she answered, "it worked as I wished. Then she said that you were the only person she had ever cared for and the only person who had ever left her after caring for her."

"And you, what did you say?"

"What you or any one would have said. I told her that you loved her; that you had only made a confidante of me, and that was why we have been so much together."

"And she?"

"She stood making a hairpin red-hot in the flame of the candle and running it through the wax, and when I told her—oh, indeed I pleaded your cause more warmly than I could have pleaded any cause of my own—she said, 'Then he really cares for me—he has cared for me all the time!' and I said, 'Yes, you had, and then she just said 'Good night' and went away."

"Yes?"

"This morning she told me she was going to marry young Rogers, she had been mistaken in her feelings about you, and then I understood her to the core of her miserable little soul. She can't care for any one, but she can't bear to think there is any one she knows who doesn't care for her. As long as she thought you were somebody else she wanted you. When she found that you were hers, always had been hers, she threw you away and took that Manchester cad. I am very sorry it has all turned out wrong, but indeed it would not have turned out differently even if I hadn't tried to play providence for you."

"Well," he said, "it's all over. I must bear it somehow, I suppose. Thank you a thousand times for all you have done and have tried to do for me."

She had risen from the stone and was standing beside him as he looked forlornly out over the misty gray expanse of the valley.

"I think I will go home alone," she said.

"I am ashamed of the whole thing. For get it and don't let us ever speak of it again, will you? I hope you won't be very unhappy. Goodbye."

He stood holding her hand a minute longer than she would have let it rest in his.

"But we are still friends, aren't we? That wasn't acting?"

"No, that wasn't acting. Only, don't you see, we have nothing much left to be friends about now. Good bye."

He stood, sick at heart, seeking vainly for some word that should keep her by him a little longer. It came to him in a swift rush—all that he had been to him in these last two months, and now, as she said, there was nothing to be friends about, and yet could they not be friends, with no ghost between them, no phantom of his love for Lola?

one had not taken the usual path. It seemed she was in haste to part from him, for she had chosen the steep and difficult way up the sheer quarry side, a dangerous way, as he felt suddenly. No, he could not let her go, not go that way. The quarry side rose sharply above her. He made a step forward and found the words:

"Edith!" he cried, "come back, come down!"

She started and turned her head. Her eyes were half closed. They were dim with tears which she could not stay.

"Take care," he cried and ran toward her through the furze bushes. Then suddenly—neither never knew how it happened—her feet slipped, and he saw her falling, falling. She fell with a sickening thud on the wet clay. He bounded over the rocks and bushes and reached her side. She lay quite still, with one arm doubled under her. Her hat had fallen off, and her head lay on a cushion of thick mud, so that at first he thought she was not hurt much, not so very much. But then he saw that her face was perfectly colorless and that from one corner of her mouth a drop of bright red blood was slowly trickling down her cheek and her white neck.

Then he cried aloud and flung himself on the ground beside her. He got her in his arms, and at the touch of her, Lola, his disappointment, everything in the world, faded, and he and she were left, and she was dead. He would never hear her speak again, never see her face light up at his approach. He felt that she was dead, and then he knew suddenly, surely, that the light of his life had gone out with hers.

"Edith, my life, my love, my heart, come back! It is you I love." But there came no answer. If he had known his heart but five minutes before, she would still have been his to try for. Now there was nothing, nothing left. He kissed her cold face all over. He felt with a strong, sudden rush of hope if her heart yet beat. He could not tell. He thought not.

"Oh, my love, come back!"

He knelt beside her. Her head dropped back over his arm as he clasped her to him and called through the growing darkness of despair, "Come back, my love, come back!"

One brown, bare hand, feebly raised, touched his face for an instant and fell again.

"Edith, Edith, speak to me," he murmured hoarsely, sick with the mingling of hope and despair.

Her lips moved. He laid his ear to them and caught the low, faint whisper:

"Goodbye, my love, my dear. Nothing else matters now. I never loved anybody but you."

The snow was thick on the ground, and the brave sun above touched it to a creamy gleam. The birds were in the air, and the birds came out of their hiding on her husband's arm. Her soft, white, fur-trimmed gown swept over the crimson carpet laid from church porch to lychgate. When the carriage door had shut on the two and the coachman had whipped up the white favored horses, the bridegroom's arms went round the bride.

"Mine," he said. "Mine own, have you nothing to say to me?"

And the bride laid her pale face to his and said, so softly that but for the snow on the ground the carriage wheels would not have let him hear:

"Nothing else matters now. I never loved anybody but you." —St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Part of the Chicago Ceremony.

Mrs. Jackson Parke—You'd never guess what the organist played at the Simpson-Sampson wedding.

Mr. Parke—No. What was it?

"How Long, O Lord, How Long?" —Indianapolis Journal.

The Best Teaching For the Indian.

Captain J. M. Lee of the Ninth United States infantry probably knows as much about the red man as any human being on the face of the earth. In discussing the subject during the last Sioux campaign Captain Lee said: "I want every young Indian to be educated, but the knowledge we feed to him ought to have a commercial value. The Indian who can correctly state the boundaries of Kamchatka has no show whatever alongside of his brother who has no book learning, but who can intelligently earn \$10. Classical education for Indians is simply expensive nonsense."

"When I was in charge of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agency, I had a teacher there who would spell the same word 15 different ways on one page of a letter, but he educated more Indians than any other teacher I ever saw. He taught the boys what a yard was and made them understand the weight of a pound and the value of a dollar. Every boy in his school owned from 10 to 20 head of cattle after studying under him for five years. That is the sort of an education the Indian needs." —Washington Star.

The Etiquette of the Fan.

There is an endless etiquette in the use of fans, and with the Japanese the fan is an emblem of life. The rivet end is regarded as the starting point, and as the rays of the fan expand so the road of life widens out toward a prosperous future. It is also said that the Japanese originally took its shape from their wonderful mountain, Fuji-san, which represents to them all that is beautiful, high and holy. When one begins to understand all this, there comes a salutary feeling of ignorance, and we perceive that the Japanese may claim to be among the great symbolists in the world. A continuance of such study might turn the most hardened European into a Japanophile. —London Spectator.

Judicial Item.

Prisoner—I can't go to jail. I have no time.

Judge—The court provides that I give you 10 days. —Texas Siftings.

Man.

"Man" is the title of a human being, whether the human being is male or female. The first distinction between the sexes among our branch of the human family is of comparatively recent date, arising with the Anglo-Saxons in the time when our ancestors had ceased to make fighting a part of their business. As our forefathers gradually left fighting chiefly to our forefathers and devoted themselves almost wholly to arts, sciences and industries, language re-

HUNGARY'S SPLENDID HORSEMEN.

Magyar Cakes Equally Accomplished With the American Cowboy.

Picturesquely arrayed in a white linen, wide sleeved smock or shirt, embroidered in vivid colors, in loose white trousers, tucked into light high boots and with a bunch of puztas grass and a peacock's or heron's feather in the band of his wide brimmed hat, the Magyar Cakes presents the European counterpart of the North American cowboy, of the South American gaucho and of the African Bedouin. His life is spent on the vast "puztas" or prairies of Hungary in tending the great herds of semi-wild horses, the breeding of which constitutes one of the most profitable and staple features of Magyar industry.

While the summer lasts he often suffers thirst—that thirst which is one of the terrors of prairie and desert life—while his food, which he carries about with him in the little two wheeled, canvas covered cart, which is his only dwelling place, frequently gives out, and he has to wait for many days sometimes before the purveyor of the Csikos comes on his round to replenish the stock of all the scattered members of this strange brotherhood. Courageous, robust, different to both extreme cold and overpowering heat, the Csikos is, as a rule, of middle height, with well cut features, a dark skin, bright and intelligent black eyes and the long pointed mustache known through all Europe as "lamoustache Hongroise."

He wields the lasso with just as much mastery as does the gaucho, and, to my mind, surpasses both the latter and the western cowboy in horsemanship. A perfect rider, he breaks in the colts belonging to his herd without the assistance of either curb, saddle, rein, bit or whip. Simply slinging a rope halter over the young animal's head, he conquers him by the iron pressure of his muscular legs and the magical skill with which he poises his body on the back of his fractious, curving steed. The employers of the Csikos are the nobles and the great nobles. One of the favorite pastimes of the Austrian, and especially of the Hungarian, aristocracy, is horse breeding on a most extensive scale. About four-fifths of the horses of the imperial cavalry come from Hungary, and it is estimated that with the present breeding stock that country could export from 50,000 to 60,000 horses annually.

These Hungarian horses are very strong, with great stamina, and can stand fatigue combined with short rations better than most horses bred elsewhere, while as cavalry mounts they are unsurpassed. The oldest and largest stud farm in Hungary is Mezohegy, which comprises 40,000 acres. It was founded as a royal stud in 1788, and here for more than a century various well established crosses of different breeds, by the effect of climatic conditions, food, etc. In Hungary alone there are in all 150 private stud farms—a very good proof indeed that the government horse breeding establishments by no means interfere with individual enterprise. —New York Tribune.

A Sufficient Reason.

The admission of a stranger who had moved into the vicinity had recently into full membership in the church bothered Deacon Johnson very much. He disliked the man and felt quite convinced he was not worthy to become a member, but he could make no definite charge against him. When the church session had the man's application under consideration, the deacon protested against his admission. When pressed to give his reasons, he said: "Wal, jabsom, de fac' ob de mattah is I feels dat he kin't do nothin' but."

"That's a hehly chadge, Brudder Johnson," said de parson. "Wy do yo' tink so?"

"I dun' know, but it 'pears to me he kin't do nothin' but de rest ob de flock." —New York Telegram.

Never Complused.

A vagrant, carrying spurious papers, was arrested by the gendarmes, who were not prepared to stand any nonsense. They asked him to produce his papers. The tramp showed them a passport which he had stolen, the bearer of which was described as having a wooden leg.

"Why, that is a false passport you have got there!" said one of the policemen. "Where is your wooden leg?"

Confusion of tramp, who was not prepared for this emergency. After a moment's hesitation he replied: "I'll tell you, monsieur le gendarme, I never wear it when I'm traveling." —Paris Evenement.

The Rest and the Ideal.

The practical wife of the long haired poet was watching him wrestle with a fine frenzy.

"How much do you get for what you are doing?" she asked after awhile.

"How much what?" he asked in a tone of surprise.

"How much money, of course."

"Oh, I don't get any money for this. I'm working for glory, my dear."

"Oh, you are?" she said curiously. "Well, you'll have to eat glory for supper, I guess," and she went out and banged the stove seven times with the rolling pin. —Detroit Free Press.

A Time Lock.

Pipkin—Positively I must go home after the next jack pot.

Potts—Wife been scolding you again?

Pipkin—Worse than that. She has had a time lock put on the street door. —New York World.

Consumption of Horse Meat in Paris.

In the survey of the butcher shops one duty is to make sure that horse and mule meats are not masquerading as beef. Not that their sale is forbidden. On the contrary, the municipal laboratory itself has declared this sort of nourishment "an excellent thing." It simply demands that the meat be sold as equine and not bovine, and that the animals which furnish it be not decrepit or diseased. The first point is regulated by establishing shops especially for the sale of horse meat, or if it is sold from a cart or in a regularly licensed butcher shop by requiring that it be marked plainly. The sale of horse meat has grown to remarkable proportions since the first shop was established in 1866. The estimate is that it is eaten now in a third of the Parisian households. In 1891 21,251 horses, 61 mules and 275 asses were sold in the Paris shops. The meat costs about half as much as beef. —McClure's Magazine.

THE NUMBER NINE.

It Has Played an Important Part in All Ages and Countries.

It is not often that a single figure has enjoyed the distinction of being the subject of long study and investigation on the part of a German university professor. But "The Number Nine" is the title of a long and learned article in Am Urquell by Professor Reinhold, rector of the University of Berlin.

"In early times," writes in substance the professor, "the first nine even number (9) and its multiple (9), were considered of special importance, likewise all numbers which contained nine. Heathen philosophers or Christian mystic writers, the legends of nations, the religions of modern peoples, all go to prove the holiness or sanctity of the number nine."

"In ancient Germanic life, in poetry, in religion and law the number nine is met everywhere. It still has its influence in German customs and German belief. In Scandinavian mythology we find groups of nine Walkyries, nine Dises, nine giant mermaids, or women of the sea; nine mothers of the god Heimdal, nine virgins of the Menglod-Rowja and nine dwarfs."

In the middle ages nine heroes were usually grouped together, as is to be seen on the beautiful fountain at Nuremberg and the fountain of the Cologne city hall. In the poetry of the fifteenth century group of nine are favored. Proofs of this are to be found in the festival plays Nos. 38 and 47 of the Keller collection and the poem "The Nine Poor Wanderers" of Hans Sachs.

There were nine judges in Icelandic and Germanic law, known as "the nines." In Lucerne there existed until 1795 the nine men

OLD TIME BAKERS.

How They Were Punished For Bad Bread and Food Adulteration.

The adulteration of food has always been severely punished, probably more severely than any other form of cheating, and the watchful eye of the law has been directed more toward the baker than to his fellow tradesmen. At all times and in all countries the slightest delinquency on the part of the man who makes our daily bread has been visited with exemplary punishment. During the middle ages scarcely any spectacle was so pleasing to the people of central Europe as that of the public punishment of the cheating baker. The penalties inflicted on swindling bakers included confiscation of property, deprivation of civil and other rights, banishment from the town for certain periods, bodily punishment, the pillory and the "gibbet."

If a baker was found guilty of an offense against the law, he was arrested and kept in custody until the gibbet was ready for him. It was erected as nearly as possible in the middle of the town, the beam projecting over a stagnant pool. At the end of the beam was a pulley, over which ran a rope fastened to a basket large enough to hold a man. The baker was forced into the basket, which was drawn up to the beam. There he hung over the muddy pool, the butt of the jeers and missiles of a jubilant crowd. The only way to escape was to jump into the dirty water and run through the crowd to his home, and if he did not take the jump willingly he was sometimes helped out of the basket by means of a pole.

In some towns a large cage was used instead of a basket, and instead of taking a jump the culprit was lowered into the filthy pool and drawn up again several times until the town authorities thought he had had enough. In some parts of Turkey it was until recently the rule to punish a baker who did not give full weight by nailing his ear to the door post. If he were out when the officers of justice arrived, his son or his servant was punished in his stead, as the authorities were very much averse to making their men do the journey twice.—Ashton Reporter.

The Order of the Garret.

Lord Melbourne used to say that there was only one order in the world worth having, and that was the Garret, because there was no merit attached to it at all, and that was what made it the first order in Europe. And therein Lord Melbourne showed his usual shrewdness. The distinction men love best is the distinction which, instead of making a man distinguished, merely singles him out as already being so distinguished that no reason needs to be given for distinguishing him further. The Garret practically says: "Here is the man whom every one will distinguish, and no one will distinguish him further."

And that is precisely the kind of testimony which men value most. What they desire to think of themselves is not that they are distinguished, but that they are distinguished by others. The reason for this is that honor is a natural consequence of their being what they are. "Merit" is something earned by effort and labor. But what people love most is distinction which is quite independent of effort and labor, which is imbedded in their nature like genius or manner or breeding. To be well bred is not at a man's own command.—London Spectator.

Intermarriage in Germany.

Matrimony in Germany is a singular institution. There are many restrictions, such as a complement of formalities to be submitted to that marriage is rather unpopular than otherwise. The prevailing idea is to keep money in the family, and to attain this end the people, so sensible and level headed in many respects, are willing to go any lengths. A man may even have for his wife his cousin, his aunt, his stepmother and his sister-in-law combined—be doesn't care so long as he has a hold on the money. The number of marriages among first cousins is countless and the results appalling. How many shows there are in the fatherland I should not like to say. So that he may keep the money in his family is quite a common occurrence for an uncle to marry his niece, and a man will sometimes wed his brother's widow. The marriage knot does not require any great effort in breaking in Germany. One of the most like and incompatible of temper are sufficient reasons for divorce.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Saw Enough.

A well known confessor recounts that the most successful feat he ever performed was not only the simplest, but absolutely involuntary. He was bound for America on a professional tour, but made the voyage as a private person. He was playing a rubber in the smoking room, and after having won a game was shuffling the cards for a fresh deal when he unfortunately drew them out to their full length as he was wont to do on the stage. His opponent, instead of cutting them, rose from his seat. "No, sir," he said significantly, "there is your money, but no more whist."—London Tit-Bits.

CUSTOMS OF COSTERS.

They Lead a Precarious Life, but Are Philosophers All the Time.

A writer in the London Quiver says that the costers are now a large class. Though the coster's work is extremely hard and his profits are precarious he lives for a good purpose. When he speaks of himself as "a general dealer," he means that he trades in anything which enables him to turn an honest penny. His ordinary mode of life is even lower than is meant by living from hand to mouth. When he turns out in the small

hours of the morning to look round the markets, he may not even know whether this traffic for the day will consist in fish, vegetables or fruit. He may take a hasty penny breakfast in the street and then go to Billingsgate with the idea of "loading up" with the first, only to find that everything is too dear, and then he must be away to Spitalfields or Covent Garden. When he thus arises with the lark, he cannot tell whether he will have "a good day" or a very poor one.

The most despairing time of all is when the markets all round are too dear to allow of the narrow being "loaded up." If the coster can clear 2 or 3 shillings in the day, he will not be downhearted, and should he earn nothing, or even make a loss, he looks at the coster as philosophically as one could expect. There are shrewd business men among the costers who rise into thriving shopkeepers. The bank establishment for their own use teaches them to save, and the evening for receiving deposits will be one of the liveliest of the week. The fact is also learned that there is strength in unity, so that the London Union of General Dealers in its way exercises as far-reaching an influence as a city guild.

The chairman might correctly have described himself in the words of one of his brethren, "I am a devoted person, but I know what's what." He proved this characteristic by rising into a thriving tradesman, having one or two shops, and when on one occasion his errand boy stole a box containing nearly 100 sovereigns the police went west, but he believed that such a man had so much money to be stolen. The fact was as stated, however, and the "general dealer" still continued to make progress, while he was well known to Lord Shaftesbury, who publicly alluded to him as "My friend."

PLAYING IN THE GARRET.

Some of the Resources and Pleasures of the Playroom Under the Roof.

"There is one delight," said a man who was reared in a small town, "that I suppose many children born in great cities never know, and that is the delight of playing in the garret. Many city children, to be sure, have relatives in the country or in smaller cities or towns where they have visited, who live in houses with garrets, and these know something of the delights of the garret, but there must be many city children who never even heard of the name."

"For myself, I remember well a garret to which I used to climb in rainy weather up a steep and narrow flight of stairs. It was warm and rather stuffy in the garret, but the rain made music on the shingled roof, and the garret itself was full of treasures. There was room, to begin with, space to move about in, though you needed to look out a little for the timber in the sloping roof. There was a swing from two or three beams, and we used to swing and swing in that and never get tired of it. There was a chimney up through this garret, a deal of smoke came around this chimney until we couldn't run any more. There was a great lot of old magazines, and these were an unfailing source of delight. There were old books in queer type, and with strange looking pictures. There were queer old hair covered trunks, with round tops, studded with brass headed nails. In these trunks and around in the garret were curious, old fashioned men's clothes, and the most extraordinary gowns and capes and hats of women—not fancy costumes, but the real things, such as they actually wore many years ago, and looking stranger than anything you could hire at a costumer's. We used to dress up sometimes in these old, old things and parade around in the garret and have great times generally, and so forgot ourselves in the delights of the garret that the very world itself looked strange when we came down stairs and back to it."

"What is there in the big city that takes the place of the garret?"—New York Sun.

A Campaign Relic.

A relic of the presidential campaign of 1874, consisting of a copper coin used by the opponents of Andrew Jackson, is in the possession of Ira H. Benjamin of Romeo, Mich. On one side, encircling the center, are the words: "Perish Credit, Perish Commerce, 1874." In the center is the figure of a hog running, with the words, "My Third Heart" on it. Above the hog, "My Victory." Below it, "Down With the Bank." On the other side, encircling the center, are the words, "My Substitute For the U. S. Bank." In the center is a medalion of Jackson, and below it the words, "Experiment My Currency. My Glory."—Chicago Herald.

Catarrh.

Many cases of catarrh might be avoided, and others greatly relieved, if at the first sign of any trouble in the "early smuffles" period the nose and throat were thoroughly sprayed at least once a day with one part of listerine mixed with two parts of water. A throat specialist thinks this treatment as much a part of the good and cleanly toilet as brushing the teeth or hair or bathing.

GETTING USED TO THE ELEVATED.

A Bit of Horse Training That the Spectators Watched With Interest.

A man on a sprightly, good looking bay horse rode the other evening along the short block in Thirty-second street between Broadway and Sixth avenue, going west. When he came to the elevated railroad in Sixth avenue, the horse stopped. He wouldn't go under it. The man sat there for a moment, and then he wheeled the horse and came back to about the middle of the block. There he wheeled again and faced west toward the elevated and halted and sat there quietly. Two or three men and boys stopped and looked on.

Presently he started again, and again the horse went long all right until he came to the elevated, and there once more he halted. The rider stood there for a moment, as before, and then he came back to the middle of the block and turned and faced west again. This time the horse

walked around a bit and shivered some inclination to leave things his own way at the end of the line, too, but the rider quickly had him under control and standing steady. Fifty people or so were now looking on. They were scattered along the curb on both sides of the block, and there was a little bunch of spectators on each of the west corners of Sixth avenue. The man was in no hurry, he just sat there, and he didn't fret the horse.

Second ride, and he was a cool, level headed man. It was odds that he would win, but the spectators watched and waited for the outcome with interest.

Pretty soon he started the horse again, and again he stopped at the elevated. It so happened that at that moment a train was approaching. The rider held the horse squarely in place until it had fully passed. Then he wheeled again, and this time he did not stop in the block, but kept right on and around into Broadway and up two or three rods and halted there. Two minutes later he came around the corner again briskly. This time there was something about the horse that seemed to indicate that he was going through all right, and he did. He came along down the block squarely and smoothly, and then he kept right on under the elevated and across Sixth avenue without a skip or a break, and the level headed man on his back didn't lash him or do anything whatever to emphasize his victory. He just rode him as though nothing whatever had happened.—New York Sun.

The Origin of a Cake.

Here is the story of the origin of the famous Berwick sponge cake, the eating of which at the restaurant at that place used to be one of the events of travel over the Eastern railroad. Along in the sixties the dining room at Berwick was kept by a Mrs. B. One day she was mixing some dough for a cake, when she was called away to another room. She left the bowl of dough on the table, and her little daughter, a child of 5 or 6 years, in the room. When she returned, she found the child had emptied into the dish an article the name of which I am not at liberty to mention.

Knowing that it was not injurious, Mrs. B. decided to put the cake into the oven and bake it as it was. The result was the Berwick sponge cake, in all its glory. It was praised by all who ate it, and where the next batch was made the same ingredients were used. The cake became famous, especially with travelers. They would buy whole loaves and carry them on their journey or take them home.

Mrs. B. retired from the railway dining room business 15 years ago, having made a comfortable little sum of money, largely from the sale of the cake. For many years she kept the secret. Finally she was taken very sick and sent for her son-in-law, the husband of the girl who discovered the cake and told it to him. Subsequently it was soon to a baker. The girl who discovered the cake is now the wife of a well known Boston railroad man.—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

A Potent Argument.

A suit was brought a few years ago by the people of a certain quarter in Montreal against a manufactory company. The vile odors of the chemicals used in the works, they alleged, had made the neighborhood untenable and lessened the value of their property.

Judge and jury were inclined to turn a deaf ear to the complaint. The company was rich and powerful, and "an alleged smell," as their counsel declared, "was too intangible a grievance to grasp."

One of the opposing counsel was seen to go out and not long after returned with two glass retorts.

"Here," he said in the course of his plea for his clients, "are the offending subjects of our contention." He passed them to the judge and then to the jury, who smelled them and smilingly declared them pure and odorless.

"But," said the counsel, "the company mixes them!" He suddenly poured the contents of one of the retorts into the other, and the nauseous fumes of hydro-sulphuric acid or sulphuretted hydrogen filled the air. Judge, jury and spectators choked for breath. It was necessary to adjourn court until the next day, when heavy damages were at once awarded to the plaintiffs.—Youth's Companion.

HE DISLIKED THE DRUNKARD.

But He Gave the Professional Billiard

"In addition to the many other accomplishments which made the late William Hayden Edwards one of the best equipped men in the world, he was a graceful and expert billiard player," said Howard Seymour. "A good many years ago he played about the best game I ever saw for a gentleman. I remember once when we were together in Baltimore we dropped out of a passing shower. We went into the billiard room and were attracted by a crowd looking at a game between a clean cut, sprightly, confident young man, and a flushed, heavily built man, who appeared to be a naval officer, and who was pretty nearly too far gone in liquor to see a ball across the table."

"It was evident that the dapper individual was a sharper and was engaged in fleecing his antagonist. Edwards looked angry in a minute, but said nothing. When the game was finished, a bystander handed some money to the sharper who had won, when the loser looked in our direction and espied Hayden. He gave no sign of recognition save the slightest sort of a wink and then addressed his opponent. 'You can beat me easy,' he remarked, 'but I can pick a man in the room who can do the same by you.' The other immediately expressed his willingness to play any body for any amount. And the naval

officer, for such he turned out to be and an acquaintance of Hayden's, staggered about the crowd, apparently aimlessly, and creased against Edwards. Under his breath he whispered that the professional had won \$50 from him, and then out loud he announced that he would select "this little fellow," as he designated Edwards, as his champion. He once again bent his head, and, with some beating of his heels, pulling out some bills, the money was quickly exchanged, and Edwards selected his cue from the rack.

"The game was 100 points, and Hayden won the bank and made 28. His opponent made a miscue and Hayden exactly duplicated his run. The sharper made a few caroms and slipped up on a draw shot, leaving the balls in the corner, whereupon my friend got them in the jaw and ran the 44 points necessary to make the game. Hayden put up his cue without glancing at his antagonist, and we walked out. 'I detect that drunken lout,' he remarked, 'but I hate a professional billiard room thief a great deal more and made up my mind to give that one a lesson.' The naval man overtook us at that moment and he took us to the bar to get rid of him and his exuberant gratitude."—Washington Star.

Smoke Combustion.

The new system of smoke combustion adopted in some of the English plants is reported as proving decidedly satisfactory as compared with previous arrangements. The apparatus is fitted in a furnace having bars four feet long, the height from the bars to the top of the furnace being 15 inches, and about seven inches from the far ends of the bars an arch is placed five inches deep, by means of which the smoke is turned downward upon and through the fire.

Below the bars a door is placed three feet from the front, by means of which the amount of draft allowed at the back of the furnace is regulated and a more equal proportion forced up the front. By this door the bars are kept cool, owing to the additional quantity of air, and thus prevent the smoke as it passes through the fire, thus assisting in its combustion. The published statements in this case show that by the use of such a system a saving of over 25 per cent has been effected, the quantity of smoke has been greatly reduced and the residue from the furnace in the shape of clinkers is diminished 50 per cent.—New York Sun.

The Sun Slowly Turning Tip.

Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer royal of Ireland, says that there is a distinct hint to man's existence upon this planet being that the length of that period will be controlled by the final exhaustion of the sun. It is supposed that the sun's energy at least four-fifths of the energy with which he was originally endowed and that without being reinvigorated by some extraordinary process cannot hold out more than 10,000,000 years longer, and possibly not more than 4,000,000 years. The series of figures from which he deduces this startling result may also be juggled around in such a manner as to show the age of our great luminary, which the professor has set down at 18,000,000 years.—St. Louis Republic.

The Champion Neat Man.

A Leviston man made a sensation the other night by ordering a 35 cent steak in a restaurant, and when he had eaten half of it paid 18 cents for it and was going out. "You owe me some more money," called the restaurant keeper. "I did not eat it all. You can't make me pay for what I don't eat." And so it was that he butted up his coat and went out, abusing the restaurant keeper in good round United States.—Lewiston Journal.

A CANINE DETECTIVE.

Calico's, a dog with a Good Nose For Train Robbers.

There is the name of a remarkable bloodhound that is owned by Henry Beck of the C. & N. & St. Paul railway company. Tiger has wonderful ability and scenting powers, although he is but little over a year old. Tiger played an important part in the chase after Evans and Soutag and was employed by the Southern Pacific detectives to trail the robbers in the mountains of Tulare county. Detective Will Smith secured several large ferocious bloodhounds to scent out the robbers' lair, and among these was Tiger, who so far "outscented" his rivals that he was thereafter looked upon as somewhat of a phenomenon in his peculiar line of business.

On one occasion, when Burns or one of the railroad company's men was in the neighborhood of the stone corral, Tiger was in advance, yelping like a whipped cat and flying along at a great rate with his nose close to the ground. He had never manifested such an excited disposition before. The detective followed the dog for fully 30 minutes, keeping his dog at a gallop all the while. Suddenly the bound ran up to a haystack and lay closely alongside of it, his nose pointed straight toward a clump of bushes.

Crack! Whiz! A bullet sped from the spot indicated by Tiger's proclivities and whistled close to the officer's ear. The latter raised his pistol and fired in the direction of the shot, but as Tiger was in the line of aim he received the bullet intended for the robber. It was a painful but not a serious wound. The dog never whimpered nor whined, but laid his head on the ground and calmly waited until his master ordered him to rise. This wound was only a flesh wound and soon healed.

Tiger was then taken to Fresno and tenderly cared for. The detectives and marshals used to say: "He's one

of us. We'll have to take good care of him." The railroad company of forced a big price for Tiger, but his owner says he would not part with the dog for any price.—San Francisco Call.

Carpeaux's Unconventionalities.

The sculptor Carpeaux was always a bohemian and generally absent-minded. Lusted once to the Tuilleries by Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie, he pulled out his pipe after dinner, filled it, and discovered that he had no matches took a scrap of paper, climbed on a chair and lighted the pipe from the great chandelier above the table. "You don't mind smoking, do you, madam?" he said to the empress. He once accepted from a rich patron an order to make a sculptured group representing the Cyclops Polyphemus crushing the youth Aeneas under a rock.

Carpeaux had no sooner accepted the commission than he regretted it, for the subject had no fascinations whatever for him. He put the matter off again and again, but was urgently pressed to begin it by his patron. At last one day Carpeaux took the impatient patron to his studio and showed him a great rough block of unpolished clay. "There is your group," said the sculptor. "My group? Where?" "Why, this is the rock." "That's all very well, but where is Aeneas?" "Under the rock—crushed quite out of sight, of course." "But where is Polyphemus?" "Oh, he! Why, do you think he would remain anywhere about after he had done a thing like that?" This was far as the classical "group" ever got.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Sweet Potato Diet.

"There is a negro in Georgia who, has eaten nothing but sweet potatoes for 10 years," said R. E. Moreton at the Burnet. "It arose in a wager, at the Burnet, that if a white man would eat nothing but sweet potatoes for a month he would be presented with \$5. It was supposed that, like quail, it would soon fall upon his taste to such an extent that he could not swallow them, but it didn't. Sam finished up the month and got his money. Then, having formed a great love for sweet potatoes and finding that he saved money by eating nothing but them, he has been hearty and healthy, eats three meals a day of his vegetables and works hard."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Points He Lacked.

"Why don't you call me a donkey and have done with it? You've hinted at it long enough," he snarled out. "It wouldn't be quite true," she replied.

"I suppose not. I suppose I haven't ears enough for that animal," he retorted sarcastically. "Oh, yes, you have," she returned sweetly. "You don't need any more ears."

Expansion and Contraction of Air.

If a hole could be sunk into the bowels of the earth to a depth of 40 miles, the density of the air which would collect at the bottom would be greater than that of quicksilver on the surface. The same law of reasoning teaches that if a cubic inch of surface air could be taken to a height of 4,000 miles it would expand sufficient to fill a space of 2,000,000,000 miles in diameter.—St. Louis Republic.

THE CREATION.

A Babylonian Tradition of the Formation of the World and Mankind.

From Berceus, a learned Babylonian, who wrote about the year 230 B. C., the following curious account of creation is taken: "In the beginning all was darkness and water, and therein were generated monstrous animals and men of strange and peculiar form. Some of these latter were menlike creatures with two wings, and some even with four. Some had one head and two faces; others two heads with a single face between. Sometimes a single body would have heads both of the male and the female. Besides the above there were men with heads and horns like goats, men with hoofs like horses, and some with the upper part of a man joined to the lower parts of a horse, like centaurs. Then there were bulls with wings and human heads, dogs with four bodies and with fishes' tails, men and horses with dog's heads, creatures with heads and bodies like horses, but with claws like lions and tails like fish. Besides these there were other monsters showing a mixture of the forms of various beasts."

"Moreover, there were monstrous fish and reptiles and divers other creatures which had borrowed something from each other's shapes, of all of which the likelessness are still preserved in the Temple of Belus. A woman ruled all these monsters, and her name was Omorka, which is the same as the Chaldee Thalthath and the Greek Thalassa. Then Belus appeared. He split the woman in twain and of one half of her he made the heavens and of the other half the earth, and the monsters which she had ruled became to perish. And he split the darkness and divided the heavens from the earth and put all the world in order. Belus then commanded one of the gods to cut off his head and to mix the blood with the foam forth with the earth and to form man and beast therefrom. So man was made and was intelligent and was a partaker of wisdom. Like-wise Belus made the stars, the sun, the moon and the planets."—St. Louis Republic.

A Pretty Experiment.

Take the convex side of a watch glass upon water so as to leave a drop hanging on the glass. Pour a little ether into the concave side and blow upon it. The rapid evaporation of the ether will render the glass so cold that the drop of water will be frozen.—Toronto Mail.

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Laszt when studying the piano was accustomed, as a regular occupation, to practice 10 hours a day. To the end of his professional career he every day played the scales, as he said, to limber his fingers.

Men who work for many years in tinware factories experience dull pains in the joints, caused by the fumes of the acid softening the lime in the bones.

Curious.

"When the contribution plate is passed in church," said Mr. Gurgible, "the man who puts in a one or a two dollar bill is pretty apt to fold it at least twice; in that shape it makes a very pleasing little patch of green in the plate, but one in which figures are not conspicuous, while the man who puts in a bigger bill is, I think, a little more apt to omit the second fold. I don't know exactly how to account for this, but I think there must be something about bills of the larger denominations that tends to make a man absentminded."—New York Sun.

Believe Wars.

Believe, the famous egg-shell porcelain, was originally made in Ireland. Some years ago an enterprising firm at Trenton conceived the idea of making that ware in this country. Especially encouraged were they in doing so because they found precisely the materials best adapted for this production. A workman from the original factory began the task and succeeded so well that it was not long before almost all the fire expert force came over to this country to work in the Trenton factory. Believe is the most plausible and delicate ware imaginable. Some of the pieces appear as though made of lattice work of strands not larger than ordinary wrapping twine. The solid pieces are so thin that one might almost read black face type through them, and so delicate are they that an ordinary snail piece could be crushed in the hand like an eggshell.

It is a favorite ware for artists to decorate, but there is more or less risk in handling it, and the thing has to be conducted with the utmost care. But when the pieces are finished and out of the kiln they are things of beauty and joy—until they are broken. Ladies who decorate china will find it most interesting to try a few pieces of this exquisite ware.—New York Ledger.

VOL. VIII.

1877

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VOL. VIII. NO. 6.

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Don't Think you can do better in Boston or anywhere else until you look over our goods and prices.
Don't Buy poor Tea of irresponsible peddlers because you get a piece of crockery worth a trifle and pay double price for the tea.
Don't Think we haven't what you want in stock because we don't mention it here. We would have to name all the goods in our line.
Don't Eat too much meat in this hot weather but look over our line of light goods, such as Cereals, Fancy and Plain Cakes and Crackers of all kinds.
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Garner's Proof.

Professor Garner, the famous student of the so-called simian language, is firmly convinced that physically the quadrumanus are closely allied to man. "If there were any doubt of this," he said one day, "it would be dissipated by the fact that the female gorilla ten times more talking than the males. Indeed," he added laughingly, "when the female monkeys become excited and express themselves with indignant fluency the males sit by and scratch their heads, looking as if they had forgotten every word in their limited vocabulary."

Self Examination.

Let not sleep fall upon thy eyes till thou hast thrice examined the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act and proceed, and in conclusion at the ill which thou hast done be troubled and rejoice for the good.—Pythagoras.

The South African British colonies had in 1840 a population of 140,000. At present it is 1,800,000, with a business of £17,000,000 and 1,800 miles of railway.

A GARDEN OF LONG, LONG AGO.

I can see long back in fancy, in kaleidoscope view,
Mid the dicing disk of time rings that my mind is gazing through,
A fairland of beauty, which my early childhood knew,
Where the purest, sweetest flowers and the softest mosses grew.

The paths were softly outlined by a bordering of box,
The flower beds flashed brightly with marigold and phlox,
While the grapevines grew precisely in a fashion orthodox,
To evade the crafty cunning of each spoiling two legged fox.

I can see the drooping pear tree stooping low to touch the ground,
And deposit ripened sweetness where it soonest could be found,
While the honey bees grew heavy, as they circled round and round,
And clapped their wings in soft applause, with hazy, happy sound.

The currants flashed to crimson 'neath the brightness of the sun
Until, all red and rosy, they shook their heads for fun,
And tumbled off demurely in the green grass,
To wait until the children adown the pathway ran.

And then—the very best of all—the merry little brook
That dashed along and splashed along with circling curve and crook,
Yet held its little mirrors where the lilies bent to look
And gave us tiny concerts from a natural music book.

As I tell myself the story my heart is all aglow
With reverberating pleasures that from the happy days grow,
So I write down glimpses of it, that others, too, may know
The sweetness and completeness of the distant long ago.

—Alice Cray in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Wellington Issue.

Once during the Iron Duke's campaign in the Pyrenees it happened that General Picton's disposition for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult displeased him. The danger threatened from in front, and the difficulty lay in delaying the attack until Wellington could effect the change he wished. He was, as usual, equal to the occasion. Waving his hat in the air, he galloped to the front of the regiment as if he meant to order a charge. The whole of Picton's line cheered tremendously, and as the roar died away Wellington was heard to remark, half to himself: "Soult is a cautious commander and will not attack in force with-out ascertaining the necessity of these cheers. That will leave time for the Sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him." This was exactly what happened, and Soult sustained a bloody repulse where he might have won an easy victory.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Tea, Coffee and Digestion.

A German physiologist, Schultz-Schultzenstein, subjected chopped boiled egg to artificial digestion with hydrochloric acid, adding in different cases pure water, tea and coffee. The percentage of albumen digested by the pure acid was 94, with the water 92, with the tea 66 and with the coffee 61. Thus the addition of pure water affected the digestion little, but the tea and coffee lessened it very materially. In this experiment the egg was chopped into millimeter cubes. In a previous trial, in which the egg was not chopped so fine, the presence of tea and coffee was even more unfavorable.—London Public Opinion.

One Thing More to Do.

The story is told of brave old General Jim Steadman that during the thickest of the battle at Chickamauga he dashed up to a retreating brigade and shouted:
"Face about, boys! We must hold this point!"
"But, general," said a brave officer, "we have done everything that brave and patriotic men can do for their country."

"What! Everything? Blank blank it, you haven't died yet!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Evolution.

"At your age, sir," said the indignant parent, "I was glad to get corn bread and bacon for my breakfast."

"I don't doubt it, sir," returned the dutiful son. "Nor do I doubt that some of my still more remote ancestors were glad to eat coconuts and raw grasshoppers."—Indianapolis Journal.

Florida is making a decided success in pineapple culture, exceeding Cuba in this respect. In the cultivation of bananas Florida is not a success, even in special sections which were deemed favorable.

It is said that in Maine there are 95 towns and settlements where no religious services of any sort are held, and more villages in Illinois without the gospel than in any other state in the Union.

The whalebone of commerce is simply the ballean plates which take the place of teeth in certain species of whales.

The largest oil painting in the world is by Tintoretto, entitled "Paradise." It is 334 feet in height and 84 feet in width.

Meriden, Conn., includes among her inhabitants a naturalized Chinaman, who is a veteran of the late war.

A boy at Zeitz, Germany, taught his dog to pronounce 31 words—24 German and 7 French.

AILMENTS OF COOKS.

Diseases to which they are peculiarly liable and their cause of origin.

Parisians as well as foreigners who take their meals in the sumptuous and more or less palatial restaurants of Paris seldom give a thought either to the places in which are prepared the dishes served to the professional maladies of most of those who prepare these dishes. A study of the kitchens and cooks of Paris is interesting, because there are more than 3,500 of the latter, because they contain a corporation and are divided into mutual aid societies.

Of very limited dimensions, the kitchens of the great restaurants of Paris are as a general thing situated below the sewers, without air, without light, except what can be got from glass lights or openings in the pavement. The gas is burning there constantly and causes a heat which, added to that of the fires, makes these cellars a veritable place of torture, in which thousands of workmen, dripping with sweat, pass the greater part of the day in preparing the dishes which are afterward served to us.

Examination shows that there are no places where more maladies exist than in the Parisian kitchens.

Two respectable physicians who attend to the medical service of the Mutual Aid Society of the Corporation of Cooks of Paris ought to know something about the matter, and in order not to be taxed with exaggeration on this subject we cannot do better than give the testimony of these medical men. The cooks of Paris, say these gentlemen, are not only those of Paris, but also those of the large cities—for the hygienic conditions under which these cooks work are everywhere the same—generally suffer from alcoholism, anæmia, rheumatism, liver complaint, pulmonary tuberculosis. Besides nearly all of them have varicose veins, hernia, ulcers and affections of the skin.

These infirmities are so frequent that it has been necessary to change the rules for admission to the society, those having the maladies named having been formally refused admission. The need of being constantly on their feet, and the heat of the fires, the fumes of the stoves, and the quench the thirst which consumes them, the cooks are obliged to drink, and as barley water or water mixed with wine or coffee does not strengthen them sufficiently, and as, moreover, the stomach is disordered by emanations from the gas and coal, they take alcoholic drinks, very month, absinthe and an endless series of bitters. Once started on this road, the cooks become either alcoholic or dyspeptic; the liver is attacked; vomiting and chronic diarrhoea are frequent.

The sudden variations of temperature to which these men, of from 25 to 30 years, are exposed on quitting the range to go outdoors or to the refrigerators predisposes them to rheumatism and phthisis. Finally we allude to the burns, the wittows, the chaps and ulcerations of the hands, which are customary with dishwashers and pot cleaners, to point out that such affections are very difficult to cure.—Journal des Economistes.

How He Lost Her.

"Women are mighty queer creatures," said the middle aged man. Nobody had the hardihood to dispute so evident a proposition, and the middle age man went on:

"Something—I guess it was the moon and the weather—set me to thinking of my first love affair. I was only 20 years old and as much in love as a boy can get at that age."

I had been keeping pretty steady company with her for six months, when one night she nearly took my breath away by asking me point blank:

"When are you going to ask me to marry you?"
"It came so sudden I was stumped, and all I could say was that I would come around tomorrow evening and attend to the matter."

"And did you?"
"I did, and I found that she had gone out driving with my hated rival, and I have been wondering yet what her answer would have been if I had asked her without being prompted."—Cincinnati Tribune.

An Outrage on Justice.

There is an innate sense of justice in human beings which rebels at seeing one person punished for another's fault.

A little girl who made too much noise in the early morning in her sick mother's room was put out in the hall, and soon after a miserable rag doll, of which she was very fond, was tossed out to her.

This was the last straw.
Snatching up her beloved and hugging it tightly in her arms, with streaming eyes, she sobbed out to her grandmother:

"I wouldn't 'a' tared, but what had Judy done?"—Boston Globe.

The loss of champagne by bursting bottles sometimes amounts to as much as 25 per cent.

THEORIES ABOUT BALDNESS.

Why Does the Hair Fall Out on the Top of the Head and Not Elsewhere?

A question that often arises, and is seldom answered twice in the same way is as to why the hair falls out on the top of the head and not at the back and on the sides. The old fashioned theory is that baldness occurs within the lines marked by a man's hat, and as nobody has ever offered conclusive proof to the contrary that explanation may be the correct one.

The case was stated the other day to two very intelligent barbers. One of them thought that the reason why baldness occurred at the top of the head was that the brain came closest to the surface there, and this being an age in which many brains are kept going at high tension the abnormal amount of blood thus carried to the cranium produced a kind of fever in the upper scalp. Fevers, as is well known, often result in the falling out of the hair.

The second barber gave variety to the discussion by enlarging upon the notion that he had formed from the observation and reflection of many years.

"You will notice," said he, "that the first hair a baby has comes in on the top of the head and falls out before the child is many weeks old. The hair that comes to stay grows thicker and stronger on the sides and at the back, and I have an idea that the growth on the top of the head is always the weakest from infancy on to old age."

"But how do you account for the fact that women do not grow bald as men do?" queried a skeptical listener.

"Account for it? I don't have to account for it," replied the ready witted second barber. "It isn't so. Why, I used to work in an establishment where they had nine chairs in the men's department and 11 in the women's, and I want to tell you that I learned something there that the average man and the average barber, too, for that matter, doesn't know. If you could appreciate as I do the number of women who have false hair so artistically arranged that nobody can tell it from their own natural tresses, you wouldn't ask why men grow bald and the other sex doesn't."

Hairdressers have their pet theories on this subject as well as barbers, and some of them are very plausible. But if you should ask a doctor who was not ashamed to confess his ignorance the chances are that he would tell you that a show laugh about it.—Washington Star.

Blood Stains.

To the present day the superstition is rife that blood stains cannot be washed out. During the French revolution 40 priests were massacred in the Carmelite chapel at Paris, and the stains, so called, of their blood are pointed out today.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," declares that the blood stains of David Rizzio, the Italian private secretary of Mary, queen of Scots, who was stabbed at Holyrood palace by certain Protestant leaders of her court, aided by her husband, Darnley, are still to be seen.

In Lancashire the natives show a stone called the "bloody stone," which was so marked to show heaven's displeasure at some of Cromwell's soldiers' atrocities at Galloway Croft. In "Macbeth," act 5, scene 1, Shakespeare alludes to the idea, "Yet here's a spot."

The truth is blood cannot be easily expunged. In the first place, if that of a murdered person, it is not attempted. In the next place, blood contains oxide of iron, which sinks deep into the fiber of wood and proves indelible to ordinary washing. Thus it is true that stones of a porous nature and wood, not of the hardest kind are susceptible to the stain of blood produced by the oxide of iron which the blood contains. But the blood of a pig is as good as that of a murdered man.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Shower of Wheat.

In the year 1696 or thereabouts it was a report in Bristol and thereabouts that it rained wheat about this Town and six or seven Miles round, and many believed it. One Mr. Cole being curious to find out the Truth of the old Phenomenon procured several Parcels of it, and upon diligent Examination of them with magnifying Glasses, judged from the Taste, Figure, Size and Smell that they were seeds of Ivy berries, driven by a strong Wind from the Holes and Chinks of Houses, Churches and other Buildings, where Starlings and other Birds had laid or dropped them, but if so it's strange that they should fall in so great Quantities in so many Places.—Cox's "Magna Britannia."

A Thief Rewarded.

A thief in the act of breaking into a safe was greatly astonished on looking up to see a gentleman quietly watching his proceedings. He tried to escape, but the gentleman stopped him.

"Go on, my friend," he said. "I am greatly interested in your work."

"How is that?" inquired the astonished thief.

"Because I have lost the key to this safe. If you can open it, you shall be well rewarded for your trouble."—Arlequin.

Curious.

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not the same length?" "I really don't know, sir, but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

—Boston Woman's Journal.

De Maurier's Women.

Speaking of "Trilby," have you ever noticed what an important part eyebrows play in De Maurier's faces? No matter how small the face, the eyebrows stand out as the most characteristic feature.—Critic.

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BAD BOOKS.

The Catholic Church strictly and wisely prohibits the reading of any books that are written by those who have fallen from the Faith, or teach a false doctrine, or impugn the Faith, or defend errors. And that for this plain and sound reason: the Church knows very well that it is not one in a thousand who is able to unravel the subtlety of infidel objections. How many of you have gone through for yourselves the evidence upon which the authenticity, genuineness, and inspiration of the Book of Daniel rests? Have you verified the canon of the Old and New Testament? Have you mastered the philosophical refutation of Atheism? Would you advise your children to read sceptical criticisms of Holy Scripture, or the argument of Deists? If not, why read them yourselves? You know perfectly well that the human mind is capable of creating many difficulties of which it is incapable of finding a solution. The most crude and ignorant mind is capable of taking in what can be said against truth. Destruction is easy; construction needs time, industry and care. To gather evidence, or to ascertain the traditions of the Church, needs learning and labour, of which only they are capable whose life is given to it.

S. Alphonsus wrote a treatise upon the danger of bad books, and involved himself in a contest with some of the ministers of government by its publication. To a mind illuminated as his, the havoc made by bad books was evident as the light. The great French Revolution, and the infidelity and impurity of the Voltairian school were then just beginning to penetrate into Italy. What would he have judged of the world at this time, and of this country, in which the plague of books covers the land? Evil men, evil lives, evil examples, spread a moral pestilence openly and powerfully; but nothing spreads falsehood and evil more surely and deeply than a bad book. The sower who sowed the seed of the kingdom ordained that His Church, by its living voice and its writings, should cover the face of the earth with truth and purity. The infallible voice of the Church, and the inspired and unspiced writings of its children, have spread the knowledge of God and of His kingdom throughout the world; and sustained it to this day. But the sower no sooner reached the end of the furrow, when the enemy came, treading in his footsteps, and sowing upon the same soil the tares and the poisons of falsehood and impurity. A bad book is falsehood and sin in a permanent and impersonal form; all the more dangerous because disguised, and tenacious in its action upon the soul. I do not know which is the more dangerous, the books which are written professedly against Jesus Christ, His Divinity, His Church, and His laws, or the future, and stealthily, and serpentine literature which is penetrated through and through with unbelief and passion, false principles, immoral whisperings, and inflaming imaginations. We are told that an *index expurgatorius* is impossible in such a country as this, in countries where the unity of the faith still exists, and it may be possible to restrain the evil; but in such a land as this, where liberty of thought and speech, oral and written, have run to the extreme of license, it is no longer possible. Who can pull up the weeds in a wilderness? A man may weed a garden; but a desert must be left to its rankness. Nevertheless, the *index expurgatorius* may be transcribed upon the delicate and enlightened conscience of those who love purity and truth.

CARDINAL MANNING.

CATHOLICS AS INDEPENDENTS.

Just at present the air is blue with imprecations, slanders and all manner of abuse against the Catholics. The A. P. A. formed expressly to oppose socially and politically, people who are guilty of no wrong either as citizens or as neighbors, ranges and grows with astonishing rapidity. Ministers and camp meetings harrow up horrid nightmares of the slavery horrors, etc., which ten millions of Catholics are soon to impose upon fifty-four millions of non-Catholics. These ministers could find ample field for nobler work among their congregations, if instead of exciting their hatred and prejudice, they would teach them the words of the Lord—“Love thy neighbor as thyself”—and also “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.” The principal argument used, is that Catholics usually vote solidly for one political party—consequently, they say, these Catholics must be commanded to do this by the Church, which must have dreadful designs against non-Catholics and uses the democratic party to fulfill them. Any sensible man knows that this line of argument is perfect rot. The Catholic Church never tells, commands or forbids her members to act with any political party whatever. They are absolutely free to vote as they please. As a matter of fact, many of her Archbishops, Bishops, Priests and priestly members are staunch republicans. The present year of financial distress will throw thousands more of them into the republican ranks.

The rank bigotry, base treachery and ingratitude of many protestant democrats is another reason why thousands of others all over the land will leave the democratic party. As a matter of fact and policy it would be vastly better for the Church and for her members if Catholics would be exceedingly independent in politics and would separate, divide and split up into the various parties. If one-half of the Catholics were republicans, nine-tenths of the bigotry and prejudice against us would disappear, because we could not be then accused of making a unit of politics and religion. It will be a blessed day when Catholics act with vigorous independence in political affairs when they vote for men and measures, solely because they deem these best adapted to the public welfare and to the just and equitable administration of the government whether local, state or national.

PARISH PICNIC.

The parish picnic will be held this year on Saturday, Aug. 25th, at Lovell's Grove, North Weymouth. The list of attractions is very fine and will furnish enjoyment for all. The games will be commenced at 10 a. m. at which time a splendid ball game will be contested. At 12 o'clock the sports for the boys, which will consist of a sack race, three-legged race, running race. At 2 p. m. professional base ball game. At 4.30 three bicycle races, the first for boys, prize \$2.50. Second race for those who never contested before at the picnic, prize \$5.00. Third race, free to all, prize \$10.00. These contests excited great enthusiasm last year which will be intensified now that many more are able to engage in them. At 5 p. m. laughable wheelbarrow contest for men, also sack race for men. Dancing all day under the direction of Mr. Daniel J. Nyhan. Electric cars run every half hour each way.

Holding the picnic on Saturday will enable most of the men to attend, without loss of working time.

GREEN ON THE OUTSIDE.

An old fox of a democrat remarked the other day that it was useless for the present administration to try to fool the democrats by painting the roofs of the house houses green. He said: “No doubt green is a good color for the outside of public buildings. But it would be a little more like decency and gratitude if Mayor Hodges had put some green on the inside of public buildings. The various departments would be none the worse if the representatives of the green were at some of the desks, drawing salary. ‘But,’ quoth the old fox, ‘judging from his appointments the Mayor thinks the best place for the green is on the outside of public buildings.’” Another old fox said: “For twenty-six years I have voted the democratic ticket, but I am so disgusted by the meanness and narrow minded spirit of the present administration that I will never again vote for a Quincy democrat.” He is not alone as the figures will show next December.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The death of John Quincy Adams occurred at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning, and was caused by apoplexy, resulting from a fever contracted while in Rome several months ago. Mr. Adams was born in Boston Sept. 22, 1767, and was the eldest son of Hon. Charles Francis Adams. He entered the Boston Latin School in 1784; was graduated at Harvard in 1789; studied law with J. J. Clarke and Lemuel Shaw, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1805. He was on Governor Andrew's staff during the Civil War, was elected to the State Legislature from Quincy in 1866, 1869 and 1870, and was the Democratic candidate for governor in 1867 and 1871. He was chosen a member of the corporation of Harvard University in 1878. He was chosen a member of the Metropolitan Sewage Commission in 1889, and was appointed on the Rapid Transit Commission in June, 1891.

Mr. Adams usually spent his winters at his Boston residence, No. 17 Commonwealth avenue, and the warm season was generally passed at Mount Wollaston, Quincy, where, besides other extensive holdings, he owned a model farm comprising nearly five hundred acres. He took much interest in town affairs, and besides serving as a member of the General Court, was moderator at the regular town meetings for a number of years. In politics he was originally a Free Soiler and a vigorous supporter of the policy of President Lincoln. But during the impeachment times he broke away from the Republican party with President Johnson and became the first Democrat in the history of the Adams family. In 1867 the Democrats nominated him both for the governorship and the Legislature, and for the first time since the birth of the Republican party, Quincy went Democratic and by 302 majority. Mr. Adams was defeated nevertheless. In 1868 he was again an unsuccessful candidate, and in 1869, being both a candidate for governor and the Legislature, was chosen to the latter office. He at once became the leader of the Democratic legislature forces and exhibited great powers of oratory. In 1870 he was re-elected to the House, but was defeated for the governorship. In 1872 he did not sympathize with the Greeley movement, and the “principal Democrats” put him up for Vice President on the ticket with the late Charles O'Connor. Mr. Adams was also the candidate for lieutenant governor when Governor Gaston made his unsuccessful race in 1873. Since then he had served a widow, three sons and a daughter.

Unostentatious were the funeral services Thursday afternoon. They were strictly private, no one save the members of the family being present. The services were conducted by Rev. D. M. Wilson, formerly pastor of the First church, for many years the religious home of the Adams family. There was no music and no formal pallbearers were present. The burial, which was in the family lot at Mt. Wollaston Cemetery, was also extremely simple and private, and no committal service was pronounced at the grave. All of the stores and banks in the city were closed from 3 to 4 o'clock while the funeral services were being held.

CARY FOR GOVERNOR.

PEOPLE'S PARTY OF MASSACHUSETTS
PASSES RESOLUTIONS OF LABOR MEN.

The People's party of the state of Massachusetts assembled in Arcade hall July 18. The state ticket nominated was as follows:
Governor—George Howard Cary of Lynn.
Lieut. Governor—W. O. Dwinell of Danvers.

Treasurer and Receiver General—Dr. M. W. Moran of Boston.
Auditor—M. W. Landers of Pittsfield.

Secretary of State—Carlton S. Beals of Boston.
Attorney General—James Sumner of Newton.

After the convention was called to order by Henry R. Legate, chairman of the state committee, Dr. P. P. Field of Boston was unanimously made chairman of the day and W. E. Emerson of West Haverhill secretary. E. G. Brown made a speech upon the question of platform—the point which he insisted upon being that the only remedy for the evils heaped upon labor by capital is to be found in the ballot box and in voting for candidates of the People's party. Mr. Brown concluded by reading the resolutions adopted June 18 by the representatives of the labor organizations of Massachusetts, and moved that they be adopted as the platform of this convention.

The principles in these resolutions, briefly stated, are set forth in the following propositions: The abolition of all bonds of issue, and that the government shall issue money direct to the people, the establishment of a postal savings bank; the restoration of silver to the place it held prior to 1873; public ownership of the railroads, telegraph and telephone companies; that the public lands be declared inalienable except to actual settlers; legislation by initiative and referendum; denounce the use of the government fiat to create interest-bearing bonds; favor a graduated income tax; that sworn returns of personal property be insisted upon for purposes of taxation; repeal of the special privilege voted to electric light monopoly which prevents municipalities from doing their own lighting; legislation against stock watering; strengthening of the laws relating to the employment of women and minors in factories; laws for the protection of life and limb in all occupations; universal suffrage on an educational test; abolition of the sweating system; sanitary inspection of all places where labor is employed; abolition of the contract labor system; an eight-hour day; the sale of liquor on the Norwegian system.

Faithful Service.

The following is an editorial from the Boston Post:—
When all is said about the distinguished ancestry of the late John Quincy Adams, about his sturdy and uncompromising independence course in politics, about his great wealth and his success in the management of large interests, yet yet remains the most notable characteristic of his life and the one by which we venture to say, he will be longest remembered.

This was his faithful service to the community in which he lived. It was not for fame that Mr. Adams after years presided as moderator of the Quincy town meeting; that he served as roadmaster and as trial justice; that he took the laboring oar in the school committee as chairman of that body. These positions brought neither emolument nor distinction. They were not the prizes of politics. The man who held them must give in time and labor more than he could expect to receive in honor.

But in these small duties of citizenship, Mr. Adams showed himself not only ready but zealous, and the town of Quincy had in him an example of that New England citizenship which is already disappearing as a type amid the growth of municipalities.

Woodward Institute.

This splendid school will be opened on Monday, Sept. 10, at 8 a. m. The young ladies who intend to participate in its advantages, should see Miss Small who will be at the Institute some days previous to the resumption of studies. The citizens of Quincy have every reason to be proud of the Woodward Institute and under the direction of its refined and accomplished teachers the young ladies who attend are certain of receiving a complete and finished education.

Diphtheria.

The ravages of this dreadful disease have been indeed severe in Quincy this summer. If it can do such damage during the heated term, what may be expected when the damp and cold seasons come? The utmost care and precaution will be necessary to prevent an epidemic. In our next issue we shall give suggestions that will lead to the prevention of the disease.

Miss Katie Cunningham, who lived very near Miss Lyons died a few days after. The deaths of these two young ladies are particularly sad as there have been deaths in both families quite recently. We tender their families our sincere sympathy and pray that their souls may rest in peace.

LOCALS.

Miss Francis C. Sullivan is in Brockton. Miss Addie Cashman has gone to Seaside.

Miss Mary Hussey will spend her vacation in Edgington Me.

Mr. Wm. Cashman is building a railroad at Ipswich, Mass.

Miss Lizzie Lyons of Atlantic died at her home Friday July 27.

Miss Sadie Dunphy has gone to New Hampshire on a vacation.

Mrs. Michael Elcock celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday on Sunday, Aug. 5.

The employees of the Putnam Nail Co. Neponset, are enjoying a two weeks vacation.

A street railway is to be built from the East Milton station to Mattapan a distance of four miles.

The St. Ann's Temperance Society of Neponset held a party in Music Hall last Friday evening.

A bazaar will be held at Houghs Neck the latter part of this month to reduce the church debt.

The Knights of Columbus held a union picnic at Downer Landing on July 31.

Among those present, many Quincy faces were seen.

St. John's Sunday School teachers enjoyed an excursion to Nahant on Wednesday, Aug. 1. Frs. Cunningham and Cuffe accompanied them.

Mr. John Frederen 3rd. has been appointed principal assessor by Mayor Hodges to replace Mr. Bryant Adams who has resigned through illness.

Mr. George Sheahan died at his home on Summer St. on Thursday, Aug. 2nd.

He was buried from St. John's Church the following Saturday, Fr. Cunningham celebrating the funeral Mass. May he rest in peace.

The annual outing of the teachers of St. Mary's Sunday School is always a day of great enjoyment for the participants. This year July 26 was the chosen day.

The party left West Quincy in a special car at 8.35 A. M. accompanied by Fr. Roche. On arriving at Quincy Point the “City of Quincy” was boarded for Nantasket. On reaching the beach, Hotel Standish was the destination where a sumptuous dinner was served. The party returned on the 5.30 boat well pleased with the day's pleasure.

Since our last issue Miss Theresa Fegan has passed away in death after a lingering and painful illness. She had been for some years a popular teacher in the Willard School and was also at one time organist of St. Mary's Church. Her funeral took place from St. Mary's Church a solemn High Mass was celebrated by Fr. Francis with Fr. Roche as deacon. Fr. Cuffe as sub-deacon and Fr. Cunningham as master of ceremonies. On the altar also were Frs. Riordan, Garrity, Walsh, Cummins, Begley and others. Fr. Fegan, brother of the deceased sat with other members of the family.

May her soul rest in peace.

The concert held at Houghs Neck recently for the benefit of the church was quite successful. Miss Agnes G. Daley gave a piano solo and was the accompanist. Vocal selections were rendered by Daniel J. Padula, James F. Woods, Madame Baratto, D. William O'Brien, and Mrs. Wm. S. McNary. Vocal duets were given by Misses Kate and Julia Woods, and Messrs. James Nagle and Alex McDonald. Thomas Scanlan pleased the audience with banjo selections, and Miss Covey with harp selections. Humorous selections were given by Wm. Welch and John O'Brien. Miss Dooley and Miss Eleanor Carroll were the readers.

A NEW NAUTICAL VOCABULARY.

Additions Made by Young Women From “Fresh Water” Regions.

The yachtsman's vocabulary is a language in itself, and the landsman often runs afoul of it. He doesn't see why a rope should be called a sheet, another a halyard, a third a downhaul, and a fourth a clewline. One boat owner, whose hospitable deck is trodden by many of his friends, has modified his terms to conform with the suggestions or mistakes of his guests who are not expert sailors.

For instance, one landlubber who had gone below for a drink of water was asked what he had done with the cup.

“I hung it on the post,” he said innocently.

Every one roared at the idea that he could be so “green” not to know what the mast was called, but on that yacht the mast is now known as “the post.”

A pretty girl from a “fresh water” district was responsible for another nautical word. The strips of canvas used in tying up the sails are called stops. Some one wanted the stops and could not find them for the instant.

“What are you looking for?” asked the young woman.

“I am looking for the stops. They were here a little while ago.”

“The stops? Oh, you mean the tapes. They're under this ring.”

And now the sails are bound with “tapes.”

Another young woman from an interior state had read enough nautical stories to have caught a few phrases here and there. For one thing, she knew that “hard tack” was a staple article of diet at sea. On a visit to the east this damsel went sailing. She was anxious to learn, and when she heard the man at the wheel say “hard a lee” she asked some questions and found out what it meant.

A little later the steersman said the yacht was going about. Some of the guests were paying no attention and seemed in danger of being struck by the boom as it swept over to the other side of the yacht.

“Hard tack! hard tack!” cried out the young woman excitedly.

All managed to duck their heads in time to escape the spar if they didn't know what the maiden meant by “hard tack” and another joke was added to the yacht's store of them.—New York Tribune.

The finest copy in existence of the first folio of Shakespeare, 1623, is owned by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Very few copies of this edition have come down to us in perfect condition.

IT WAS VERY SUDDEN.

But the Man at the Telephone Got the Answer He Wanted.

An event has occurred in Michigan, near Detroit, which appears to confirm the idea that courtesy as well as most other things will hereafter be greatly facilitated by recent inventions. It seems that there is a young lady residing in Detroit who for some time has been the recipient of the attentions of two young men—one a young professor at Ann Arbor and the other a traveling salesman for a New York wholesale hardware house, whose route extends through Michigan and parts of Canada.

One day recently the New Yorker arrived in Detroit late in the afternoon, and of course immediately started to make the rounds of the retail hardware dealers, with the laudable purpose of selling each a good stock for the winter before the representative of any rival concern should put in an appearance. He had hoped to visit the object of his affections in the evening, but business was brisk, and at 8 o'clock found him very busy trying to induce a prominent dealer to take six dozen axes, four dozen grindstones and a half carload of wooden pails. At this stage of the proceedings a younger member of the family, who had dropped in to get a new jackknife and accidentally mentioned that the Ann Arbor professor was up at the house.

It instantly occurred to the progressive hardware and cutlery drummer that the excellent man came for no other purpose than to lay his heart at the feet of the young lady he himself adored. For a moment there was a struggle in his heart, but he speedily got control of himself and decided that he could not possibly leave the store, as the dealer was just on the point of deciding to take the pails.

But the thought of giving up the lady, who had been for months constantly in his mind, waking and sleeping, was unbearable. Light suddenly dawned on him. Handling the merchant a circular explaining the merits of his new double bladed chopping knives, he requested the use of the dealer's telephone for five minutes, stepped to it and rang up the central office.

A moment later the telephone bell at the residence of the young lady rang, sharp and decisive. The professor had been there for an hour talking pleasantly of the grand education work they were doing in the department of forestry at Ann Arbor. When the bell rang, the lady's father being absent—he is a physician—she excused herself and proceeded to the adjoining room to answer it. The professor heard her step to the telephone and say “Yes,” make a short pause and say “Yes” again. Then there was a longer pause, and he heard her reply, “Why—why—really, this is very sudden.” Then there was a still longer pause, and he heard her say “Yes,” very softly, and then “Goodbye,” and then she hung up the receiver and came into the back room. The college man moved closer to the lady and remarked that it was a warm evening, and he thought it was going to rain and then resumed his talk about the great work at the university. Fifteen minutes later there was a ring at the front door bell. The lady responded to it, and a district messenger boy handed her a plain gold ring, which she slipped on her finger and returned to the parlor.

“Miss —,” said the professor five minutes later, “I want to ask you a very important question this evening. Excuse me for putting it bluntly, but will you be my wife?” But we need not go further with this. Two minutes later the professor went down the front steps and shook his fist at the telephone wire and took the first train for Ann Arbor.—Hardware.

A Case of Had To.

“I had a funny experience in a little town on the lower Mississippi,” said R. C. Blackley, a traveling man. “The place had but one hotel, the landlord of which conducted everything except the cooking and housecleaning, which his wife attended to. I was the only guest, and when I told him that I wanted to go up the river on a packet due anywhere between midnight and 3 o'clock in the morning I was shown to a room immediately over the office and was going to sleep when I heard a shrill feminine voice say, ‘John, you come to bed.’ ‘Sally, you know I can't go to bed. Got to wake that blamed drummer.’ I enjoyed the situation and laughed my self wide awake, not getting sleepy again for two hours.

Then the feminine voice called again, ‘John, I say, come to bed.’ ‘I can't go to bed,’ ‘Let that pesky drummer wake himself. ‘Tain't no way to run a hotel,’ and there was silence again. Finally I went to sleep again and was soon awakened by a most unearthly racket. The old man was pounding on the office ceiling with a broom handle. ‘I'm awake,’ I answered. ‘I don't believe I'll go on that boat. I'm too tired. I'll wait until tomorrow.’ ‘I reckon you won't. You be down here in two minutes, or I'll be after you. I ain't going to set up fer nuthin’. I caught the boat.’—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Booth and Girls' Letters.

Even Edwin Booth, most matter of fact, respectable and unapproachable of men, got any quantity of this sort of letters. Strangely enough, too, it is of record that popular actors, he answered directly, several of his undesired love letters, for some of those received by him during his career were written by silly girls, daughters of men known and respected by Mr. Booth, who appended their responses to their effusions. Two or three of these were of such a nature that Mr. Booth felt it his duty, as a parent, to inform them to the fathers of the writers, with a statement as to how they came into his possession. The result, it may be imagined, was hardly of a nature to encourage the stricken damsels in their devotion.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

The Seven Beliefs.

The Moslems believe in the existence of “seven great hot hells” bearing the names of Jahannam, Lahe, Hutamah, Sa'ir, Sakar, Jehim and Al-Karim. The first is to be the endless abode of the Dairiyah, a sect which denies the creation; the second for Manichees and Arabs; the third for Brahmaes, the fourth for the Jews, the fifth for Christians, both the sixth for the Myrians. The seventh, the “great hot hell,” is to be reserved for liars and hypocrites.—St. Louis Republic.

PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY,

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Percale Wrappers, \$1.19

Summer Gingham, 9 cts.

Outing Flannel, 7 to 10 cts.

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—Have a fine line of—

SHIRT WAISTS

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Children's Hats & Caps

SUMMER VESTS.

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FOR RENT FREE.

It was an aristocratic looking mansion in the most aristocratic neighborhood of the aristocratic city of Washington, and inasmuch as it was offered rent free for one year to any one who would agree to occupy it for that time I did not hesitate long in making my mind to take it. Upon inquiry I learned why the place was offered rent on such easy terms the apartment was haunted, and that the owner had been so unfortunate as to lose a dozen years before, and that only then had he secured since that a young bachelor like myself, had found death on the drawing room floor the morning after the first night's occupancy. The police had been told there and look for him by the servant who had fled from the house where the ghost first put in its appearance. The coroner's verdict was, “Died from failure.” I am not superstitious, am I even nervous, and so it was a few days before I moved into the haunted house, but in that time I had not lost more, my old colored servant, a standby, who had been the one to leave me after the setting up of the ghost's estate. My father had been a slave before he came to Fairview, and he tried to tell me that Calla Lilly, who was equally a slave, was sold to a higher bid Alexandria. After the war she lived in Washington with Mrs. son, whom she called on “chillun.” Mrs. Lee Nelson, 1705, directly across the street, free mansion, and thus I was about the “haunts over to yonder whar you're going to live at.”

Poor Mr. Gwile! After all he had heard the ghosts that had been seen there, can scarcely blame him for his eagerness to live with me in my quarters, and I do not wonder that he found him hard to persuade and reassure, as I eventually did.

The day after the furniture had been put in and I was hanging pictures, unpacking the library and the same time investigating things, I went to see where this door went to and noise came from. Most of all we curious about the great red staircase in front of the mantel in the drawing room. It was during that time that I was telling me “dun-ole” him.

“Malisa, Lilly she say she gwine be skered

[illegible]

was coined. The Korean coinage, which resembles the Chinese cash in many particulars in its inscription, bears the inscription, "Always peace, current money and on the reverse, "All four," which means that the coin should be good in all four directions of the country.

Another set of coins issued at the mint in Seoul, Korea, is inscribed, "Great East," one of the names given to Korea, as the great country east of China. Another word or character upon the coin indicates "gate," which probably means that the coin is to go out for circulation among the people. (Still another bears the inscription, "Gate, value of one hundred,"—Hamilton (Ont.) Times.

Saturated Solution.

A substance is said to undergo solution when the force of adhesion between it and a liquid in which it is immersed is sufficient to overcome the forces of cohesion between the solid particles. The liquid which affects the solution is termed the solvent. If solid bodies be introduced in successive small portions into definite quantity of liquid capable of dissolving it, the first portions disappear most quickly, and each portion dissolves more slowly till the liquid ceases to possess any solvent power. When this occurs, the solution is said to be saturated, the powers of cohesion being balanced. But saturation may exist with regard to one body and not with another. Thus a saturated solution of common salt will still dissolve sulphate of soda, and vice versa. So also a saturated solution of common salt will dissolve sugar.

The saturating power of bodies is in many cases greatly influenced by heat, while in others variations of temperature produce but little effect. Thus cold water will take up nearly as much common salt as hot water, but sulphate of soda is more soluble in hot water than in cold, and hence it is that a saturated hot solution of this and many other salts deposited crystals on cooling. Under certain conditions a saturated solution may be cooled down without any of the dissolved solid separating from it. The solution would then contain more of the solid than it would contain at that particular temperature under ordinary conditions. Such a solution is said to be supersaturated.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HUNTING FOR ORCHIDS.

Ants Which Protect the Beautiful Flower From Human Enemies.

On the fork of a tree a few feet above our heads is perched one of the largest orchids we have ever seen. A mass of aerial roots, bulbs and leaves, four feet through, is surmounted by a score of long, whiplike flower stems standing up 10 feet beyond the leaves and gracefully arching over. "Now," Adonis Christmas, let us see you get that plant. Don't break it, or rub off the flowers against those bush ropes. The negroes cry out, "Look out! Look out! Be careful, or you will ruin the vines which hang in front, and presently is clasp the tree on a level with the orchid. We see him tug once at the plant and then slide down the tree, rubbing his hands and swearing loudly. "What is the matter? Why don't you get the plant?" says the collector. "Too much antses—bite too bad," replies he, with an injured look, as he rubs his shinned black skin. "Oh, but we must get it, and if the negroes are afraid I'll go up myself," cries our friend.

"Look out! Look out! Look out! Ughn much faster than the negro. Standing on the bank, he quickly strips off his coat and picks the great black ants from his neck and hands, rubs the sore places, grumbling and sorely discomfited. Looking up, we see the plant almost black with insects, which had evidently put themselves in battle array and were prepared to fight for their home among the roots of the orchid. Not yet vanquished, our collector cuts a long bamboo from a clump growing close by, and somewhat viciously commences to beat the ants off the plant, perch by poking at it from below. But it is so interlaced with bush ropes that nothing can be done without breaking the plant in pieces, which, of course, will spoil it as a fine specimen. Then the ants begin to swarm down the stick, and presently a few bites on the hand make our friend drop it into the stream.

Reluctantly we are at last obliged to leave it alone, and proceed onward, hoping for better luck with the next plant. Paddling along, we think of this wonderful contrivance of nature to protect one of our party from insects, and even, as in our case, from human depredators. We do not find orchid collecting so very easy, for the nests of the maributa (the wasp of Guiana) often hang dangerously near to a covered specimen and warn off intruders. Sometimes these are not seen until the little insects are buzzing about our ears, and then there is nothing left but to get off as soon as possible. A nest which hangs in front of a fine brassia, and effectually bars the way, is blown to bits by the grunter one of our party. Actions we secure the plant and paddle on before the homeless ones find out what is the matter. Sometimes lizards scamper away as a plant is grasped, and once a harmless snake glided across the hand of one of the negroes, making him cry out with fright. Another time a snake fell into the bateau and made us all get out of its way until we found it was neither the dreaded labaria nor rattler.—Cornhill Magazine.

"Busting the Bag."

"One form of amusement that children have now that they didn't use to have when I was a boy," said Mr. Bozzle, "is the fun of busting the bag. Nowadays many things come from the grocers and elsewhere in paper bags, and 'Le' me bust the bag' is a familiar household request. The youngster takes the emptied bag, and with his thumb and forefinger around the open end of it, blows

COINING JEWELRY.

ONE OF THE MANY SECRETS OF THE PAWNBROKERS' TRADE.

A Little Dark Room In the Rear of a Chicago Loan Office, and Many Golden Heirlooms Are Melted and Cast Into Bars Which Are Traded For Good Coin.

"Looks funny, doesn't it? All the same there are a dozen of those machines going at least once a week in this city that the public never heard about before. When you understand it, you will be able to tell your friends what becomes of the gold and silver they leave with their jewelers'—dead as do nails. 'You see,' you will now, don't give me away, and I will tell you some of the secrets of the pawnbrokers' trade."

The remark was made in a little dark room in the rear of one of the big loan offices not far from Madison and Dearborn streets. The proprietor went on to say the reports show that 10 to 15 percent of all articles placed in "hock" are never called for. Then often gold and silver are purchased outright for the pennyweight or ounce, and in one way or another a large amount of the precious metals is accumulated. To tell Uncle Sam's tale of dead as do nails is the problem that confronts the loan broker. Bankrupt stocks of new designs and fresh goods sell the cases in the counters and show windows, and the old material goes into new golden eagles, with Uncle Sam's stamp upon them.

On the floor of the back room, reached after setting aside the door, close to the alarm bells and the pressing of numerous buttons, was a peculiar contrivance looking like a 6 inch tile stood on end, with a brass barrel covered with pipes by its side. A copper pan, some iron tools and some bowls that looked like common flowerpots lay on the floor. Next to the barrel, which was covered prior, "is filled with naphtha. These pipes lead to this tile or furnace. This handle here is for the forcing of air behind the naphtha so it will make a strong blast. These pots are crucibles. Into the furnace we place the crucibles; into the crucible goes the gold. Hot, isn't it? So hot that we are compelled to wear colored glasses to see what's going on. But that's nothing to the way the thing is done in Uncle Sam's furnaces. Now, here goes to fill the crucible."

Into the stove jar went gold watch cases and chains with family histories, rings and initials, sovereign spoons and breastpins of forgotten dates, rings that could have spoken of wedding bells and birthdays in the long ago, golden charms, scarfpins with the jewels removed and odds and ends collected in a week's trade. The estimated value of the lot was \$1,000, but it was worth pure gold. Into the melting collection went a lot of borax. This was to make the gold flow when sufficiently melted. There was no smoke, nothing but a sickly smell of naphtha, the noise of the blast and the glittering whiteness of the crucible.

Let a closer look at the melting gold a pair of green eyeglasses was furnished. As the broker stirred the contents of the crucible with an iron poker black bubbles would come to the top and pieces of coarser metal would be seen struggling to the surface only to sink back into the yellow \$1,000 of pure gold. The broker lifted the crucible out of the furnace and poured its white hot contents into an iron mold. The mold rested in a pan of water. All the gold settled into the mold, and the borax, turning black as it hit the water, stood on top. In a few minutes the mass was knocked off and sent fell a bar of gold weighing several pounds, eight inches long and probably three-fourths of an inch square. After cleaning the bar was laid aside for shipment to the treasury.

"We do this once a week," said the proprietor as he shut off the valve to the gas, "and the bars go to Washington by express. Before its value is returned we will pay out nearly \$4 on \$1,000. At Uncle Sam's works the bar will be remelted by a fiercer heat. Then the melted mass will be poured into water, where it will form into shot or pellets of gold and silver. The mass is knocked off and sent fell a bar of gold weighing several pounds, eight inches long and probably three-fourths of an inch square. After cleaning the bar was laid aside for shipment to the treasury.

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"We do this once a week," said the proprietor as he shut off the valve to the gas, "and the bars go to Washington by express. Before its value is returned we will pay out nearly \$4 on \$1,000. At Uncle Sam's works the bar will be remelted by a fiercer heat. Then the melted mass will be poured into water, where it will form into shot or pellets of gold

SECRET OF LONG LIFE

CAN A HEALTHY PERSON PROLONG HIS LIFE TO 200 YEARS?

The Theory of "Retarding Vital Consumption"—Franklin and the Flies—Work the Heart Does—Recent Experiment in the Partial Vegetarian System.

Among the various fantastic theories for prolonging life one of the most popular at the end of the eighteenth century was what was called "retarding vital consumption." Maupertuis fancied that a complete suspension of vital activity, a sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep, might be produced so as to check self-consumption. Bodies in this state could be laid away and then resuscitated after a lapse of years or even of centuries. Benjamin Franklin even, while living in France, seems to have had faith in this. One day he received some bottles of wine from Virginia. In one of them—only one—were a few dead flies, which the great philosopher resorted to utilize in an experiment. The month was July, and a great number of flies had been on a spruce in Virginia, had fallen into the native wine and had been in this state shipped to France, where they were exposed to the heat of the French sun. Three hours passed, and the winged Virginians came to life after an apparent death of many weeks. Benjamin Franklin, observing this, seized them by convulsive movement, and they began then to use their legs, walked around awhile, and seeming to be aware that they were in France immediately concluded to make their toilet by rubbing their eyes with their fore feet, using their hind legs to scratch out their wings. They then fled away to associate with Paris flies. Franklin wrote of the incident:

"Since by such a complete suspension of all internal as well as external consumption it is possible to produce a pause of life and at the same time to preserve the vital principle, might not such a pause of life be of use to man? I can imagine no greater pleasure than to cause myself to be immersed, along with a few good friends, in wine and to be again called back to life at the end of 50 or more years by the genial solar rays of my native country, only that I may see some improvement in the human race and what changes time has brought with it."

It was once thought that people died from lack of what physicians called "the vital principle." It is a phrase that has a fine, vague, mysterious sound, but it really means little or nothing. Or, in other words, it means nothing. Since death comes from disintegration, very gradual often, it is true, in all the bodily organs, brought about by the all important blood being blocked up by accretions which close the channels leading from the heart. Most magnificent and most wonderful muscles are the arteries of the body. They are closed in such a way by the earthy salts in the blood as to be unable to perform its regular functions. Then the life fluid can not be kept in proper circulation. Allowing 69 or 70 pulsations of the heart—the usual average—every minute, one person in 100, it is estimated, dies from one of these. This means, of course, that the heart and arteries are contracted with such power as to keep 50 or 69 pounds of blood in healthy movement. Really it is a wonder that one does not wear out long before he usually does. And it forces a new kind of administration on the body. The physician sees for the first time a human being who has lasted 100 or 115 years, and whose heart is still going on after all this enormous expenditure of force. The eyes, ears and stomach all have a rest, but the heart keeps on through waking hours as well as through sleep. The rest of the body, all the circulation it gets, which seems to be really no rest at all. When one does not dream, even the brain seems to sleep, or at least it gives peace and quiet.

Much has been written and talked about vegetarianism in relation to health and its effect on long life. It is not correct, however, as all strict advocates that any of the great number of people who have lived to be 100 years and over were vegetarians. In fact, most of these centenarians seem to have lived just like common folk who die at 40 or 50. If they had only taken care of the intestines and kept the bowels in good condition, as we do not tell, but 200 years may have been saved as easily as 100. Natural advantages being so great, as shown by what they did do, a vague sadness overcomes the social philosopher when he thinks of what they might have accomplished under more favorable conditions for the success of the experiment.

As to the admitted advantages of a partial vegetarian system of living, M. Franquise Sarecy, the famous French critic, has been trying it, and in a communication to one of the Parisian journals gives his experience. Since April, 1898, he has touched no meat. In August, however, he ate a small quantity of only "a moderate vegetarian"—that is, he only eschews meat and admits eggs, cheese, butter, milk and fish to his regimen. Contrary to the expectations of both himself and friends, he finds that he is in much more vigorous health and in better working condition than before. At first he naturally felt hungry an hour or two after eating, but after a fortnight the flesh craving passed away, and now he not only eats at the same hours as before, but consumes much less food. The advantages of the system are described by him as most remarkable. His mind is clearer, and he feels more disposed for work. He is no longer sleepy after meals, his brain is fresher, his limbs more elastic, and more astonishing still, he can stand more fatigue. Formerly he felt the need of stimulants, and now he has done away with such things. He does not smoke, and he does not drink. He has no need of any supply. Altogether he is enthusiastic. At first it is rather like self denial, but one gets to like it in time.—Chicago Tribune.

The Retort Clerical.

"Since you take me to task so roundly for my failings," said the physician, somewhat nettled, "let me ask why you restrict your son? He is a healthy, gambles, drinks and plays the races."

"Ah, yes," said the clergyman, with a sigh. "We don't seem to exert much influence over our own families, do we? By the way, doctor, please convey my warmest sympathies to your wife and say to her I am sorry she is still unable to find any relief from her rheumatism."—Chicago Tribune.

A PAINFUL SIGHT.

Until a man has tried to keep
A rigid cash account
Of personal expenses he
Can't know the full amount
Of trouble that a man can have
Within this mortal life.
Or how much harassed he can be
By painful mental strife.
"Now, what did that ten cents go for?"
He asked himself, and then
He set to work at balancing
The cruel thing again.
His wasted gray matter in his wild
Attempts to come out square,
And finally puts in a cent,
If the cent he needs "ain't there."
He spends more time in tracing lack
A quarter gone astray
Than he could buy for fifteen dollars
At fifty cents a day.
Just as he thinks he has it he
Finds he's ten cents long,
And then his language oftentimes
Is vivid, fresh and strong.
And so it goes, with varying shades
Of alternate despair
And hope, till finally the pain
Gets too intense to bear,
And then the little book is closed,
And the worn matter is put out
To plunge into extravagance
Without the slightest doubt.
Ah, yes, until a man has kept
A rigid cash account,
He's sure to underestimate
The aggregate amount
Of anguish that a man can have
Within this mortal life.
But, Caesar! if you pity him,
You ought to see with him.
—Somerville Journal.

LOST AND FOUND.

Mrs. Van Altime was sauntering
leisurely down one of the boulevards
in Paris. It was a lovely spring
morning. The air was crisp and ver-
dure fresh and inviting, just the
kind of a day for a stroll, and so the
American woman had disdained her
fashionable equipage. She had
walked all the way from her neat
and artistic temporary abiding place
in the American colony to the shop-
ping district, had purchased sundry
trifles and looked at thousands of
articles she had not bought, had fas-
cinated a number of clerks by her
dash and brilliancy until they were
ready to display for her special bene-
fit the wealth of the world in femi-
nine odds and ends, and now she
was making her way homeward curi-
ous and happily conscious that many
covert glances were cast at her style-
ish figure.

At 16 she was a charming girl; at
26 a beautiful wife and hostess; at
well, say 30, an irresistible widow,
perfectly satisfied to saunter all by
herself along what remained of life's
floral pathway. With a more than
comfortable competence she regard-
ed the future with complacency and
the past with resignation, not that
anything very tragic was interwoven
among the yesterdays. Existence
had flowed smoothly enough—a
broken engagement, a heart wrench-
ing for a time, trip abroad, a wealthy
suitor, a fashionable wedding, a pleas-
ing honeymoon, a series of social
triumphs, the demise of her better
half, a brief period for mourning and
the comfortable present.

She was childless, but she had
many friends. It is true that some-
times something like a pang came to
her when her mind reverted to chil-
dren, and she told herself that pos-
sibly a little one would not be at all
in the way, but, on the contrary,
might give sweet solace to a few
lonely moments which came to her
who, generally speaking, did not
know what loneliness was. As she
walked along with superb movement
she observed two pretty girls in
charge of a nurse. The children
were playing on the grass beneath
the shade trees with which the bou-
levard was lined, while the nurse,
who had the expressionless features
of a peasant girl, was seated on a
bench knitting. Mrs. Van Altime
stopped impulsively.

"Oh, you darling!" she said, and
thereupon in her own peculiarly
graceful way began to question the
children and coo over them just as if
she knew all about the language of
childhood. Near by on another bench
was a little boy dressed in sailor's at-
tire, with the word "captain" on his
cap. He looked forlorn and dis-
turbed, for his mouth quivered and
there were tears in his big blue eyes.
"What's the matter, my little
man?" continued Mrs. Van Altime in
the language of the country.

He only stared at her and rubbed
one of his eyes with his dirty fist.
She placed her hand on his golden
curls in a caressing manner. "Why
don't you play with the other
children?" she continued.

For answer he rubbed his other
eye with another dirty fist.

"There, now, sailors don't cry," re-
sumed Mrs. Van Altime as she wiped
the grime from his face with a lace
handkerchief.

"They go to battle and fight and
are brave. Are you my brave little
captain?"

"I don't understand," said the boy
in English, plunging both fists into
his eyes.

"What! You speak English? You
are an American boy?"

"Yes'm."

"And are these your sisters?"

"No'm."

"Whose little boy are you?"

"My papa's got a bank."

"And what's your name?"

"Bobby."

"Bobby what?"

"Bobby Steele."

"And where are you from, Bobby?"

"Oh, a big place, much bigger and
nicer than this."

"What is it called?"

"Cleveland—oh—boo—hoo—I want
to go home!"

"But you can't go back to Cleve-
land tonight, Bobby. You are thou-
sands of miles away from home."

"I don't care—I want to go home."

"Is your mamma with you in Paris?"

"No'm. She's in heaven. She's
dead. My mamma died when I was
a year old. I'm all my papa's got,
and now—boo—hoo—he hasn't got
me. I'm lost and shall never see my
papa again."

"You poor child, you mean to say
you can't find your papa?"

"No. We went out for a walk and

stopped in a crowd to look in a win-
dow. Then my papa went away and
left me."

"And you couldn't find him any-
where?"

"No'm. I shall never see my papa
again."

"Nonsense! Of course you will.
Why, we'll go and find him now."

"Will you? Do you know my pa-
pa?"

"I can't say that I do. There are
so many Steeles in the world. Is
your papa slender, and does he wear
a little mustache?"

"No. My papa's big and has a
beard."

"Then I guess I don't know him.
How long have you been waiting
here?"

"Oh, hours."

"Well, you are my brave little cap-
tain, after all. I'll buy you some
bonbons."

"Will you? With great show of
interest."

"And a candy cane!"

"Yes."

"And a tin soldier I saw!"

"Yes."

"And a real steamboat in one of
the windows?"

"Well, I don't know about the
steamboat."

"And I saw an elephant I want
and two toy lions and—"

"My dear child, you evidently want
to take a zoo of your own."

"What is that?"

"Oh, a menagerie."

"I went to a menagerie with my
papa here yesterday. We saw them
feed the lions."

"Where are you stopping here, my
child?"

"I don't know. A big place. Will
you take me there?"

"I will if I can find it from your in-
definite description."

"What's 'indefinite' mean?"

"Never mind that now. Are you
stopping at a hotel?"

"I guess so."

"Is there a big dining room?"

"Yes."

"Music when you dine?"

"Oh, yes, there's a band."

"Would you remember the name
of the hotel?"

"No."

Mrs. Van Altime repeated a num-
ber of names.

"I don't know," he said.

"Well," she remarked, with a sigh,
"I suppose we had better call a car-
riage."

"That'll be fine," he said. "I've
got a velocipede at home."

"Have you? Well, just go and
wave your hand at that man with
the carriage. Remember you are
my gallant little escort, and you
must be very polite."

In a few moments they were com-
fortably seated in the carriage.

"How do you like this?" she asked.

"It's great."

"Where to, madam?" interrupted
the coachman.

"Yes, where to? That's the ques-
tion," resumed Mrs. Van Altime.
"Where shall we go, mon capitaine?"
"Get the tin soldier," said the boy.
"Very well. That will give me
time to think. Drive to a toyshop."

"What toyshop, madam?"

"Any toyshop."

As they dashed down the boulevard
Mrs. Van Altime drew the child near-
er to her.

"You don't feel lost any more, my
brave captain?" she asked.

"Not so much so, thank you."

"And if we don't find your papa
can I have you?"

The boy's lips quivered.

"Even if I should buy you a steam-
boat and an elephant and—a real
pony to ride in the park?"

The boy hesitated. He was evi-
dently sorely tempted. The real
pony weighed against his papa's
was a perplexing problem, but finally he
said stoutly:

"I want my papa."

"And you shall have him," said
Mrs. Van Altime.

"But I want you too."

"I'm afraid you can't always have
me."

They drew up in front of a toy-
shop, and Mrs. Van Altime and her
charge entered. They purchased an
elephant, a tin soldier dressed in
French uniform, a candy cane, and
the young man would have ordered
half the store if Mrs. Van Altime had
not prevented it.

"Where shall I send these, mad-
am?" asked the clerk.

"Where? I don't know. We'll
take them. Bobby, carry this ele-
phant."

"The boy was only too willing to do
this, and again they entered the car-
riage."

"To the Hotel St. Petersburg,"
commanded Mrs. Van Altime. She
vaguely remembered that many
Americans went to this hotel. In
about 20 minutes they dashed up to
this establishment, and the carriage
door was opened by a big porter who
looked around for their luggage.

"You can take the elephant and
the tin soldier," said Mrs. Van Altime
imperiously.

The porter hesitated, his sense of
dignity injured, but Bobby settled
the matter by declaring:

"No, he can't have them. I'll car-
ry them."

Mrs. Van Altime and the boy en-
tered the parlor there, and the hand-
some American woman said:

"Send the clerk to me."

Bobby set the elephant on the floor
and seemed indifferent just then
whether he would be found or not by
his bereaved parent. The clerk ap-
peared.

"Is Mr. Steele of Cleveland stop-
ping here?"

"No, not, madam."

"Has he been stopping here?"

"No, madam."

"He is an American and is at some
hotel probably. How can I find him?
This is his boy, who is lost."

"I will send you a hotel register, a

list of all Americans at the different
hotels."

"Thank you. That is what I want."

The list was duly forthcoming, and
Mrs. Van Altime scanned it eagerly.

"Steele—let me see—Smith, Brown,
Jones—no Steele—perhaps it's farther
down—a common name, there are
plenty of Steeles—Burman, Walker,
Melville—hmm!—Steele, Steele—ah,
here is a Steele. Bobby, is your fa-
ther's name Richard?"

"No'm."

"Too bad. How my heart jumped
when I saw that name! What if—
nonsense! By the way, Bobby, what
is your father's name?"

"Dick, ma'am."

"Dick?"

"Yes'm."

"Don't you know that Richard
and Dick are the same names?" she
asked severely.

"No'm. My uncle Silas calls my
papa Dick."

"Well, here is a Richard Steele at
one of the hotels. We will call and
see. But remember if your papa
doesn't want you, Bobby, you are
going to come and live with me."

"Do you think my papa don't want
me?"

"Bless my little sailor, no. Why,
every golden lock must be precious
to him. Do you know what I'd do,
Bobby, if I had a little boy like you?"

"No, ma'am."

"I'd love him to death."

At the next hotel Mrs. Van Altime
was informed that Richard Steele
was stopping there; that he had a
boy; that the aforesaid boy was lost;
that Mr. Steele was nearly frantic,
and that he had just gone to the pre-
fect of police.

"And where is that?"

"Just across the way, madam."

"Come, Bobby, we will surprise
him. He must be nearly crazy."

A handsome American, 35 years of
age, solid and prosperous looking
was conversing with the official in
the magistrate's office.

"I will do what I can, monsieur.
The lad will be taken in, and our sys-
tem of communication is such that
the fact will be known at headquar-
ters. I will then at once inform you
of the circumstances."

"Your reward shall be a handsome
one."

"Not unless special officers are de-
tailed for the search."

"Do so at once. Spare no expense.
I would give every penny I have
rather than anything should happen
to the boy. Paris is a terrible city. I
fear for his welfare. I—"

At this moment the clerk looked in.
"A lady to see you, monsieur."

"Say I'm engaged," responded the
officer.

"I did tell her that."

"Well?"

"She asked if an American gentle-
man was here. I told her 'Yes,' and
she said she must come in at once."

"Very well. Show her in."

Mrs. Van Altime, a vision of glo-
rious womanhood, stood in the door-
way, with Bobby by the hand.

"Is this your son, sir?" she said.

Richard Steele sprang to his feet.
Bobby dropped his elephant and the
next moment was folded in his fa-
ther's breast. Mrs. Van Altime seem-
ed strangely moved as she regarded
the scene. Her face was overspread
with unusual pallor.

"I was not mistaken," she told her
self. "There are truly many Steeles
in the world, but it must have been
some psychic sense that caused my
heart to beat when I heard this name.
Let me see, now; it is 16 years since
I knew me. Time, then, how you
have changed! He is slender. Now
he is stout. He had such a dainty
mustache. Now he has a beard.
Really, he is much better looking."

These and other thoughts flashed
through Mrs. Van Altime's mind at
that moment. The American turned.
"Madam, how can I thank you?"

Words failed him. He gazed in
growing amazement.

"Fannie!"

"Dick?"

They clasped hands. The years
that had passed were bridged by
that pressure of hands. Plighted
faith, resentment, broken vows,
pique, misunderstanding, separation
—all all vanished and in the sun-
light of the present they gazed glad-
ly into each other's eyes.

"And Bobby is—"

"My boy! Yes."

"She wants to keep me, pa," said
Bobby, with the elephant clasped to
his breast.

Dick, who knew all about Mrs.
Van Altime's history, bent toward
her as he remarked, "There's a way
she could do that."

Mrs. Van Altime flushed. Then she
consulted her watch.

"Dear me, how late it is getting.
So glad to have met you, Dick.
Charming to see old friends after so
many years. Goodbye—no, au re-
voir, for I trust I shall see you
someday. As I call it, is quite a resort.
Come, and I will introduce you to
many clever people—true Parisians."

"Who will bore me, she said blun-
tly."

"The same honest, outspoken
Dick." Then as she entered the car-
riage she said:

"You will come!"

"To meet clever people!"

"No, to see me."

"Yes, I will come. I had intended
to leave Paris tonight!"

"But now?"

"I shall remain, so as to call on
you and thank you more fully for
your great service today."

"How adorable! You always were
charming, Dick."

"Even when?"

"When we quarreled! Yes, in-
deed. You were the most delight-
ful man to quarrel with I ever met. If
you had not been—But I must be
going. Be sure to come!"

"When?"

"As early as you can."

"Tomorrow night?"

"At once—tonight. I am all im-
patient to tell you a hundred things,
and—"

"I will come."

"And bring Bobby if you want."—
Detroit Free Press.

Scientific Reasoning.

The logical processes involved in
scientific reasoning are the same in
kind as those used in the everyday
life of the masses. The difference be-
tween the two lies in the clearer rec-
ognition of the processes and their
importance in the scientific field.

There is nothing like exactness in
the applied logic of everyday life,
and the reasoning of science is supe-
rior to the "common sense" of man-
kind only in being more exact. In
science the comparatively little work
that survives and does not have to
be done over and over owes its supe-
riority to this same exactness. Sci-
ence has no peculiar method of its
own either of discovering facts or of
treating them.

Scientific students spend little time
on the consideration of logical pro-
cesses, because the mind follows them
instinctively, and the study of them,
for practical purposes, seems to be
superfluous. But apart from the fact
that they present a set of phenomena
as worthy of scientific treatment as
the phenomena of light or of the mol-
luscan nervous system, it is impor-
tant to consider them because of their
direct bearing on every department
of science.

Even the best established sciences
have reached their present status by
successive approximations toward
exactness, by the gradual elimination
of errors of both fact and method,
and even the novice knows that the
degree of confidence placed in the
statements of fact of a scientist by
his contemporaries of succeeding gen-
erations depends directly on their
confidence in his method.—Popular
Science Monthly.

Remarkable Loss of Memory.

Dr. Macnish, in his book on "The
Philosophy of Sleep," gives the fol-
lowing remarkable instance of lost
memory:

"A young American woman on
awakening from a protracted sleep
lost memory of all she had before
learned. Her memory was capacity
and was stored with a copious stock
of ideas. Unexpectedly and without
any forewarning she fell into a pro-
found sleep which continued several
hours beyond the ordinary term. On
waking she was discovered to have
lost every trace of acquired knowl-
edge. Her memory was a clean
washed slate; all vestiges both of
words and things were obliterated
and gone. It was found necessary
for her to learn everything again.
She even acquired by new efforts the
arts of spelling, reading, writing and
calculating, and gradually became
acquainted with the persons and ob-
jects around, like a being for the first
time brought into the world. In
these exercises she made consid-
erable proficiency. But after a few
months another fit of somnolency
invaded her. On rousing from it
she found herself restored to the
state she was in before the first pa-
roxysm, but was wholly ignorant of
every event and occurrence that had
befallen her afterward."

Punishment.

At one time in the Michigan City
penitentiary there was a renaissance
in the moral discipline of the prison,
and all were compelled to attend
chapel regularly. One of the prison-
ers came to the warden one day and
begged to be allowed to remain away
from the chapel exercises, as he
wanted Sundays to write letters to
his friends. The warden looked at
the beseeching convict in amazement.

"What," he exclaimed, "allow you to
stay away from religious exercises all
the time? No, sir. Why, man, don't
you know that's part of the penalty?"

And the convict continued to worship
regularly, while the warden led in
prayer.—San Francisco Argonaut.

John Chinaman and the Camera.

A Chinese cook in a San Diego
house noticed the writer washing
negatives. This "heathen," who was
suggested to know nothing but the
art of cooking, sweeping and bed-
making, became interested in the pic-
tures and quizzed the amateur and
modestly asked to be instructed in
camera work. He next bought an
outfit with a \$3.50 lens. After prac-
ticing at odd moments by himself for
less than a fortnight John Chinaman
amazed his instructor by exhibiting
prints far superior to those made by
his teacher with a \$40 lens. So he
Chinaman wanted a wife. So he
packed up his belongings and is now
in China with his valued camera,
where he is probably doing a lucra-
tive business photographing his re-
lations and neighbors. A second Chi-
nese cook is now asking me questions
almost daily about the ins and outs
of camera work. He fairly itches to
begin, and as soon as he can satisfy
himself that the game is worth a
week's wages the amateur photo-
graphic world will be enlarged.—
American Amateur Photographer.

Their Hats Guard Their Seats.

The practical mind of the New
Yorker is illustrated in the practice
that has been adopted in one of the
so called dairy restaurants in Nassau
street. Chairs are provided for pa-
trons of this restaurant, but there
are no waiters, everybody helping
himself from the dishes piled on the
counters. At the beginning the re-
sult was that when a person got up
from a chair to get something from
the counter he would usually find his
chair occupied when he returned.
Unpleasant feelings were engendered,
and several times rows were
barely averted. Finally a genius
put his hat in his chair to indicate
that he would return.

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Drafts for \$1 and Upwards.
Passage Tickets at Low Rates.

Dry Goods,
HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.
QUINCY, MASS.
Special Notice—Pattern Department.
The Ladies in this vicinity will appreciate the introduction of the celebrated
Standard Patterns, of which we have put in a full line, and will
certainly be a convenience to our numerous patrons.

After a thorough examination by ourselves, and receiving the en-
dorsement of some of the best dry goods houses in the New England States,
and particularly from several houses who formerly carried Battericks—who
now carry the Standard—we are convinced that the "Standard Patterns"
are far superior to all others—in being more up to date, better modeled,
simpler directions for making—insuring perfect satisfaction, a great saving
in time, much less fitting to do, and allowing just enough seams, thereby
considerable saving in material—there being no waste as in others—every
pattern is modeled to the human form, and are so nicely proportioned that
it is almost impossible to produce anything (if directions are followed, and
which are extremely simple) but a beautiful fitting garment.
Try one of the STANDARD PATTERNS on our recommendation,
and we think you will agree with us that they are better than any other
pattern sold in this town.
The Standard Fashion Sheets and the beautiful Handy Catalogue are free to all.
The Ladies' Standard Magazine is issued monthly, costs but 50 cents per year, and should be in
every household; you will surely subscribe for it when you have examined a sample copy at our store;
it is the best and cheapest Ladies' Magazine in existence, single copies 5 cents.
The Standard Catalogue contains over 1000 illustrations of beautiful styles up to date—price 20 cts.
A COMPLETE STOCK OF STANDARD PATTERNS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.
Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston & Brockton.

WORKING SHOES. Ask for the "Hickory"
Price \$1.50
WORKING PANTS. A large stock of new
goods \$4 to 2.50
LEBANON OVERALLS and jumpers are the
best.
SAVILLE & JONES, ADAMS BUILDING,
CITY SQUARE.
J. F. MERRILL,
Boston Branch Grocery.

Don't Get tired or impatient if we keep talking about what we can do for the
baking public of Quincy.
Don't Take our word for anything but send an order, small or large, and judge
for yourself.
Don't Forget that we buy FLOUR, TEAS, COFFEES and all the thousand and
one things that go to make up a full stock of goods in our line, from first hands
and ought to be able to give variety and price satisfactory.
Don't Think you can do better in Boston or anywhere else until you look over our
Goods and Prices.
Don't Buy poor Tea of irresponsible peddlers because you get a piece of crockery
worth a trifle and pay double price for the tea.
Don't Think we haven't what you want in stock because we don't mention it here.
We would have to use the whole of this paper to name all our large variety.
Don't Eat too much meat in this hot weather but look over our line of light goods,
such as Cereals, Fancy and Plain Cakes and Crackers of all kinds.
And finally **Don't** forget that we appreciate your trade and mean at all times to
give best service in our power.

RELIABILITY.
Of course we all know that when we
want our Prescriptions prepared or a
bottle of any kind of Medicine that we
are sure to get it, and at as low a price as
the same can be sold by any First Class
Apothecary, at Durgin's Drug Store.
Prescriptions written by any Physician
whether upon my blanks or those of some
other Druggist will be put up accurately
and quickly.
A. G. DURGIN, Dispenser,
Durgin & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.
Our Men's Black and Blue Serge Suits, Single and Double
Breasted, a big bargain,
\$10.00
Never before offered for less than \$12.00. All the Latest
Style Hats.
LAMSON & HUBBARD, BOSTON
DERBY, DUNLAP and HAR-
RINGTON STYLES,
\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00
G. F. DERBY, Clothier,
ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY, MASS.
J. C. Dorgan, Manager

Watch Our Window!
It is filled with OXFORDS in BLACK and RUSSETT
LEATHER also a RUSSETT BLUCHER BOOT for Ladies; and a
MENS' RUSSETT BLUCHERETTE OXFORD. These goods that we
are offering are BARGAINS.
LADIES' OXFORDS, from \$1.00 to \$1.50 reduced from \$1.25 to \$2.00
MENS' from \$2.00 to \$1.50
LADIES' BLUCHER BOOT, from \$3.00 to \$2.00
Granite Shoe Store.
Robertson Block. H. A. FELTIS, Manager.

Furniture
Economy.
Cut Prices on Everything.
We save you from 5 to 25 per cent. on all your purchases.
Easy payments when desired,
Henry L. Kincaide & Co.,
Reliable Low Priced House Furnishers.
Tirrell's Block, Hancock Street.

The Watermelon.
Why is it that there is every year
so great an outburst of melody (al-
leged) about the watermelon? What
is the watermelon that it should be
thus celebrated? It cannot hold a
candle to the cantaloupe either for
flavor or harmlessness. The great
army of watermelon poets is cal-
culated to make one tired. As a pro-
motor of joy the watermelon is two-
thirds a bluff, with the other third a
stucky joke that pleases neither pa-
nor stomach. Relegate yourselves
to the rear, versesmiths who use the

THE BREATH OF THE FURZE.
The breath of the furze came over the hill
On a moonlit night when the wind was still.
From the tall keen spires of the golden town
That spring has built on the seaward down—
Thorn and blossom, all dimly seen
In a maze of gold and a mist of green—
Was issued forth for the world's delight
A fragrant message across the night.
The breath of the furze came down to the sea,
With the blackbird's voice from the hazel tree;
Sweet as nectarine, warm as peach,
Blent with the salt of the wave wet beach,
Through the morning glory it strove in vain
To make its marvelous meaning plain.
For the world was reeling with sound and
scent
And glow of the mid-May firmament.
The breath of the furze came over the heath
From the gold above and the gold beneath.
It floated down through the primrose dell
Where the clackchick builds and the ring doves
dwell.
Wandering waters with welcome chime
Hailed it softly from time to time.
And the nightingale, when the dark drew
nigh,
Wove it into his melody.
The breath of the furze like a dream stole in
To the city's heart through the drought and
din.
With a sudden wonder a woman stopped
Where a yellow bough in the dust was dropped.
And all in a moment the tears arise
In healing streams to her dull, hard eyes.
And the spark of life that a dead soul keeps
Is newly kindled in amber drops.
"I will arise now and go once more
To the cottage gate by the brown seashore,
Where the brooklet sprays to the foam de-
seends
Over the cliff where the furze brake ends.
Perhaps the cowslips are blooming now
Where the whitethroat sings on the white
thorn bough.
Perhaps my mother is waiting still
Where the breath of the furze comes over the
hill."
—M. C. Gillingham in Spectator.

Baby's Testimony.
Here is a rather pretty story that
is vouched for by a London journal,
showing how a small baby once got
his mother into very serious diffi-
culties and then made amends by get-
ting her out again. It seems that a
poor seamstress with a child in her
arms was tried for the theft of three
gold coins. She said in defense: "I
went to my employer's house on
business. I carried my child with me.
It was in my arms as it is now. I
was not paying attention to it. There
were several gold coins on the man-
tepiece, and unknown to me it
stretched out its little hand and seized
three pieces, which I did not observe
until I got home. I at once put on
my bonnet and was going back to my
employer to return them when I was
arrested. This is the solemn truth,
as I hope for heaven's mercy."
The court could not believe this
story. They upbraided the mother
for endeavoring to palm off such a
falsehood for the truth. But she so
pertinaciously asserted her inno-
cence that a novel experiment was
made in her favor. One of the of-
ficials proposed to renew the scene
described by the mother. The gold
coins were placed on the clerk's table.
The mother was requested to
resume the position in which she
stood at her employer's house. There
was then a breathless pause in court.
The baby soon discovered the bright
coins, eyed them for a moment,
smiled and then clutched them in its
fingers with a miser's eagerness. The
mother was at once acquitted.

Napoleon's Arithmetic.
Napoleon used to make mistakes
in figures, absolute and positive as
arithmetic has to be. He could have
worked out the most complicated
mathematical problems, and yet he
could rarely total up a sum correctly.
For example, in calculating the num-
ber of men who were to make up his
battalions, regiments or divisions, he
always used to increase the sum total.
One can hardly believe that in doing
so he wanted to deceive himself, but
he often thought it useful to exag-
gerate the strength of his armies. It
was no use pointing out any mistake
of this kind. He refused to admit it
and obstinately maintained his vol-
untary arithmetical error.—Memoirs
Baron de Meneval.

Remarkable.
Baggs—I have just been reading a
remarkable story of old age. Amos
Johnson was 100 years old last week,
and—
Jaggs—Oh, yes, I know. He can
walk five miles before breakfast and
read the finest print without glasses.
"Not at all. He is so feeble that
he can't move and is blind and deaf.
As food has to be administered to
him hypodermically, every one won-
ders that he has not died long ago."
—New York Tribune.

The manuscript books of the ninth,
tenth and eleventh centuries seem to
be all written by the same hand.
This was due to the influence of
Charlemagne, who selected a particu-
lar style of handwriting, adopted it
and ordered every scribe to write
after that as a copy.

An artist being asked, "Is sculp-
ture difficult?" answered: "Why,
bless you, no! You have only to
take a block of marble and a chisel
and knock off all the marble you
don't want."
Hard putty may be easily softened
by passing a red-hot flat piece of iron
over it, so that it can then be re-
moved with the fingers or the edge of
a knife without any difficulty.
We cannot add to the general illu-
mination of the world by extinguish-
ing the torches of others.—C. Wesley

HER LAST LETTER.
The Convict Receives It From His Wife.
Who Does Live It Is Told.
He seized the letter as a famishing
man snatches food from a stretch of
hands and stepped to the little win-
dow, through whose iron bars the
soft beams of light were stealing.
One look was enough to tell his throbb-
ing heart that it was from her, and
in his joy the bleached fingers trem-
bled so violently that he could scarcely
hold the dainty sheet.
He knew she had not been well for
some time, and how thankful he felt
to get these few words of love and
tenderness, for if she were to die he—
"My God!" he breathed to himself in
terror, the thought was too terrible.
He read on through the plaintive,
gentle message of hope, telling him
how she loved him, and how she
missed him, and what dreams she
had woven for their future, when his
sentence should expire, and tears of
agony rolled down his cheeks—he
told him that she was much stronger
and hoped to be able to make him a
visit before long, and this ray of
promise caused a smile to circle
around his drawn, bloodless lips.
But what is this? Some one has
added a postscript!
"My God!" he groans as he stands
on tiptoe to catch a better light and
reads the postscript again. Then he
gives a groan, as if a deathblow had
been dealt him, and staggering blind-
ly toward his cot he sank down upon
it and buried his face in his hands.
The postscript, written by another,
told of his wife's sudden death. As
he sat there stupid and motionless
memory flashed its panorama of past
days before his throbbing eyes, and
for a moment he forgot the bitter
present in the kisses of the past. He
saw the modest little home where he
had led her a happy wife in those
golden days, and a thrill of joy trem-
bled through his heart as he recalled
those happy hours. He saw that
home when first he heard the prattle
of baby, and so vivid was the dream
that he could almost feel the child-
ish arms about his neck, and once he
made a movement as if to clasp this
child to his breast. Then he beheld
this little woman leaning heavily on
his arm as he supported her and
bravely tried to cheer her with
words of love, while at their feet lay
a little grassy mound, beneath whose
nodding flowers slept their boy!
Then this trouble had come, when
in a moment of anger he had dealt a
fellow man a blow that had taken
one life and consigned another to a
weary term of imprisonment. He
remembered how faithfully she had
stood beside him in his hours of dark-
ness and how brave she was when
she kissed him goodby at the door of
this very cell.
This thought brought back the
agony of the moment and with a
sob of grief he fell prostrate on the
cot, with heart breaking from the
contents of her last letter.—Atlanta
Constitution.

Guilt Made Him a Coward.
There is a small Vermont town, al-
most on the Canada line, which is
distinguished by a peculiarity only
to be found where two govern-
ments are very near neighbors.
The little hotel is during the season
crowded with summer boarders, and
one day several of them sat on the
piazza watching the landlord, who
was bargaining with a native for
some fowl.
The man had a deprecating, con-
fidential air, and the landlord appar-
ently found great difficulty in hear-
ing what he said.
"How much are they a pound?" he
asked.
The man gave a whispered reply.
"How much? Hey! Speak up. No-
body's going to take you up."
This time the tone of the answer
was more satisfactory.
"How many are there? Hey?"
And so the apparently one-sided
conversation went on until the bar-
gain was concluded, and the man
went away, leaving his fowl. Then
one of the ladies on the piazza ex-
pressed her surprise at the dumb
show.
"Is his voice affected?" she asked.
"Land, no!" exclaimed the land-
lord, preparing to go indoors with
his purchase. "He's like all the rest
of 'em round here. They do so much
smuggling with one thing or another,
being so near the line, that they can't
speak right out about a bargain to
save their lives!"—Youth's Compan-
ion.

Douglas's Suggestion.
A highlander applied for and ob-
tained employment on a gentleman's
estate not a hundred miles from Ul-
lapool. "What's your name, my
man?" asked the foreman. "Dougal
Macquicken, sir," was the reply.
"How do you spell it?" Douglas
paused and scratched his head. "In-
deed I don't know, sir. I never
spelt it, an' my father he never
spelt it either. I don't think it was
ever intended to be spelt at all. Put
it down without spelling, sir."
—Scotsman.

Knew Her Game.
New Shopman (in jeweler's)—
Young lady wants to see some rings
exactly like one she has on. She
says she thinks of having two alike,
just for the fun of the thing.
Jeweler—Don't waste time on her.
That ring she has is an engagement
ring, and she wants to find out what
it cost.—London Tit Bits.
TOO LATE FOR THE OCEAN STEAMER.
Dozens of Passengers Get Down to the
Dock at the Last Minute.
An interesting and sometimes ex-
citing phase of New York life is
found in the effort of a great many
people to leave it. If you care to
rise very early in the morning for
studies of your kind, go down to the
pier of one of the great ocean liners
on sailing day. Seven o'clock is the
usual sailing hour, and 7 o'clock in
the morning is a dreadfully early
hour for New York's wealthy pleas-
ure seekers.
One of the first things that strike
the notice of the old timer of steam-
boat days, especially the river man,
is the promptness and regularity
which characterize the movements
of the "liner." Seven o'clock means
7 o'clock. Exactly on the second the
deep voice of command echoes from
the bridge, the single remaining
gangplank is drawn in upon the pier,
the engineer's bell jingles, and the
big screw begins to revolve. Within
the first minute the immense body
of the ship swings clear of the dock.
Two minutes later she is slowly head-
ing down stream bound for the open
sea, a tug or two snorting and pull-
ing at her gigantic nose to shorten
the turn.
The next curious fact to the on-
looker is that somebody who is book-
ed for that particular steamer comes
tearing down to the pier in a cab or
four wheeler piled with small bag-
gage just in time to witness this last
evolution in the river. Sometimes
this unhappy individual is a woman
who has spent one minute too many
before her mirror in setting the
pitch of a bonnet. Sometimes it is a
man who has probably lingered with
friends just one minute too long over
a parting glass, and sometimes both
man and woman come. And then,
oh, my! How they give it to each
other there in the carriage! In one
case it is a case of hysterics—in the
other a case of unprintable oaths.
And the whole crowd on the pier, up
to that time absorbed in floating
handkerchiefs and tears and waving
hats, suddenly discover that there is
still something left in New York
worth looking at and turn from the
departing ship to the belated traveler.
I have been down at the piers on
sailing day several times, and these
two features have always attracted
my attention. I do not say they are
invariable, but I never saw a ship
lose half a minute of her starting
time and have always seen some-
body left at the last moment. There
are dozens and scores of passengers
who come down to the dock at the
last minute and scramble on in the
most undignified manner. The slight-
est accident to delay their car-
riages, a lazy car ahead, a block of
trucks or any one of the thousand
and one common things of such a
character would throw them out of
the passage for which they had prob-
ably paid and destroy their entire
programme of pleasure. They could
get there, of course, minutes or hours
before if they chose, but this is the
only way to attract attention and is
decided worth the risk.—New York
Herald.

Three Times and Out.
A gentleman living out on College
street drove down to the city the
other evening after his wife, and not
finding her started home again. After
leaving the city he saw a lady walk-
ing along in the street ahead whom
he took for his better half. Riding
up to her, he said, "Get in," when she
turned a strange face up to him and
answered: "Thank you, sir. You
look all right, but I don't know you."
He apologized and drove on, when
he saw another lady walking on
ahead. This surely is she, he
thought, and approaching her in the
darkness he said: "I've been look-
ing for you. Will you ride home
with me?" "I guess that you have
made a mistake," she said as she
looked up. Again he apologized and
drove on.
It does not sound like fact, but he
did see another woman walking home
along the clay road whom he ap-
proached, saying rather tartly:
"Come, wife, get in here. I've been
making a fool of myself all the way
up." She likewise proved a stranger.
When the man saw a fourth wom-
an walking in the twilight, he set his
teeth, and whipping his horse into a
run went by her like the wind. That
woman was his wife.—Lewiston
Journal.

It Worked the Other Way.
"Er—our revival has resulted in so
many accessions to the church," said
the minister, leaning back in his
chair and putting the tips of his fin-
gers together, "that I—um, ah—I
think it would not be a bad idea for
my salary to be increased."
"I'm afraid we can't do it, brother,"
replied the deacon. "You see,
the only way we got so many of them
to join was by explaining that with
a large membership the burden of
carrying a minister at the salary you
are now getting would be but little
felt."—Indianapolis Journal.
New York owns one-fourth of the
commercial shipping of the United
States.

QUINCY MONITOR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

St. John's C. L. & A. Association

Entered at the Post Office at St. Quincy, as second class matter.

Subscription Agent, - - - THOMAS J. CARR

Lock Box 161 QUINCY, MASS.

HAPPY OLD MAN.

I met a man one day on his way to church. He had just passed the milestone of life labelled "seventy years." His back was bent, his hair was white, his voice was dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he seemed still fond of life and full of gladness, not at all put out with his lot. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn as his legs and cane carried him along. "Aged friend," said I, "why should an old man be merry?" "All are not," said he. "Well, why then should you be merry?" "Because I try to serve God, who is a good Master." "Are none others happy at your time of life?" "No, not one, my friendly questioner," said he, and as he said more, his form straightened into the stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration set a beautiful glow across his countenance. "Listen, sir," said he, "to the truth from one who knows, then when it round the world, and no man in the world will be found to gain say my words. That the devil has no happy old men!"

"WHAT DO THESE CATHOLICS WANT?"

This remark is reported to have been made by a prominent democrat of the Plymouth rock variety when he was told that dissatisfaction existed in the party. The answer to his question is easy. The Catholic wants the time to come soon in politics, when there shall be no "Catholic" vote, no "Swedish" vote, no "Scottish" vote, no "German" vote, no "Italian" vote, no "French" vote, no "protestant" vote. When every vote shall be simply the vote of an American citizen free to vote the democratic, the republican, the populist, the prohibitionist, or any other ticket just as he sees fit, and without the slightest apology to any ward caucus politician. The brightest among the Catholics want the religious line in politics to be wiped out. They want to destroy the idea that every protestant must be a republican and that every Catholic must be a democrat. This idea however does prevail and has strong influence over many men who are disgusted with their party leaders and desire to break away and to vote the opposition ticket. This division of political parties according to religious opinions, is foolish, dangerous and costly to both sides. There is no good reason why a strong and fervent Catholic could not be a staunch republican if he pleases, and likewise, a strong protestant has every right to be a democrat if he chooses. When Catholics form the party, they do not like to see the vast majority of salaried positions given to the Plymouth rocks. In such cases Catholics do not wish to be regarded as good enough to vote, but not good enough to hold office. They want no office simply because they are Catholics, neither do they desire to be put out or kept out of office because they are Catholics. Among them are many who are bright enough and amply capable to fill any position in public life. Catholics want the Plymouth rock democrats to treat them as well as they have treated the Plymouth rocks. No better and no worse. One thing is certain. The so-called Irish vote has more than paid any debt that it owes to the democrats. It will take wise, impartial and unbiased management to keep it solid in the face of all the contempt shown to it. The Plymouth rock democrats owe the Irish vote far more than it owes them.

ANNEXATION TO BOSTON.

An article in the "Patriot" deserves careful thought. It is entitled "Greater Boston" and is as follows:—
Non that a commission has been appointed to consider the subject of a greater Boston, the people of Quincy should begin to think of the subject with reference to our city becoming part of the plan. It may be very natural and perhaps seem patriotic to jump at the conclusion that we ought to remain independent and preserve our aristocracy. But ought we? Let us see.
The tax rate of Quincy this year is \$17.60. No sewers, an insufficient water supply and service, appropriations for fire department, roads and bridges entirely insufficient; constantly increasing cost of school maintenance and ordinary city expenses; and all this too accompanied by a valuation which has, as a whole, reached a point beyond which it cannot go except by gross injustice to nearly every property owner in the city. The tax rate of Boston is nearly four dollars per thousand lower than Quincy's, and on a valuation by no means to the full limit. For this rate Bostonians receive so many advantages that we do not, that it would require a long article to enumerate them. I shall have more to say on this subject in the future; this item is merely to set our people to thinking. One fact is certain: public hearing should be held by the Commissioners when the proper time arrives.

A. P. A.

Some of our readers imagine that all the prejudice and bigotry against Catholics is in the republican party. To these, we recommend a careful reading of the following extract from the "British American Citizen" of Sept. 1, 1894:—
"Forcing the Issue."
We dwell at some length, on the second page of this issue, on the sight of Richard C. Kerens against the A. P. A. Nearly every sentence of Kerens' statements contains a falsehood. In saying that the A. P. A. "seeks to attach itself to the Republican party," Kerens takes advantage of his ignorance to utter a direct lie. Every city in Tennessee was carried by the Democrats some two weeks ago, and every victory was a straight A. P. A. victory.

The MONITOR feels perfectly independent in party politics. It will expose and combat A. P. A.ism in democrats as well as in republican politicians. It fears neither party, and maintains that any pol-

itician or candidate whose words or deeds show that he is tainted with bigotry should never receive a vote from a Catholic, no matter to what political party such candidate or politician claims to belong.

TRADE IN QUINCY.

We call special attention to our advertising columns. The business men of Quincy deserve the patronage of our readers for their efforts to provide the citizens with reliable goods at low prices. The business men of a city are its guarantee of success. They have faith enough in the place to invest thousands of dollars in buildings, and in stock of goods.

They are among the heaviest taxpayers and by placing commodities within easy distance of the people, they save thousands more to the residents.

They rely for success upon the patronage of Quincy. Our advertiser especially are well and most favorably known as the best in the city and we earnestly recommend our readers to deal principally if not entirely with them.

OBITUARY.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the St. John's C. L. & A. A. the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God to take from amongst us our late brother member William Burke, be it

Resolved: That the members of the St. John's C. L. & A. A. mourn the loss of one who has been a good and faithful member of our Association.

Resolved: That in the death of William Burke the Association loses a brother who has at all times been prompt to serve the interests of the Association; a sincere and pious Catholic, whose virtues endeared him not only to the members of the St. John's, but to all who knew him.

Resolved: That the St. John's Society tender its heartfelt sympathy to his mother and family in this their sad affliction.

Resolved: That the resolutions be inscribed upon the records of the Society, published in the MONITOR and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

RICHARD A. COLE, Pres.
JOHN W. WALSH,
THOMAS F. HOGAN,
PATRICK W. DRISCOLL,
RICHARD GRAY.

Committee on Resolutions.

HOSPITAL AID ASSOCIATION.

Editor of Monitor.
DEAR SIR:—Will you be good enough to call attention through the columns of your paper, to the beginning of the regular meetings of the Hospital Aid Association, Thursday, September twenty-seventh, in the Probate Court Room, Adams Block, from half past two till five. A full attendance is earnestly requested to consider matters of importance.

Sincerely Yours,
MISS W. T. BABCOCK,
President Hospital Aid Association.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Reading of Records by Secretary.
2. Monthly report of Treasurer.
3. Monthly report of Cutting Committee.
4. Monthly report of Purchasing Committee.
5. Monthly report from Hospital.
6. Unfinished business.
7. New business.

Resume of reports by and suggestions from the President, Mrs. Babcock.

LOCALS.

Some ladies have joined the West Quincy court of foresters.

Mr. Patrick Hughes and Miss Hannah Sullivan are to be married on Sept. 20.

The public schools of the city reopened Tuesday Sept. 4th, with but few changes in the corps of teachers.

A kindergarten in connection with the Greenleaf Private School will be opened in the Adams Building Oct. 1.

After Oct. 1, Quincy is to have two additional letter carriers, one at Quincy Point and one at West Quincy.

The Sunday Schools of the Parish will commence on the first Sunday of October. High Mass will also be resumed on that date.

A sort of an A. P. A. meeting was recently held in Hancock hall. The decent people of Quincy have no use for such gatherings and contemptuously refrained from attending. Very few native born citizens were present.

The Woodward Institute commenced its second term on Monday, Sept. 10 with 119 pupils. A new teacher has been engaged for German and French, Miss Katie Felice Overman, and Miss Georgiana Lane a Quincy girl will teach drawing.

It is very strange, that, from among the hundred or more of business men who have always voted the democratic ticket and who have paid thousands of dollars in taxes to Quincy, Mayor Hodges could not or would not select a competent City Treasurer. It is possible that his plan is to push aside the prominent democrats for fear they might be rivals for the honors in the party?

About Oct. 1st Dr. Thomas T. Padula will occupy the beautiful new house at the corner of School and Summer streets. Dr. Padula will be a great addition to the medical staff of Quincy and will not suffer by comparison. His skill and manly qualities have greatly endeared him to his patients in Neponset where he has practiced for the past five years which he leaves only for a wider field.

The premiums for the different Sunday Schools were presented at the picnic. In St. John's Sunday School the gold watch was gained by Mary Ellen Garrity. Several other premiums were given and a pretty idea was the presentation of booklets containing a picture of St. John's Church, a description of the parish, and photographs of those who gained the most points during the year. In St. Mary's Sunday School, Margaret Sheahan received the gold watch and Christopher Keenan carried off the silver watch. Then there were several gold hearts for those next in order and beautiful prayer books were presented to the others deserving of merit. In the Sacred Heart Sunday School, Atlantic, Myra Shea, and Mary Hastings, received the first prizes.

Mr. H. W. Fiske who has been proprietor of The Greenleaf has gone to Boston to take charge of a hotel there. Miss S. R. Smith of the Bellevue, Boston has moved into the Greenleaf.

Mr. Daniel Hayes of West Quincy died at his home on Saturday Sept. 8, after a few hours' illness. His funeral occurred the following Monday from St. Mary's Church. May his soul rest in peace.

The Street Railway Co. have given a three cent fare to all who attend the High School from any part of Quincy. The car which leaves West Quincy at a quarter before eight will run directly to the school.

The new High School building was appropriately dedicated on Tuesday Sept. 11. Remarks were made by Gov. Greenhalge, Mayor Hodges, Dr. Sheahan and Chairman Crane of the school board and Principal Tupper. Post 88 G. A. R. presented Mr. Tupper with a flag which was raised on the staff and saluted. The band played some selections and escorted the governor to the station. There was singing by the school and Miss Mary F. White sang the songs of the Star Spangled Banner. A great many people were present.

MCCLELLAN'S DEED.

How the General Once Expelled a Bad-Handed Savage.

General McClellan had the reputation of being an exceedingly brave and able officer, but in an emergency could act with quick wit and judgment of mind. The most critical moment of his life was when he was condemned to death by an Indian council.

It was after the Mexican war, when he was employed as a topographical engineer in surveying the Pacific coast. From his headquarters at Vancouver he had gone south to the Columbia river with two companions, a soldier and a servant. One evening he received word that the chiefs of the Columbia river tribes desired to confer with him. From the messenger's manner he suspected that the Indians meant mischief. He warned his companions that they must be ready to leave camp at a moment's notice. Mounting his horse, he rode boldly into the Indian village.

About 30 chiefs were holding council. McClellan was led into the circle and placed at the right hand of Saltese. He was familiar with the Chinook jargon and could understand every word spoken in the council.

Saltese made known the grievance of the tribes. Two Indians had been captured by a party of white pioneers and hanged for theft. Retaliation for this outrage seemed indispensable. The chiefs pondered long, but had little to say. McClellan had been on friendly terms with them and was not responsible for the forest executions. Still he was a white man, and the chiefs had vowed vengeance against the race.

The council was prolonged for hours before a decision was passed, and then Saltese, in the name of the head men of the tribes, decreed that McClellan should immediately be put to death in retaliation for the hanging of the two Indian thieves.

McClellan had said nothing. He had known that argument and pleas for justice or mercy would be of no avail. He was a white man, and his life was forfeited to his fate. By his listlessness he had thrown his captors off their guard.

When the sentence was passed, he acted like a flash. Flipping his left arm around the neck of Saltese, he whipped out his revolver and held it close to the chief's temple.

"Revoke that sentence, or I shall kill you this instant," he cried, with his fingers clicking the trigger.

"I revoke it!" exclaimed Saltese, fairly white with fear.

"I must have your word that I can leave this council in safety."

"You have the word of Saltese," was the quick response.

McClellan knew how sacred was the pledge which he had received. The revolver was lowered. Saltese was released from the embrace of the strong arm. McClellan strode out of the tent with his revolver in hand. Not a hand was raised against him.

He mounted his horse and rode to his camp, where his two followers were ready to spring into the saddle and to escape from the villages.

He owed his life to his quickness of perception and to his accurate knowledge of Indian character.—
Youth's Companion.

The Architect—The Engineer.
A main difference between our times and medieval times is that then the scientific constructor and the artistic constructor were one person. Now they are two. The art of architecture is divided against itself. The architect resents the engineer as a barbarian; the engineer makes light of the architect as a dilettante. It is difficult to deny that each is largely in the right. The artistic sensibility of the modern engineer is not more fatal to architectural progress than the artistic irrelevancy of the modern architect. In general, engineering is at least progressive, while architecture is at most stationary. And indeed it may be questioned whether, without a thought of art, and as in were, in spite of himself the engineer has not produced the most impressive as certainly he has produced the most characteristic monuments of our time.—Architectural Record.

He Was In.

An Arkansas man the other day rapped on his coffin just as the minister was about to begin the burial service over him. A man in the room, who thought some one outside was knocking at the door, yelled "Come in," hearing which the supposed dead man in the coffin exclaimed: "What's the matter with you? I am in already and want to get out." He finally became so obstreperous that the funeral had to be postponed.—New York Tribune.

ASTORY OF THE TURF

DOES IT SOLVE A MYSTERY OF LONG STANDING?

Why Did Mr. Dwyer's Tremont Saddle End His Racing Career?—The Question of Age—Something That Will Be Particularly Interesting to Horsemen.

The racing season had begun, and in consequence Saratoga was thronged with visitors. The hotels were crowded, and the cottages had long since been taken. The balmy air, the sight of magnificent equipages, handsome, well-dressed men and beautiful women all conspired to drive away care, no matter what one's trouble might be.

So I thought, as comfortably seated in a huge rocking chair, I looked about me from the piazza of the Grand Union hotel one glorious morning in July, 188—. All the people near me seemed intent on discussing only one subject—viz, racing. I remember distinctly to have caught several times the expression: "He's a sure winner. Nothing can beat him." Then again some one would say: "The Black Whirlwind is a wonder. He will win in a walk," and various other like opinions. Not being familiar with race horses and racing slang, I was unable to make heads or tails of all I had heard, and realizing that I was out of my element I concluded to take a stroll and indulge in a quiet smoke. After having traversed two or three blocks I found myself just behind two gentlemen walking leisurely along, who seemed to be talking about something in a very serious manner. The walk being narrow, I made no effort to pass them and lazily followed behind, enjoying my beloved pipe.

Very soon I again heard the word "Whirlwind," and I confess that my curiosity was greatly excited. Just at this moment a rather stiff summer breeze came up, and bearing directly toward us wafted distinctly to me their conversation. The larger of the two (whom I will designate as Mr. A.) said to the other, "So you are surely going to start him in the stakes today, are you?"

The smaller man (whom I will designate as Mr. D.) replied: "Why, certainly. I'm sure to win. There is nothing eligible to start that can make my colt any extent inferior. Of course he will start and win too."

"Well," said Mr. H., "I have a proposition to make, or rather, I should say, a bet to propose."

"Let's hear it," said Mr. D.

In very cold and measured tones Mr. H. said: "Mr. D., I will bet you \$5,000 that if your colt crosses the wire first today the race will not be given to him and \$5,000 additional if you do start him he will never again run in another race."

By this time I was trembling with excitement, but soothed by my control forced me to continue being an unwilling eavesdropper.

Mr. D. quickly replied: "Why, what is the matter with you? Has anything unusual happened that has caused your good sense to forsake you? Your proposition is foolish to be thought of for a moment."

"Well," replied Mr. H., "a little bird brought me some extremely interesting news about your colt, and I do not believe that my mental faculties have forsaken me. I repeat that I am willing to make the wager, and I know full well that I thoroughly understand what I am saying and doing. Do you accept the wager or not, Mr. D.?"

All this time I was only a few feet behind them, regulating my pace by theirs and trying to appear very preoccupied.

After some hesitation Mr. D. replied that he would consider the matter and would give an answer before 1 o'clock.

Somehow I did not feel as if I had committed a very great offense in listening to their conversation. "It's the best I have heard of yet," I thought, "that I had heard enough, so I turned and retraced my footsteps, thinking there was something very peculiar in what I had overheard. I worried over it so much that I concluded to go out to the race course. I called on an acquaintance and there in the betting pavilion I approached a man who seemed 'to the manner born' and politely asked if he knew anything about a horse called 'The Black Whirlwind.' He understood at once and told me the proper name was Tremont, and went on to say: 'that in all America there was not a 3-year-old who could outrun him.'"

After thanking him for his information I went up to the grand stand and there purchased a programme. Sure enough, Tremont was entered in the fourth race. Very impatiently I sat there and waited. Finally the first race was run, which I watched with little or no interest, and after the jockeys had dismounted again made my way to the betting ring. I stood on the outskirts of the crowd, quite interested in what I saw and heard. I could not understand the odds and the bookmakers, but I did not care. Suddenly I heard a loud shout from the end of the ring. I tried to ascertain what was the matter, but was pushed and jostled about by the crowd. I saw a man who seemed to be shouting and I called out to him: "Scratch Tremont!"

This was repeated by many on all sides. Every one appeared surprised, and no one seemed able to give any reason for the colt's withdrawal.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided I returned to the grand stand and sat there, thinking deeply. I remembered the conversation of a few hours previous, and I tried very hard to form some opinion as to the ins and outs of what I considered a very strange case indeed. The only conclusion that I could reach was that Mr. H. understood could reach was that Mr. H. understood his own affairs. Well, at last the time for the stake race. I forgot to say that Mr. H. had his best 3-year-old for a starter. While the horses were at the post I heard a man sitting near me say: "Why, Mr. H. will win sure now that Tremont's out of the way." After a

short delay the field was sent away on nearly even terms. At the half Mr. H.'s colt was leading and running easily. He simply kept it up and reaped past the wire an easy winner by four or five lengths. After all the excitement of the day I felt very much fatigued and started to return to the hotel.

In leaving the stand I noticed Mr. H. and another gentleman talking very earnestly together. They were separated from the crowd, and their conversation was animated. The old feverish curiosity of the morning again assailed me, and very soon I was within earshot. I

must have arrived just in time, for I heard Mr. A. say: "Why, I know all about it several days ago. I knew that if I made the matter public there would be more or less scandal, so I determined to give it a wide berth. I was to which he Mr. D. a very strong hint, and he has been sensible enough to take it. No wonder the colt won all his races last year, carrying weight as a 2-year-old when he really was a 3-year-old. Well, the Whirlwind will never start again. Mr. D. will have to put him in the stud."

Having heard this solution of the matter I turned to leave the track, when suddenly a man, running very fast, bumped into me with great violence, knocking me to the ground, and I awoke—I had been dozing on the hotel piazza, and my chair had tilted over. It was only a dream, after all, but like the wagger, a peculiar one.—S. B. W. in New York Telegram.

TOO DIGNIFIED ENTIRELY.

How He Overdid the Thing and Brought Confusion on Himself.

"I know a man," says Mr. James W. Scott, "who recently went home from a club function at a scandalously early hour, or, if you please, at an equally scandalously early hour. He had a wholesome regard for his better half, so he entered the house very dignifiedly, hung up his hat in its proper place and mounted the stairway to his apartment with exemplary precision. He struck a match, softly, lighted the gas and was exceedingly cautious about disrobing and in placing his garments in just such order that his wife should have no possible occasion to reproach him next day. Indeed he conducted himself with that degree of particularity which is not infrequently born of a consciousness that too much wine has been imbibed."

"Well, when he woke up and dressed and came down stairs, his wife received him smilingly."

"I watched you carefully," said she, "and I don't know that ever before you were so dignified and orderly. I was particularly charmed by the decency with which you put away your clothing."

"Yes," said the husband proudly, "I flatter myself that I did acquire myself handsomely for a man who had been out to dinner."

"Yes, my dear," continued the wife, "but there was one thing that I could not understand. Why did you light the gas in broad daylight?"—Chicago Record.

MEN CHEW GUM TOO.

A Feminine Observer Makes a Discovery That Vindicates Her Sex.

Is the chewing gum habit purely feminine?

I think not now, though the time is not so far gone when the practice was limited to children and young misses. It is different now. I base my calculation on a recent episode that occurred on a train leaving the Grand Central station.

Hardly had the cars started than the train boy made his appearance. To each person, irrespective of age or sex, a package of gum was handed. The women took the small packages with an air that betokened thorough knowledge of the contents. The men handled the foil wrapped sticks gingerly. It was evident also that they had seen them before.

One old, bearded fellow, who doubtless thought his age an apology for his actions, soon had his jaws working, and a generous supply of children. The women I expected would buy the sticks and divide with the children, but as surely the habit has outgrown femininity when 16 men out of a total of 29 indulge in public in chewing gum.

On inquiry the train boy told me that the percentage of men buyers was much larger in that purely masculine retreat, the smoking car. "It's the best selling article we carry," he said, "and the men use more of it than the women."—New York Herald.

Strange Freak of Memory.

Then there is a strange story of how Sir Walter Scott, producing "The Bride of Lammermoor" during illness, was afterwards found to have forgotten entirely what he had thus created. According to James Ballantyne, "the book was written and published before Mr. Scott was able to recollect the incidents of the story, which he had known from boyhood, he still remembered, but he knew no more about the story he had written than he did before he began to write or even think about writing it." These facts are corroborated by Mr. Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law and biographer, so that they are placed beyond question.—Gentleman's Magazine.

What a Bachelor Thinks.

Man that is married to woman is of many days and is full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening, behold, it is all gone. It goeth, but he knows not where. He spendeth shakels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the bosom of his family, yet he is seen at the gates of the city with but one suspender. He goeth forth as an ox or ass and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He rises, clad in the chilly garments of the night, and seeketh the somnolent bumptious paragon which healeth the colicky stomach of his offspring. Yea, he is altogether wretched and full of misery. Wide is the road and broad is the way that leadeth to the gate of matrimony, and many there be that goeth in therat.—Worcester Enterprise.

Proof of Goodness.

A lady who has a trustworthy cook who is quite a character gave her permission recently to go and nurse a sick friend. When Bridget returned, she told her mistress all about it, and also that the husband offered himself before the funeral.

"Oh, Bridget, I hope you won't marry and leave me."

"And, sure," said Bridget, "he's a very fine man. I laid out the corpse, and there wasn't a black mark on her."—Boston Herald.

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AGENTS,

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Mystifying a Kentucky Audience.
Colonel Kaintuck—Talking about sleight of hand, the most mysterious trick I ever saw was in a little town down in Kentucky. The man wasn't a professional, either, but just a bright young fellow who has a genius for such things. He took a glass of water and held it up before us all, and then he threw a big tablecloth over him. In two minutes he threw off the cloth—and there was the glass empty; yes, sir, not a drop in it. Friend—Perhaps he drank it.
Colonel Kaintuck—By Jove! May be he did. Never thought of it.—New York Weekly.

Pureell, the most extraordinary musical genius that England ever produced, died at the age of 87 from a cold contracted by being locked out of the house by his terminant wife. He was popularly said to be the handsomest man in London.

St. Albans, Vt., is one of the largest butter markets in this country.

BEAUTIFUL THAMES.
IT IS BY FAR THE MOST ELEGANT WATER PARK IN THE WORLD.

A Pleasure Stream on Which in the Season There Is Always a Crowd and Yet Plenty of Room—The Trip From Oxford to Richmond a Delightful Experience.

The river Thames is the most important as it is the most beautiful water park in the world. It is to London and the adjacent counties what the Charles river should and can be by the diligence of public spirit be to Boston and the adjacent towns. With the hope of stirring this public spirit and showing what the English do with their beautiful river, and how they manage it, how they pay for its maintenance as a water park, I present what follows:

The Thames, counting all its turnings and twistings and not measuring by a direct line, runs something like 200 miles from its source to the sea. On its banks are 10 counties, including London, having a population of 8,500,000 people and a ratable valuation of about \$300,000,000. It drains, with its tributaries, an area of more than 5,000 square miles. Until it enters the county of London it is distinctly a river of pleasure. From the western border of the county of London to the sea, a distance of sixty odd miles, it is a highway of commerce. By its aid London has become the greatest port in the world.

It is of the Thames as a pleasure stream that I propose to write, but it is well to understand at the outset that the river from start to finish as a water park and as a commercial highway is under the control of a single authority called "the Thames conservancy." For purposes of administration the river is technically divided into two parts—the upper and the lower. The upper portion is practically what I have already indicated as the water park or pleasure stream, and with that portion only am I now concerned.

One sees the upper Thames at its best from the middle of May to the end of September. Between those dates the trip down stream, say from Oxford to Richmond, a journey of 100 miles, is one of the most delightful experiences that can come to a lover of outdoor pastime. The best way to see the stream is to row or punt or paddle down the river, stopping overnight at any pleasant inn you may come to and making the journey in easy stages of about 20 miles a day. In this way you see some of the loveliest portions of the English country to the best advantage and under ideal conditions. This journey is a favorite one with thousands of people, and the facilities for undertaking it in comfort are abundant. In fact, the Thames abounds in facilities for outdoor pleasure. At every few miles there are beachouses and inns, and almost anywhere you can put up on the banks for a day's picnic. From end to end of the course, now on one side of the stream and now on the other, there is a towing path for the free use of the public. Wherever the path shifts from one side of the stream to the other there is a ferry station.

There are some 40 locks on the

Thames. At each lock there are keepers always on duty, and they reside in pretty cottages on the banks. Most of the locks are supplied with inclined roller ways, over which small boats can be easily taken if you prefer not to wait for a passage through the lock.

Many of the Thameside towns have an annual rowing regatta, each of which makes for its district the great fete day of the year. The chief of these regattas is that at Henley, whose fame is known to amateur oarsmen the world over. A Thames fete day affords one of the most delightful spectacles that can be imagined. The course is literally covered with small boats. The bright costumes of the occupants give a sprinkling of welcome color to the scene. The festivity is indeed a water carnival. The houseboats, which make an important part of the fleet, line the banks and are decked with flowers and bunting, and at night every craft is gayly illuminated.

On these occasions the old saying that "the English take their pleasures sadly" is again disproved, for a jollier and more delightful festa is nowhere to be found in Europe. Besides, no matter how great the crowd or how high the spirits of it, the order of the day is perfectly kept. Perhaps the rough element of the community does not care for these water sports. Perhaps the upper river is too far from the haunts of the turbulent, but whatever the cause the fact remains that gala days on the Thames are as notable for good manners as for good fun, and no matter how huge the throng (there may be a seemingly solid mile of small craft packed across the river from bank to bank) yet the whole business is so well managed that when the time comes to clear the course for racing the way is easily made by the regatta authorities and the officers of the Thames conservancy.—Boston Herald.

Poll Gives Warning.
One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in Maine, but one that draws no salary, lives at the Portland Head lighthouse. This is a large gray parrot, brought from Africa some time ago and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean some body would cry out: "Fog coming in! Blow the horn!" One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick, and no one noticed it, as they were all busy. Poll noticed this and croaked out: "Fog coming in! Blow the horn!" And now whenever fog is perceptible Poll never fails to give warning.—Lewiston Journal.

Jagson says you seldom see real concentration unless you find a man who is reading his own letter in a newspaper.

Two barons, a lieutenant and a lawyer are ushers in a New York German theater.

California has one of the most remarkable timber belts in the world, embracing 4,125 square miles and containing 132,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

What is said to be a genuine bust of Herod, found in Palestine some years ago, has been bequeathed to the Hermitage gallery at St. Petersburg.

AMERICAN MADE CANDY.

Nothing Injurious to Health Can Be Found In Its Ingredients.

G. W. Jenkins of Philadelphia, an officer of the National Confectioners' association, talked to a reporter about the composition of candy. "Our association," he said, with great emphasis, "will forfeit \$100 and another similar association will forfeit a like sum to any one who will find the smallest portion of any substance injurious to health in any American made candy. This offer remains open indefinitely."

"All American candy is made of pure sugar then?"
"I will not say that. Some of the cheaper grades are made partly of fine flour or of pulverized starch. Glucose is also used to some extent. But glucose is simply a clear, handsome corn sirup, with no injurious qualities."

"And no saccharine matter?"
"And not a bit of saccharine matter."
"And how much terra alba do you confectioners use?"
"Not an ounce of terra alba. Not an ounce of terra alba is used in any American made candy. We will pay you \$100 if you can find a trace of it."

"Candy is of various grades then?"
"Oh, yes. The gumdrops are the cheapest grade of candy made. Of course they are not made of sugar. There is no pretense that they are."

"Gum arabic, I suppose?"
"Gum arabic chiefly. And, as I have said, some makers use flour or fine starch in some of the cheaper grades—in stick candy especially. But one of the main objects of this association is to discourage the use of any substance that can injure the public health, and we are sure that we have succeeded in this aim."

"Are branded goods made now to a considerable extent?"
"Yes; we make them constantly, but there is not so large a demand for the old style brandy drops as formerly. Brandy is now used chiefly as a flavoring in various forms of chocolate goods. It is used only as a flavoring, just as we use rose, vanilla and other forms of flavoring in the same goods."

"Do the liquor laws interfere with these goods in any of the states?"
"Not at all. How could they? We do not sell brandy by the gallon, quart or glass. The laws cannot touch sales made in the way we make them—by the pound. And then, again, there is really very little brandy in a brandy drop or a brandy chocolate, not more than two or three drops, just enough to give a brandy flavor."

"Where do these brandy goods go chiefly—among school children?"
"School children? No. The goods are too expensive to be bought exclusively by school children. They retail for 50 cents a pound. They go into the general trade and are sold

with the fine mixed candies just the same as the other flavors. What are popularly known as fine French candies are more apt to contain these goods than any other variety."—Boston Advertiser.

A Well Paid Author.

There is in Ribe, Denmark, one author who is paid much better for his work than Zola. That man is the venerable bishop of Ribe, Mr. Balesley, the author of "Luther's Little Catechism, With Explanatory Remarks." Up to date the little catechism has appeared in 160 editions, about the same number which "Nana" has reached. But while every edition of "Nana" only consists of 1,000 copies that of the catechism amounts to 10,000, and although it contains only 72 small pages, half of which are crowded with quotations, the bishop of Ribe has derived as large a revenue from Luther's little catechism as Zola has from his own big "Nana," which numbers nearly 500 pages, closely printed. An exact calculation will show that one single verse of the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," accompanied by the explanatory remark, "Pray for that only which you need," is worth \$1,000 to the bishop.—New York Sun.

Lines at Burns' Cottage.

At Burns' cottage, Ayr (Alloway), I copied literally the following printed scrap. It is inclosed in a glass case and without date. The lines were written at the cottage. Burns was the great poet of humanity:

Though Scotland boast a thousand names Of patriot, king and peer, The noblest, grandest of them all Was loved and cradled here.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw— A hotel made with clay. One door shuts out the snow and storm; One window greets the day.

And yet I stand within this room And hold all thrones in scorn, For here beneath this lowly thatch Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this humble hut I feel Like one who clasps a shrine When the glad lips at last have touched The something deemed divine.

—American in New York Sun.

A Giant Baby.

"My baby has always had one cow's milk, and I want one cow's milk only if I take milk from you," said the young mother to the Irish milkman.

"One cow's milk your baby takes!" said the astonished milkman. "Then, begorra, your baby must be a giant, for I haven't a cow that gives less than 10 quarts a day."—New York Press.

Still He Was Not Pleased.

He—I had my picture taken along with Nero—my big St. Bernard, you know. May I have the pleasure of presenting you with a copy?

She—Oh, I guess so. I always did admire a handsome dog.—Indianapolis Journal.

SWEARING AS A HIGH ART.

The Luxuriance of Blasphemy Prevalent Among the Orientals.

Professor Gargoyle, you must understand, has traveled to and fro in the earth culling these flowers of speech—a kind of recording angel, but without any sentimental tears. His collection, however, only approaches completeness in the western departments of European language. Going eastward he found such an appalling and tropical luxuriance of these ornaments as to despair at last altogether of even a representative selection, says an English writer.

"They do not curse," he says, "at door handles and shirt studs, and such other trifles as will call down the meager discharge of an accidental, but when they do begin—I hired a promising looking man at Calcutta, and after a month or so refused to pay his wages. He was unable to get at me with the big knife he carried, because the door was locked, so he sat on his hams outside under the veranda from 6:15 in the morning until nearly 10, cursing—cursing in one steady, unbroken flow—an astonishing spate of blasphemy."

First, he cursed my family, from me along the female line back to Eve, and then, having toyed with me personally for a little while, he started off along the line of my possible posterity to my remotest great-grandchildren. Then he cursed me and this and that. My hand ached taking it down, he was so very rich. It was a perfect anthology of Bengali blasphemy—vivid, scorching and variegated—not too alike, and then he turned about and dealt with different parts of me. I was really very fortunate in him. Yet it was depressing to think that all this was from one man and that there are 600,000,000 people in Asia.

"Your common Englishman now scarcely curses at all. A more colorless and conventional affair than what in England is called swearing one can scarcely imagine. It is just common talk, with some half dozen orthodox bad words dropped in here and there in the most foolish and illogical manner. Fancy having orthodox words! I remember one day getting into a third class smoking carriage on the Metropolitan railway about 1 o'clock and finding it full of rough workingmen. Everything they said was seasoned with one incredibly stupid adjective, and no doubt they thought they were very desperate characters. At last I asked them not to say the word again. One forthwith asked me 'what the—' (I really cannot quote these puerilities), 'what the idiotic cliché that mattered to me.' So I looked at him quietly over my glasses, and I began. It was a revelation to those poor fellows. They sat open mouthed, gazing. Then those that were nearest me began to edge away, and at the very next station

they all bundled out of the carriage before the train stopped, as though I had some infectious disease. And the thing was just a rough, imperfect rendering of some most commonplace, passing the time of day, as it were, with which the heathen of Aleppo used to favor the servants of the American missionary. Indeed if it were not for the ladies there would be nothing in England that one could speak of as swearing at all. They have agreed to consider certain words, for no very good reason, bad words. It is pure convention. It has little or nothing to do with the actual meaning, because for every one of these bad words there is a paraphrase or synonym considered to be quite suitable for polite ears."

Telegraph Codes.

The compiler of a really reliable and comprehensive code is not at the outset of his undertaking. By a difficulty that so far has defied all attempts at solution beyond a certain point. Despite the fact that the rules of the cable companies permit him to lay under contribution eight languages, the total number of words that can be used with safety for coding purposes is only about 150,000. The reasons for this are twofold. First, the companies decline to permit the use of any code word of more than 10 letters, and it is dangerous to employ those having less than seven, owing to the difficulty of detecting an error in short words. Further, thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of words, are rejected because of the similarity of the telegraphic symbols that make up the letters. Figures are rarely telegraphed. The possibility of noting an error in a group of arbitrary figures is very remote. Should a letter or two be "jumbled" in a code word there are various ways of correcting the mistake—the sense, the context and the reference to the code. But these guides do not apply to the cases of figures. The only remedy for a suspected error is a repetition of the message at an enhanced cost of 50 per cent. Numbers therefore are expressed by a code word. Errors in the transmission of amounts of money are very rare. A banker's code contains words for every possible sum of money, from a halfpenny up to hundreds of thousands of pounds, and the authors have exhibited great ingenuity in making a limited supply of words do very extensive service.—Chambers' Journal.

Presented at Court.
"It must be mighty fine," said Flooding Pete, who had been reading foreign news from a fugitive scrap of paper, "ter move in de circles of royal society. How'd you like ter be presented at court?"

"I have been," replied Meandering Mike.

"G'way! Who done it fur ye?"

"De'gra jury."—Washington Star.

A REMONSTRANCE.
There are thoughts that the mind cannot
fathom—
But woman abundantly hath them,
And mostly her notions prevail.
And why ladies read what they do read
Is a thing that no man may explain,
And if any asks for a true code
He asks in vain.
Ah, why is each "passing depression"
Of stories that gleam and glow
Received as the subtle expression
Of almost unexpressed love?
In the dreamy, the grisly, the grim,
Say, why do our women delight
And wherefore so constantly pay me
With "ships in the night"?
Dear ladies, in vain you approach us
With Hartrades, Hobbes and Grands.
For, alas! though you offer to coach us,
Yet the soul of no man understands
Why the grubby is always the moral,
Why the nasty is preferred to the nice,
While you keep up a secular quarrel
With a way little vice.
Yes, a vice with her lips full of laughter,
A vice with a rose in her hair,
You condemn in the present and after
To darkness of after despair.
But a sin, if no rapine redeem it,
But a passion that's pale and played out,
Or to surgical hands—yes, esteem it
Worth scribbling about.
What is sauce for the goose, for the gander
Is sauce, ye inconsequent fair!
It is better to laugh than to mander,
And better is mirth than despair.
And though life's not all beer and all skittles,
Yet the sun on occasion can shine,
And, mon Dieu, he's a fool who all belittles
This comrade of mine.
There are cakes, there is ale—aye, and gin-
ger—
Shall be bet in the mouth of old.
And a villain, with cloak and with whin-
ger,
And a hero in armor of gold,
And a maid with a face like a lily,
Villain a heart that is stainless and gay,
And a tale worth a world of the silly
And trash of today!
—Lionheart's Magazine.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE WIFE'S VERSION.
What is the matter with him?
Why is he angry with me? I
can't understand it. And I have
done everything in my power to
make him happy—everything. Of
course I won't say I wouldn't have
preferred to marry an attorney or
soldier or some one with a nice,
steady, respectable profession, but
such as he was I really liked him. I
thought he was a little eccentric,
times, to be sure, but very nice and
well bred. Then, too, he had some
little money, and I hoped that when
we were once married he wouldn't
let his poetry keep him from getting
some good position or other, and
then we could get along very nicely.
He used to find me quite to his
taste, too. When he came out to
the country to see me at auntie's,
he couldn't find words enough to ex-
press his admiration for the way we
kept our little house, and indeed it
was as tidy and as neat as a convent.
"How amusing!" he would say.
He would laugh, too, and call me by
all sorts of names he got out of the
poems and novels he was always
reading. It used to shock me a little,
I admit. I would rather he had
been a little more in earnest, but it
was only when we were married and
settled down in Paris that I really
saw the difference in our disposi-
tions.
I had planned such a pretty little
home, nicely kept and light and
clean, and he immediately began to
fill all the rooms with queer old
tapestry—oh, so old and faded!—and
with the most extraordinary furni-
ture, really useless and quite out of
style and absolutely spoiled with
dust. It was just the same with
everything. If you will believe me,
he made me store away into the at-
tic such a pretty empire clock that
my aunt left me and some beauti-
fully framed pictures that my friends
at boarding school gave me. He
said they were all "hideous." I am
sure I can't imagine why, for his
study is filled with smoky old can-
vases and statues that I'm
ashamed to look at and ugly old
bric-a-brac that is really good for
nothing—old candlesticks covered
with verdigris and broken cups that
don't match and vases that hold
water. Right next to my hand-
some new piano, too, he set up an
ugly little one, with the varnish all
scaling off and half the keys missing
and so worn out that you can hardly
hear it. Really I began to think to
myself, "Why, dear me, an artist
certainly must be a little crazy. He
doesn't care for anything but such
useless things. He seems to despise
everything useful."
But it was a great deal worse when
I met his friends and saw the society
he moved in—people with long hair
and long, ill kept beards and so bad-
ly dressed too. They used to smoke
right before me without even "by
your leave," and it made me ill to
hear them talk. Their ideas were
all so contrary to mine, all high
sounding talk, you know, nothing
simple, nothing natural. And such
manners! You might ask them to din-
ner 20 times in succession, and they
would never call or pay you the
slightest attention or even send you
a card or a bonnet on New Year's—
nothing.
Some of the men were married and
brought their wives with them, and
you ought to have seen the kinds of
people they were. Such elegant
gowns just for every day, but not
what you or I would ever put on of
course, and so queerly worn, too,
without any attention or care. And
then their hair, and their long
trains, and the brazen manner they
had of showing off their accomplishments.
Why, some of them could
sing like actresses and play like pro-
fessionals, and they chatted away on
every subject, just like me. You
don't think that is very nice really,
now, do you? When women are
married, they ought to think of their
household cares and not of other
things, oughtn't they? That's what
I tried to make my husband see
when he felt so bad at my giving up
my music.
"Music," I said, "is all very well
when one is a little girl and has noth-
ing better to do. But really I should

feel perfectly ridiculous if I had to
sit down to the piano every day."
Oh, I know—his great grievance
against me is that I have tried to get
him out of that queer set whose in-
fluences was so bad for him. He re-
proaches me to this day for keeping
his friends at a distance. Well, I did
do it, and I am glad of it. Why, they
would have turned his head. Some-
times, after being with them, he
would spend the whole night verifi-
ing and walking up and down the
room talking to himself, as if he
wasn't queer and eccentric enough
without any one's making him any
worse.
Oh, the whims and fancies of that
man! I've had to put up with it.
Sometimes he would burst into my
room suddenly in the morning with
a "Quick! Put on your hat! We're
going to the woods today." And I
had to leave everything, my sewing
and my housework, and spend a lot
of money in cabs and railway fares.
When I knew very well we ought to
be saving and economical for you
know 15,000 francs a year doesn't go
very far when you're living in Paris
and want to do something for your
children.
At first he used to laugh and tried
to make me laugh, but when he saw
that it was my intention to live very
quietly and properly he became an-
gry at my simplicity and domestic
tastes. It is his fault if I hate thea-
ters and concerts and those artist-
parties he was always wanting to
drag me to, where he would have
been sure to meet his former friends,
a parcel of crack brained bohemians
and spendthrifts.
I thought at one time he was com-
ing to his senses. I had succeeded in
making him leave his own set and
had gathered about us a number of
nice sensible, respectable people
who might have been able to do
something for him—but no indeed.
It bored him to death. He was
bored to death from morning till
night. You should have seen his
face and what a temper he was in
at my little "at homes," though I am
sure I always had whist and tea and
everything necessary, and when we
were alone it was just the same
thing over again.
And I was so thoughtful and atten-
tive too. I would say, "Read me
what you are writing now, won't
you?" and he would recite long
strings of poetry, verse after verse.
I didn't understand a word of it, but
I pretended to be very much inter-
ested in it and used to put in a word
now and then, which always seemed
to irritate him.
But in a whole year, with all his
rhyming, he got out only one book,
and that didn't sell. I said to him,
"Now, don't you see?" just by way
of reasoning with him, to lead him
to something better, something more
remunerative, and he flew into the
most violent passion, and ever since
he has been so blue that it makes me
quite miserable. My friends do all
they can for me. You see, my dear,
he doesn't know what to do with
himself. Every man with so much
time on his hands has these fits of
temper. If he only had some little
occupation now he wouldn't be so
wretched.
So I started out, and all my friends
with me, to try to obtain a position
for him. I moved heaven and earth.
I can't tell you how many calls I
made on the wife of this secretary
and of that. I even went to mem-
bers of the cabinet, but of course
without letting him know. I was
saving it up as a surprise for him. I
kept saying to myself, "Now, we'll
see if he won't be glad this time."
At last the day came when I re-
ceived his appointment in a great
official envelope with five seals. I
took it to his study, wild with de-
light, for was not our future as-
sured now and comfort and I'm
peace that work brings and its self
content?
Do you know what he did?
He said he would never forgive
me in his whole life, and he tore the
letter into a thousand pieces and
rushed out, slamming the door.
Oh, these literary people, with their
poor turned heads, who take life the
wrong way!
What is to become of a person
with a man like that? I wanted to
talk it over with him, to reason with
him—but no, I ought to have known.
My friends all told me he was crazy.
And what good would talking do?
We don't speak the same language.
He wouldn't understand me any more
than I understand him.
And now here we are. I know he
must hate me. I feel it in his eyes,
and still I like him.
Really it is very hard.

THE HUSBAND'S VERSION.

I had thought of everything and
had taken every precaution. I did
not want to marry a Parisienne be-
cause I was afraid of Parisian ladies.
I did not want a wealthy wife, with
her riches bringing after them all the
innumerable demands of wealth. I
dreaded family connections, too, that
network of far-reaching, common-
place affections, which imprison and
belittle one and finally suffocate him.
My wife was indeed all that I had
dreamed of. I used to think, "She
will owe everything to me, and what
a pleasure it will be to lead that
artless mind to the love of the beau-
tiful—to let her pure soul enter into
all my enthusiasms and hopes—to
breathe life into that statue."
For indeed she was very like a
statue, with her great, calm, serious
eyes, her regular Grecian profile and
her well defined features, which
would have been almost perfect if
they had not been softened by the
delicacy which all youthful faces owe
to their rose tinted bloom and the
shadow of rippling hair. She had,
too, a slight provincial accent, which
was my delight, and which I used
to listen to with closed eyes, as to a
remembrance of a happy childhood,
the echo of a tranquil life in a hid-
den corner far away. And to think

that now that accent has become un-
bearable to me!
But in those days I was hopeful. I
loved her. I was happy and ready
and willing to become even more so.
I was so full of ardor for my work
that immediately after my mar-
riage I began a new poem, and in
the evenings I used to read to her
what I had written during the day.
At first she would say "that was
very nice," and I was grateful to her
for even these childish words of ap-
probation, hoping that some day she
would understand what meant life
itself to me.
Poor thing! How I must have
bored her! After reading my verses
to her I used to explain them, seek-
ing in her beautiful, wide opened
eyes a responsive gleam and fancy-
ing always that I had found it there.
I used to make her give me her op-
inion, tell me what she thought best,
and I would glide over the imperfec-
tions of her replies, reminding myself
of the few which by chance happened to
be good. I wanted so much to make
her my real wife, the wife of an ar-
tist—but no. She did not under-
stand. In vain did I read to her from
the greatest poets, from the most
beautiful and the most tender. The
golden rhymes of their love verses
fell before her with the weary dull-
ness and chill of rain.
Remember I read to her "October
Night," and she interrupted me to
ask for something "deeper." I tried
to explain to her that there is noth-
ing in the world deeper than poetry;
that it is the very essence of life and
hovers over it like a vibrant light in
which words and thoughts rise and
are transfigured. Oh, the disdainful
smile of those pretty lips and the con-
demnation in her eyes! You would
have thought she was listening to a
madman or a child.
What did I not say? What floods of
eloquence did I not pour forth? But
all to no purpose. I was forever
bringing up short against what she
called "good, sound common sense,"
the never failing card of the narrow
minded and of those "whose hearts
are dry as summer dust."
Nor was it poetry alone that bored
her. Before we were married I had
thought she cared for music. She
seemed to understand what she
played, drilled as it was into her by
her teacher. But immediately after
our marriage she closed the piano
and bade goodby to music. Is there
anything sadder than the young
wife's giving up all that made her
young girlhood attractive? When
once her lines are recited and her role
ended, the actress and the singer
disappear. This surface of little accom-
plishments, of pretty smiles, of passing
elegance, is only in view of matrimony.
The change with her was in-
stantaneous. I thought at first that
she would get, in spite of herself, in
this wonderful Paris, where the eyes
and mind are refined, as it were, un-
consciously, the taste which I could
not impart to her and which she re-
fused to have. But no, she was not
satisfied with the life of the beautiful.
But what is to be done with a woman
who never opens a book, to whom
everything is distasteful, and who
will not understand?
I soon saw that I must resign my-
self to my fate; that she was not my
wife, but only an active, economical
—oh, a very economical!—house-
keeper—woman and nothing more. I
would have borne it, so many are so
satisfied as I am, but that modest role
was not sufficient.
Little by little, quietly and in an
underhand way, she succeeded in es-
tranging all my friends. We never
stood upon ceremony before her, but
continued to talk as we used to do in
the past, and she was never able to
fathom the irony or the playful
fancy of our artistic exaggerations
and our mad axioms and paradoxes.
It only irritated and confused her.
She would listen, as she sat in a lit-
tle corner of the drawing room, with
out saying a word, but mentally re-
solving on the dismissal, each in his
turn, of all those shocking men. In
spite of an apparent welcome, there
was making itself felt within my
walls that chill little draft which is
so sure a sign that the door is ajar
and that it will soon be time to go.
When once my friends were driven
away, she replaced them by her own.
I was hemmed in on all sides by Phil-
istines, odious people, who knew ab-
solutely nothing of art, and who
looked down upon poetry as some-
thing which "doesn't pay." They
used to talk in my presence of the
"fashionable" writers of the day—
people who turned out novels and
plays by the score and purposely
say in a casual manner, "So-and-so
makes a great deal of money."
That was all the wretches thought
of, and I saw, to my sorrow, that my
wife thought as they did. In that
sordid atmosphere of provincial hab-
its, her mean and petty views of life,
narrowed down into an incredible
greed. It seemed to me that with
an income of 15,000 francs one might
have lived without fear of the mor-
row, but she did not think so. She
was always complaining, talking of
economizing, and retrenching and
suggesting profitable investments.
Little by little, named as I was in
this flood of distasteful detail, I felt
all love and taste for my work desert
me.
Sometimes she would come to my
writing table and look over—oh,
with such disdain!—my last few
verses. "Is that all?" she would say,
counting over all the hours wasted on
those insignificant little lines. Ah,
if I had listened to her this proud
title of poet, which I struggled so
many years to win, would now be
money making scribbling. And
when I think that it was to this
woman I opened up my heart and
poured forth all my aspirations;
when I think that this aversion she
manifests, because, forsooth, I do not
"make money," dates from the very
beginning of our married life I blush
for myself and for her.
"He doesn't make money." That

explains it all, her reproachful look,
her love for whatever "pays," how-
ever little it may be—even to that
last step of hers—her trying to ob-
tain some kind of a government po-
sition for me.
But there I drew the lines most de-
cidedly. I have nothing left but a
firm will, which will give way to
neither force nor pleading. She may
talk to me forever, breeze me with
her latest glance—my thought is my
own and will forever be beyond her
grasp.
And this is what we have come to.
Think of it. Here we are, married
and condemned to live together—
leagues apart, and too weary, too dis-
couraged, to even try to draw near-
er, each to each.
And this for life. Oh, horrible,
most horrible!—Translated From the
French of Alphonse Daudet For
Short Stories.
SMELLING AND TASTING.
Two Senses That May in Time Be Entirely
Lost to Mankind.
Do we taste and smell things alike?
"Of course we do," the reader may
too hastily reply, "for if, as an ex-
ample, a number of persons partake
of a flavored pudding, they will each
tell you that it tastes of lemon or
vanilla or cloves, as the case may
be. If they all taste lemon, is it not
clear that that fruit has the same
flavor for all of them?"
Not at all, since it will be seen at
a glance, that although lemon has its
own distinct flavor for each person
it does not by any means follow that
it is in each case the same flavor. It
is possible that if the reader and the
writer could change palates, so to
speak, the result might be very as-
tonishing.
If such a thing were possible, we
might find ourselves either in pos-
session of entirely new codes of flavors
or of a strange mixture of our old
ones. The new flavors of favorite
articles of food might then be very
objectionable, because they would be
unacquired tastes, and all the pleas-
ures derived through the senses are
matters of more or less education.
Lemons, moreover, might then have
the flavor that we had previously
known as belonging to oranges, and
celery might taste as peaches had
done before.
The same might apply equally to
the sense of smell. And here again
it should be remembered that, al-
though two persons equally detect a
faint fishy smell in the scent of stale
may blossom, it does not follow that
to each the smell of fish is really the
same. The various scents smelled by
two persons may be entirely differ-
ent, though their relations and val-
ues may be the same in each case.
There is no doubt that in some in-
dividuals the sense of taste or of
smell is imperfect from birth or im-
paired during life, and that what is
known as color blindness in connec-
tion with the optic nerves has its
analogy in the organs of taste and
smell. Some persons are therefore
incapable of distinguishing be-
tween certain tastes and smells, just
as others cannot tell red from green.
This may largely account for the
preferences, antipathies and diversities
of taste in eating, drinking and
smelling.
The reason why the cultivation of
the senses of taste and smell has been
so neglected is that, unlike the senses
of sight, hearing and touch, they are
now almost entirely used by man as
a means of obtaining purely physical
pleasure. In the lower animals they
are absolutely necessary to existence,
for without the senses of smell and
taste they could neither scent out
their food nor be directed in their
choice of it. Man's general intelli-
gence has so developed that these
senses are now not absolutely neces-
sary to him. They are therefore be-
ing neglected and will in time, phy-
siologists tell us, entirely disappear.—
London Tit-Bits.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Legend of the Famous Rock Formation on
the Coast of Ireland.
Long, long ago there were great
and mighty giants whose homes
were the hills and mountains of
Great Britain, and some of them have
left traces of their strength and pro-
gress to this day. The greatest of all
their works is the Giant's Causeway,
on the north coast of Ireland. Fin
MacCool was the name of the giant
who built this wonderful pathway
over the sea. Another giant named
Benandonner lived just opposite on
the island of Staffa, 50 miles away
over rough sea waters, and Fin Mac-
Cool wanted to get him to come over
to fight him. So he piled the rock
pillars right across to make a road
upon which he might walk dry shod.
So says tradition.
We cannot wonder that wild sto-
ries and legends have grown up in
this weird and grand spot, where the
rocks take such fantastic shapes as
to resemble all sorts of artificial
structures. It was natural that a
simple and imaginative people like
the early Celtic tribe that dwelt
here long ago should explain that re-
semblance by fable and fancy. All
around the shore, cliffs of the bay
are rows of pillars, tall chimneys,
clusters of pipes like the roofs of an
avenue, and at a rugged spot where
the rock crystals seem to be stacked
in hundreds of thousands, low down
under the shelter of the tremendous
cliffs, the causeway runs out to sea.
These pillars or columns were
formed by the action of heat. Long,
long ago, during those terrible and
tremendous convulsions of nature
which molded the face of our own
country, a stream of fiery lava was
spread over a great part of the coun-
ties of Antrim and Londonderry. A
stream we can hardly call it, but
rather a mighty ocean of boiling
rock. You may imagine something
of the scale of these great natural
forces when you learn that this wave
of boiling hot basalt has cooled down
into beds of hard rock 1,000 feet deep

in some places and spreads over an
area of 800 square miles.
The causeway itself is a long pier
or mole, on which you may walk for
200 yards out to sea over this mosaic
of closely packed columns. Behind
are the mighty cliffs, rows of pillars
ranged against them. All around sea
and shore are strewn with broken
and fallen pillars of rock. They are
piled on the beach in all sorts of
strange groups. Far down in the
clear waters of this rocky shore you
may see pillars and fragments of pil-
lars strewn on the sea bottom. Where
they stand undisturbed they are in
rows and stacks, but the wild waves
of this stormy coast have forced their
way in among them and torn away
acres of cliff.
The sea is encroaching here. It
would seem such rock fortifications
as these could resist even the attacks
of wild sea waves. But, strange to
say, rocks are not the best defense
where water is the enemy. On many
shores where the land lies low, and
the sands are ever shifting, and the
marshes are flooded at high tide, the
land is gaining and the sea recedes,
while on coasts such as this, where
the precious land seems guarded by
strong rocks, the land loses and the
sea gains.
These cliffs, built, as I have explained,
of separate columns of stone, are
peculiarly liable to be broken down
by wind and wave. Nevertheless
the causeway, built not by giants,
but by the giant forces of nature in
the days when the world was young,
will stand for many a long day yet.
—Exchange.
Safety In a Storm.
An observing man says: "Statisticians
prove conclusively that the safest
place during a dangerous thun-
derstorm is in a large city, within
hailing distance of a lofty building.
It is believed that this immunity
from risk results from the massive
iron and steel frames used in the con-
struction of every lofty office build-
ing. Modern electricity, with its
countless wires, has completely driv-
en out the lightning conductor and
demonstrated its uselessness. But 12,
16 and 20 story buildings constructed
on the iron frame plan will draw
lightning from an immense distance.
It is probable these buildings are
struck quite frequently, but the im-
mense area of the conducting sur-
face and the great depth of the
foundations prevent any damage
being done, and no one is the wiser."

A Lack of Education.

This is what happened to a Glas-
gow workman when he tried to
make his wife's home life happy by
reading the police news to her as con-
tained in his evening paper.
In due course he reached an inter-
esting trial for assault, the report of
which concluded as follows:
"This case was held over till to-
morrow, as the presiding magistrate
said he found considerable difficulty
in pronouncing sentence."
"Dear me," commented the read-
er's wife, "he canna be a man of
much education surely, or he
would have found any difficulty in
pronouncing an easy case like that."
—Glasgow Herald.

GOT THE INDIAN CLUBS FREE.

Mr. Boston Business Firm Was Satisfied
With the Sketches of a Club Swinger.

"F. S. Church, the artist," said a
Chicagoan, "was my temptate in a
Chicago battery during the war, and
when we came home we roomed to-
gether on the third floor of a house
on Jackson street, near State. I was
studying law, while Church was em-
ployed by one of the express com-
panies. He was quite an athlete, a
great man for exercise, and while I
would be in bed in the morning he
would get up, take a cold sponge
bath and indulge in calisthenics of
all sorts.
"Then Indian clubs became the
rage, and he wanted a pair. They
were handled only by a Boston firm,
and he wrote them asking for a price
list. His letters he illuminated with
little sketches of club swingers in all
sorts of poses. A week later he re-
ceived the price list, together with a
small pair of silver tipped souvenir
clubs. His unique letter had at-
tracted much attention in the Boston
firm's window. Well, he selected the
clubs he wanted and sent a money
order for them. He also sent a little
homemade pamphlet of his own, con-
taining a series of sketches in pen and
ink of a man handling Indian clubs.
"At first he was shown as a thin
cheeked, consumptive looking chap
who could hardly lift his club. Grad-
ually through the series he appeared
in gain strength until at last he was
shown as a stalwart athlete, who
handled heavy clubs like feathers.
The firm took the pamphlet apart
and posted the series of sketches in
order on their show windows, and it
was found necessary to call in a de-
tail of police to clear the sidewalk in
front of the place. The firm sent
back Church's money, together with
a beautiful pair of clubs and letter of
thanks. This led him to pay more
attention to his sketching, and finally
he went on to work for Harper's.
Later he engaged with Frank Leslie,
and then he went abroad and studied.
Now he is a great painter, whose pic-
tures command big money, but per-
sonally he is just the same healthy,
hearty, genial fellow whom I knew
in my tent and in the little third
floor back on Jackson street."—Chi-
cago Times.

A Boston Confession.

Sometimes it seems as if the New
York and Chicago jibes at Boston and
their notion of the sort of conversation
common here are not so baseless as they
usually seem. It is undoubtedly true that
one young girl who told another the
other day that she had read Emerson
until she was tired of him and longed
for something "new and refreshing"
was recommended by her friend to try
Epictetus, "because of his nice short
sentences," and Kant's "Critique of
Pure Reason," "because it sounds so
much like Mrs. Blank's 'science' lec-
tures."—Boston Transcript.

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COAL! **COAL!**
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Choice House Lots in all parts of the city For Sale on easy terms,
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JOBBER of all kinds Promptly
attended to.
WORKS: Cross Street, West Quincy, Mass.
N. B.—Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
P. O. Address, Box 16.

**Handel knew his own power, as every great man knows, and it is not surprising that he was thought to be proud. Nor could such a noble intellect be else than earnest and thorough. In a recent work on the great composer, the author, Frederick J. Crowest, writes that Handel, when at work, was often rough and peremptory.
He would deal out torrents of abuse, "ven'ting his mixed," to understand which one required to be intimately acquainted with at least English, French, German and Italian. Yet these rages were healthy outbursts of a great mind, not morbid, jealous feelings. Such fits of wrath led to amusing scenes. How he thundered and roared at Cuzzoni when she refused to sing an air which he had written for her, and only did so from fear lest he should give effect to his threat to throw her out of the window!
What a rating, too, he gave the poor Chester printer, Janson, who assured Handel he could "sing at sight."
"You shoudred! Tit not you tell me dat you could sing at soite?"
"Yes, sir," said the affrighted chorister, "and so I can, but not first sight."
Duration of Life Among Doctors.
One of the most curious statistics records that have been compiled is that by Dr. Salzman Essling, Wurtemberg, on the average duration of life among physicians. He found, on going over ancient records of the kingdom, in the sixteenth century the average duration of life among that class was 36.5 years; in the seventeenth century, 45.8; in the eighteenth and at the present time they are the favorable average of 56.7. It appears from the figures to the effect that this very great increase in longevity is due to the disappearance of the "black pest," the introduction of vaccination and the great diminution in the number of typhus epidemics. Three classes of diseases which formerly decimated the medical practitioners.—St. Louis Republic.**

Belgium's Fruit.
In ordinary seasons the kingdom of Belgium, which is not larger than the state of Maryland, after supplying a population of 500 to the million, exports 105,000,000 pounds of fruit.—Fruit Trade Journal.

VOL. VIII.
1877
JOSEPH S. W.
141 Hancock
PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS
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The great Blood Purifier.
Whall's Golden Hair Oil.
For Beautifying and Preserving the Hair.
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Cures without injury to the teeth.
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It is safe, and sure.
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Now is the
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST
GRADES BUT PERFECT
FOUND AT
PRATT & SONS
25 School Street
Sacks
Are Very
This Season
They can be worn for
WE HAVE THEM IN
BREASTED; BLACK AND
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GRANITE
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PRAYER BOOKS, PEARLS,
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Passage Ticket
Dry
HOSIERY AND
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After a thorough
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and particularly from sev-
now carry the Standard
are far superior to all other
simpler directions for mak-
in time, much less fitting
considerable saving in material
pattern is modeled to the human
it is almost impossible to produce
which are extremely simple but
Try one of the STAN-
tion and we think you will agree
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every home hold; you will surely subscribe
it is the best and cheapest Ladies' Magazine
The Standard Catalogue contains over
A COMPLETE STOCK OF ST
D. E. WAD
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Cures without injury to the Teeth.
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For the prevention and cure of all Irritations.
Whall's Old Colony Corn Destroyer. Price 25c.
It is safe, and sure death to Corns, big or little.
Whall's Vegetable Cathartic Pills. Price 25c.
A Mild, Efficient Cathartic, purely Vegetable.
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are far superior to all others—in being more up to date, better modeled,
simpler directions for making—insuring perfect satisfaction, a great saving
in time, much less fitting to do, and allowing just enough seams, thereby
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pattern is modeled to the human form, and are so nicely proportioned that
it is almost impossible to produce anything (if directions are followed, and
which are extremely simple) but a beautiful fitting garment.
Try one of the STANDARD PATTERNS on our recommendation
and we think you will agree with us that they are better than any other
pattern sold in this town.

The Standard Pattern Magazine is issued monthly, costs but 50 cents per year, and should be in
every household; you will surely subscribe for it when you have examined a sample copy at our store;
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Don't Take our word for anything but send an order, small or large, and judge
for yourself.
Don't Forget that we buy FLOUR, TEAS, COFFEES and all the thousand and
one things that go to make up a full stock of goods in our line, from first hands
and ought to be able to give variety and price satisfactory.
Don't Think you can do better in Boston or anywhere else until you look over our
Goods and Prices.
Don't Buy poor Tea of irresponsible peddlers because you get a piece of crockery
worth a trifle and pay double price for the tea.
Don't Think we haven't what you want in stock because we don't mention it here.
We would have to use the whole of this paper to name all our large variety.
Don't Eat too much meat in this hot weather but look over our line of light goods,
such as Cereals, Fancy and Plain Cakes and Crackers of all kinds.
And finally **Don't** forget that we appreciate your trade and mean at all times to
give best service in our power.

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Of course we all know that when we
want our Prescriptions prepared or a
bottle of any kind of Medicine that we
are sure to get it, and at as low a price as
the same can be sold by any First Class
Apothecary, at Durgin's Drug Store.
Prescriptions written by any Physician
whether upon my blanks or those of some
other Druggist will be put up accurately
and quickly.
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Prices lower than ever.

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IT IS COMPLETE AND PRICES ARE RIGHT.
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OIL HEATERS, BLANKETS AND COMFORTERS.
The Largest Line, Best Goods and Positively the Lowest
Prices on Earth.

Henry L. Kincaide & Co.,

Reliable Low Priced House Furnishers.

Tirrell's Block, Hancock Street.
SHORT CREDIT ACCOUNTS WHEN DESIRED.

The man knocked at the door of a
boarding house on Cass avenue, and the
landlady opened it.
"I presume you are the landlady,"
he said after saying "Good morning!"
"Why do you presume that?" she
asked, with a snap, for the visitor look-
ed as if he might be some kind of an
agent.
"A friend of mine, Mr. Smith, who
used to board here, told me I'd recog-
nize you as a lady of about 50."
She fairly gasped at this.
"Did he tell you that?" she inquired,
with suppressed emotion.

"He did, madam."

"And you recognized me by that dis-
cription?"

The visitor knew something about
discretion being the better part of valor,
having been an agent for a long time.

"I did not, madam," he responded.

"It's a good thing you didn't," she
said. "When I bawled that fellow
Smith for not paying his bill for three
months, he told me he would get even
with me, and this is how he is doing
it."

Then she bounced the visitor.—De-
troit Free Press.

AT THE NORTH POLE.

THESE WE WILL FIND THE FOUN-
TAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.

Those Who Want to Be Made Young as
Well as Those Who Would Quickly Grow
Older Can Be Accommodated—The View
of a Well Known Geographer.

There has been much discussion of
the advantages to accrue to the world
from polar exploration, and while there
is a general agreement among scientific
men that the information to be gained
by it is of sufficient value to warrant
the expense and loss of life incident to
it I am not aware that any direct eco-
nomic results have ever been claimed for
it. Certain ideas have, however, recent-
ly occurred to me, which point to very
great economic advantages to be attain-
ed not only by polar exploration, but
by literally reaching the pole, advan-
tages so great that almost any expendi-
ture of life and treasure will be war-
ranted. I am sure that when these ad-
vantages have been pointed out men and
money will be forthcoming without
stint not only to reach the pole, but to
make the path to it easy and plain to
travel.

Before going any further I wish to
say that I have no axe to grind. I have
no desire to command an expedition or
to accompany one. My sole object in
publishing these matters is to aid my
fellow men.

All of us have read accounts of the
search made by the Spaniards centuries
ago for the fountain of perpetual youth,
for those waters which would obliterate
wrinkles and restore gray hair to its
original hue, give back elasticity to the
limbs and fire to the eye. Those
hardy explorers pursued their search in
the wrong quarter of the globe.

We all know that if we travel around
the earth in the direction in which the
sun apparently moves on returning to
the place of departure we find that
we have saved a day; that we are a day
younger than our friends who have re-
mained at home. To go around the
earth on the forty-fifth parallel of lati-
tude requires about 60 days. Therefore
it is possible in that latitude to save
one day in 60, but as we go northward
the circumference of the earth diminishes,
and it is possible, other things being
equal, to make the journey in less time,
but with each circuit of the globe, what-
ever the length of the journey, a day is
saved.

Near the pole, where the cir-
cumference of the earth becomes a mere
trifle, perhaps a quarter of a mile, per-
haps 100 yards, a day may be saved in
five minutes, in an hour, in six days
may be saved in one minute, a year of life
in a day. A forenoon jaunt around the
pole will do all that the fountain of
eternal youth of the old Spanish explor-
ers was expected to accomplish.

But this result, the restoration of
youth to the aged, is but one of the
useful purposes to which the pole can
be put. Not only the aged, but unmar-
ried ladies who have passed the first
bloom of youth and have thus ceased to
attract may here restore their comeli-
ness, recover their blooming cheeks and
rounded forms, and thus prepare for a
second campaign against men's hearts.
But this is not all. It is sometimes
an advantage to grow old, and by tak-
ing the opposite course around the pole
we may add years to our lives in hours.
The fashionable woman is encumbered by
young children. She sends them to
the pole, and they grow up with exces-
sive rapidity. For an hour they are
trundled against the sun in baby car-
riages, the next hour they spend upon
their feet, and before the day is passed
they are grown to men's and women's
estate, and the mother is free of their
charges.

The course of true love does not al-
ways run smooth, and many a young
man and woman pledged to one anoth-
er, are prevented by cruel parents from
being joined because of their extreme
youth. A trip to the pole will quickly
remove this difficulty.

So I might go on and instance hun-
dreds of different conditions which
might be remedied were the pole easy
of access. Many of them readily occur
to our readers, and we shall not burden
them with any further information.
Now let us picture what the results
will be of this discovery. It goes with-
out saying that the north pole will im-
mediately become a resort second to
none upon the globe. There will be a
real estate boom in that region, beside
which those of southern California,
Florida and of the southern Appala-
chians will be flat, tame and insipid.
The prices of town lots will not rise.
They will shoot upward. In that wilder-
ness of ice and snow there will be built
within a fabulously short time a city of
transients the like of which the world
has never seen a city of hotels, apart-
ment and boarding houses of enormous
proportions. When we reflect that every-
body who has reached the age of 60 and
who can raise the necessary funds for
the journey will go there to take a
walk, not to mention the spinsters, the
sighing lovers and the superfluous chil-
dren, one can easily imagine what an
enormous business the pole will do.
Imagine the lines of steamships which
will be supported by this travel; im-
agine the value of the wheeled chair privi-
leges; imagine, if you can, the profits
of the man who gets possession of a cir-
cle around the pole having a radius of
half a mile and charges admission to
his race course against time.

In conclusion, I do not think that I
exaggerate when I say that the con-
siderations here set forth make the search
for the pole the most important by far
of all the questions which are now
agitating civilized man.—Henry Gan-
sett in New York Sun.

There are no known pretenders to
Asiatic or African thrones, titles or au-
thority for the very simple reason that

in those continents it has been for long
years customary to decapitate a pretend-
er in testimony of the better title of his
successful rival.

THREE MATINEE GIRLS.

How They Selected Their Seats and Final-
ly Paid For Them.
There were three of them, and
they came to the box office of the
theater just as the lobby was filling
up for the matinee.

They put their heads together so
that all three could look through the
window at the abashed young man
inside, and they began talking in con-
cert. "We want three—some tickets
for the matinee—good seats—not too
far—best you have for—three seats
together."

The young man waited until they
quieted somewhat and then said:
"You wish three tickets? We have
some very good seats in the parquet."
"Oh, my! How much are they?"
"One-fifty each."

"Goodness me! Haven't you any
dollar seats?" said the second.

"I should think they'd—if they're
not too—had some one day—depends
on where," all three are going at the
same time.

"We have some dollar seats in the
circle," said the young man.

"That's back of the parquet, isn't
it? We don't want to sit too far
back."

"I should say we don't. Why, I
think he might give us three seats
down front for \$3. The house won't
be crowded this afternoon."

"These are very good seats," ven-
tured the young man.

"Pshaw! It's so hard for me to
make up my mind," said the woman
who did most of the talking. "Let's
see the diagram."

An impatient line was waiting be-
hind them, but the young man in the
box office produced the diagram.

He pointed out the dollar seats, and
the talkative one said she thought
they'd do, but she would leave it to
the second, who referred it to No. 3,
who hadn't said very much and re-
marked that anything would suit
her.

"Well, now, you will give us three
good ones, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. The best that we
have."

"All right, then," continued the
talkative one. "That will be \$3."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the second.
"I'm not going to let you pay for
these. No, I just won't do it. You
paid the last time."

"You contrary thing! What dif-
ference does it make?"

"I won't let you anyway. I've
got the money somewhere."

Whereupon the two began a nerv-
ous fumbling for money. The sec-
ond stuck a parcel under her arm,
put her handkerchief in her mouth,
opened a purse about 14 inches long
and began running her gloved fin-
gers through the leather compart-
ments.

The talkative one was rummaging
desperately in a handbag, bringing
out visiting cards, bottles, silk sam-
ples and almost everything except
cash.

The young man had pushed out
the three tickets and was thrumming
impatiently with his fingers. Then
the third woman, who had evinced
no nervous anxiety to buy the tick-
ets, slipped a \$5 bill out of her glove
and paid the bill.

"Who, did you pay for those? That's
too mean."

"I should say so. It was my turn.
Did you get the tickets?"

"O-o-h, where's my parcels? Oh,
yes, under my arm. Well, let's hur-
ry in."

Then a man stepped up and clapped
down a silver dollar. "One," said
he, and he got it.

He was smiling, and the young man
asked, "Did you notice which one of
them paid for the tickets?"—Chicago
Record.

On the Hop.

A traveler in hops, when paying
his first visit to a famous brewery in
south Germany, was about to enter
the office when he noticed a plate,
with the inscription, "Hop travelers
upstairs." Concluding therefrom that
a special room was set apart for in-
terviewing travelers he took the
hint, and on reaching the top of the
stairs he found himself in a long pas-
sage, the walls of which were
adorned at intervals with the image
of a hand pointing in one direction.
At the end of the corridor another
hand pointed to a second flight of
steps, leading downward. At the
bottom of the steps a hand pointed
to a door, which he opened and
found himself—in the street.—The
genre Blatter.

A French Joke.

A man never realizes the superior-
ity of woman so much as when he is
sewing on a button without thimble,
pushing the needle against the wall
to get it half way through and pull-
ing it through the other half by
hanging on to it with his teeth.

A Lost Fortune.

He—That fellow there cheated
me out of a cool \$30,000.
She—How could he?
He—He wouldn't let me marry his
daughter.—Easton Saturday Evening
Gazette.

Displaced Emphasis.

We had haddock for supper one
night, and happening to be peculiar-
ly hungry I ate heartily of it, but un-
fortunately swallowed a bone. One
of the young women of the family
endeavored to comfort me by saying
that no harm would ever come from
a fishbone as it would dissolve it-
self.

Mrs. H. had been observing me
anxiously and now spoke:
"Don't be too sure about that,"
she said. "I think you ought to take
something right away, Mr. S., for
we lost a hog once by getting a fish-
bone in his throat."—Youth's Com-
panion.

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Displaced Emphasis.

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night, and happening to be peculiar-
ly hungry I ate heartily of it, but un-
fortunately swallowed a bone. One
of the young women of the family
endeavored to comfort me by saying
that no harm would ever come from
a fishbone as it would dissolve it-
self.

Mrs. H. had been observing me
anxiously and now spoke:
"Don't be too sure about that,"
she said. "I think you ought to take
something right away, Mr. S., for
we lost a hog once by getting a fish-
bone in his throat."—Youth's Com-
panion.

A Lost Fortune.

He—That fellow there cheated
me out of a cool \$30,000.
She—How could he?
He—He wouldn't let me marry his
daughter.—Easton Saturday Evening
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QUINCY MONITOR.

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TRUE AMERICANISM.

The more imbued one is with the true American spirit the farther removed is he from anything bearing the remotest resemblance to the religious bigotry that animates the organization known as the A. P. A. We can readily understand a North of Ireland Orangeman, who has just landed on these shores, hastening to enroll himself under the A. P. A. banner "in defense of American institutions." To him the defense of American institutions means a gratification of his hatred of Catholics and of everything Catholic. Such a narrow-minded bigot would be sure to find congenial spirits in the A. P. A. lodges.

Let us, for a moment, suppose Washington or Lincoln, the two highest types of Americans the country has yet produced, placed in one of these and asked to subscribe to the principles which constitute what is known by the name of A. P. A.-ism. We can easily imagine what would disgust the Father of His Country, whose chief aim in life was to unite his countrymen into one harmonious whole, would treat the proposal to separate American citizens into two opposing camps, to be divided, one from the other, by the acceptance or the rejection of certain religious views.

Washington, in fact, rendered himself ineligible to admission to any A. P. A. lodge by publicly acknowledging the part Catholics played in winning American independence. If the un-American organization known as the A. P. A. had been in existence when Washington wrote his reply to the address of American Catholics congratulating him on his elevation to the Presidency, a howl would have gone up from the bigots, who would have felt themselves rebuked by these words of the Father of his Country: "I never hope to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you Catholics took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Catholic faith was professed."

In our own day the A. P. A. has set its seal of condemnation on Senator Hoar of Massachusetts for giving expression to sentiments similar to these. As for Lincoln, we are not left to surmise how he would treat the A. P. A. If he was still in the flesh, in his time Know-Nothingism, which was animated by the same un-American bigotry that has called the A. P. A. into existence, had reached the zenith of its power. But Abraham Lincoln was too much of an American not to see and thoroughly appreciate how un-American is the policy which would discriminate against an American citizen because he adheres to religious convictions approved of by his conscience. In 1855 he declared:

"I am not a Know-Nothing; that is certain. How could I be? How can any one who abhors the oppression of negroes be in favor of degrading classes of white people? Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that 'All men are created equal.' We now practically read it 'All men are created equal, except negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control it will read: 'All men are created equal, except negroes, except Catholics.' When it comes to this I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretence of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure and without the base alloy of hypocrisy."

Washington and Lincoln, if alive, could not be members of the A. P. A., for the simple reason that it or any other similar organization would present itself to them as antagonistic to true Americanism. Lincoln, with the insight with which he was so gifted, saw whether Know-Nothingism, which was the forerunner of A. P. A.-ism, was drifting. The Declaration of Independence had declared that "all men are created equal." The slave lords and their supporters limited this equality to the white race. The A. P. A.'s of the '50's still further limited it to foreigners and to Catholics, whether they were foreign or native born.

However, Abe's soul revolted at this injustice, and in his indignation he declared that if ever Know-Nothingism became the accepted policy of the country, "I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretence of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure and without the base alloy of hypocrisy." There spoke the true American, who had nothing but scorn for the narrow bigot that summoned A. P. A.-ism into existence. —Irish World.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE A. P. A.

"No religious Test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any Office or Public Trust under the United States."

The following is charitably commended for the consideration of such bosses and politicians who have never read, or have forgotten, the Constitution of the United States, and who in their blindness are counting affidavits that are Treasonable to the Supreme Law of the Land.

From the Constitution of the United States.

ARTICLE VI.

"2. This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof shall be the SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

"3. The Senators and Representatives (of the United States Congress) and the members of the several State Legislatures, and all Executive and Judicial offi-

cers both of the United States and the several States, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution; but no religious Test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States."

DONE IN CONVENTION by the unanimous consent of the States present the 17th day of September, in the year of Our Lord 1787, and of the independence of the United States of America the twelfth. In WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto subscribed our names.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, President.

And Deputy from Virginia.

We see then how grotesque is the claim advanced by the A. P. A. when it asserts that its mission is to defend American institutions. In the same breath it announces that it will do all it can to nullify that clause of the Constitution of the United States which declares that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for holding any office under the United States Government. Such is the organization that is seeking to carry out its un-American policy by attaching itself to one or the other political organization, according to local circumstances.

Thoroughly non-partisan, the A. P. A. is willing to throw whatever strength it possesses on the side of the Republican, the Democratic, the Populist or the Prohibitionist party. All it asks is that the political organization with which it allies itself shall help to trample on the supreme law of the land. In South America there are brush, vines and creepers that cling to the mighty giants of the forest. At first these parasites are comparatively harmless, but in time they garrote, stifle and utterly destroy the forest giants that had braved the storms of centuries. The A. P. A. parasite will prove equally destructive to any political organization which permits itself to be embraced in its deadly coils. —Irish World.

OUR POLICE STATION.

The use of the City Hall basement for police headquarters and a lock-up should be discontinued.

The rooms in this basement are not adapted and never have been suitable for the uses that have been made of them. Situated below the level of the ground floor, dark, damp, poorly ventilated and visited by the sunlight and disagree to the City of Quincy that it does not provide its police with better quarters.

In no other city in this Commonwealth will you find such shabby and poor accommodations furnished for the guardians of the peace, as exists in this hole beneath the City Hall.

The prisoners and other occupants of these cells are entitled to some rights, no person in this country of ours can be declared guilty of any crime until he or she is, as adjudged by a proper tribunal, yet men and women are thrust into these miserable and damp cells and confined there for not only hours but often for a day and a night, and then when brought into court frequently the judgment is "not guilty." Common decency demands that better quarters be selected and that at once. Come you people of the "City of Churches" with your numerous charitable and benevolent associations take hold of this matter and for once do something that will be of lasting benefit. The building on School street formerly occupied by the fire department would seem to make a very good police station if properly altered and repaired.

Nearly ten months of Mayor Hodges' term of office have elapsed, the citizen and tax payers are patiently waiting for any indication that this inaugural address was not mere talk. It would certainly look as though, either he does not know how to do so or else he does not want to redeem a single pledge made in his inaugural.

TAXES.

Our taxpayers have nearly all received their tax bills, and many are surprised to find that not only has the tax rate been increased but the valuation on their property materially raised.

This increase in both tax rate and valuation will be keenly felt this year by small property holders. The majority of whom are already looking forward with dread to a long winter of either complete or partial idleness. Complaints are many and bitter, applications for abatements arriving at the City Hall with nearly every mail, and the Mayor and head assessor are kept quite busy explaining to the applicants that they cannot now furnish them with any relief. It is not an unusual sight to see a widow or mechanic the owner of a little home and a few acres of land heavily mortgaged perhaps going, tax bill in hand direct from the assessor's room to some lawyer's office to see if the law cannot afford them any relief.

It seems a pity that Mayor Hodges did not earlier in the year use some of that business shrewdness with which he was accredited last December and so arrange the finances of the city for the year, that the poor people would have been relieved of this extra burden. The great business depression that has been upon our industries for some months, and will remain with us for some time to come was obvious to any observer as early as last March, and had the Mayor when he was making out his appropriation bill and arranging the finances of the city for the fiscal year, only exercised a little more care and foresight, this extra expense might have been saved, and the money that the wage earner will now be obliged to pay into the City Treasury could have been employed in providing the family with comfortable clothing and other necessities for the winter months.

DEMOCRATIC WEAKNESS.

Outside of a small circle of political wire pullers who desire to flatter Mayor Hodges, the sentiment is almost universal that any hope of democratic success in the city election would be destroyed by the nomination of Mr. Hodges. He has been honored so often with public office that many think he has had more than his share. And yet whenever a new opening is presented some one rushes to

the front with Hodges for a candidate. Is there no other democrat in Quincy. A party which claims of the high social and business calibre of Wm. B. Rice, Chas. F. Adams, John C. Randall, Rupert F. Claffin, John Curtis 2nd, does not do itself justice to pass over these men for Wm. A. Hodges. Any one of these gentlemen would receive hundreds of democratic votes which Mr. Hodges will most certainly lose. Mr. Hodges will be the weakest possible candidate that the democrats can nominate.

A REMARKABLE COMPLAINT.

The Young Man Understood It After a Long Time.

They were sitting in the parlor of a west side house, and the conversation was dragging somewhat. They had exhausted all the available social topics, had taken a dip into literature by criticizing some of the latest novels, had discussed the summer resorts and prospects for a good fall season, talked a bit about the theaters, and there did not seem to be much left.

After an embarrassing pause of five minutes the girl said: "We have got the funniest cook. She says the most killing things."

"Yes?" put in the young man interestedly.

"Yes, she is a crank about sickness. Every day she has some new sickness. As a matter of fact, she is a great bunx woman, strong and healthy as can be, but she imagines she has one foot in the grave."

"Must keep her busy finding symptoms," said the young man.

"Indeed it does, and some of her complaints are very laughable. Why, the other day she came in and told me in perfect seriousness that her bones were ossifying."

The young man looked puzzled. He laughed a little, though, and said: "What a remarkable complaint! I don't suppose it was true, do you?"

The young man's face took on a pained expression. "I said she said her bones were ossifying," he remarked.

"So I understood. And I asked if it was true."

The young woman passed her hand wearily over her forehead. She looked at the young man pityingly and said: "I am afraid you do not yet understand the drift of my remark. I said the cook came to me and told me that her bones were ossifying."

The young man bit his mustache. "I fully understood what you said, Miss Brown," he replied. "I think, too, that I gather the meaning of the remark. Still I do not suppose that, except in rare instances, such things do occur."

She put both hands to her brow this time, smiled a bit and abruptly changed the conversation.

Half an hour later the young man passed on his way to his room and hunted up a dictionary. He turned nervously to the O's, found O's and ran his finger down the column until he came to "ossify." Then he threw his hands into the air and shrieked, "Great Scott, and I didn't know that ossify meant to turn to bone!"

And he hasn't called on Miss Brown since. —Buffalo Express.

JUST BEFORE RETIRING.

How to Insure Peaceful and Refreshing Slumber and a Sweet Mouth.

A warm bath, a light lunch and a clean mouth before retiring are good things to take. They promote sleep and a "clean" tongue in the morning. What this lunch should be the consumer must decide. The juice of a couple of oranges, half a grape fruit, a cup of tea with dry toast, a sandwich and glass of ale, cup of hot bouillon, biscuit and a glass of sherry, crackers with milk and vichy, or a bowl of bread and milk are the choice of as many different people, all healthy and handsome.

The best thing in the morning after a cold plunge or sponge bath is a cup of hot tea or coffee with a little lemon juice. The earlier this draft is taken the better. It should precede the breakfast by at least half an hour. This is prime for the alimentary canal. It is a comfort to the stomach, and puts the digestive organs in order. A cup of hot milk is also prescribed, and even hot water the first thing in the morning is not bad. For anything but the alleviation of cold water the poor stomach will be grateful. If an appetite for breakfast is wanted, and the time permits, take a walk to the corner, alone, inhaling and forcibly exhaling the air through the nostrils. No \$10 cure in therapeutics can compare with this. —New York World.

What She Liked.

Young Mr. Hopkins went to the World's fair at Chicago, and while there met a charming American young lady who proved to be his fate. After a brief wooing they were wed, and young Hopkins sent to the old folks at home a glowing description of his wealthy, handsome and accomplished wife. A few months later they returned to England, and old Mr. Hopkins invited a few friends to a quiet supper to meet his "charming daughter-in-law," as he termed the lady.

The evening passed off splendidly till supper, and then we were astounded. The old gentleman asked Mrs. Hopkins, Jr., what she would take for supper, saying, "I am afraid our homely English dishes cannot compare with your American delicacies." "Perhaps not," came the unexpected reply, "but I'll tell you what I'd like, and that is some of that cold cabbage left from dinner. I'm a Scotch-Irish scizzar for greens." —London Chronicle.

Stammering Children.

It is safe to say that, out of every 1,000 children in the Boston schools, seven stammer or stammer. Of all boys in the schools 1.12 per cent are stutters, while only .42 per cent of all girls stutters. This is in accord with observations of European experts, who say that girls stammer habitually. Boston schools show a smaller proportion of stutters than German and Russian schools. —Boston Transcript.

ON MOUNTAIN TOP.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE VIEW FROM LONG'S PEAK.

A Landscape No Painter Can Put Upon Canvas. No Words Fully Express—Trembling With Fear at the Stupendous Scene—Anna Dickinson's Card.

All lovers of mountain scenery having a few days' time at their disposal must make a flying trip to Estes park, the most beautiful and inviting of all Colorado parks, but not the largest. It is only six miles wide by ten miles long, through which run several streams, filled with "speckled beauties," so much sought for by skilled anglers. At the south end of the park rises Long's peak in all its majesty and grandeur, with a sentinel on either side nearly equal its height. The altitude of the park is 7,500 feet.

We leave our wheels at the hotel and drive up to Lamb's ranch, where we spend the night at an elevation of 10,000 feet.

At sunrise the next morning, mounted on horseback, with an experienced guide in the lead, we ride up to timber line, where we picket our horses and commence the climb of the bowlder fields, ascending much courage and determination, as these bowlders are angular rocks of solid granite and run in size from a chicken coop to a modern dwelling. In the center of this bowlder field was passed the slab recording the death of Carrie Weston of Connecticut, who a few years since unwisely insisted upon the guide accompanying her to the peak too late in the season. When returning, they were caught in a severe gale and blinding storm. After suffering as only one can suffer when surrounded by these loadstones, struggling with the pangs of cold and cravings of hunger, her life was sacrificed. The trusty guide for hours made supernatural efforts to carry her over those almost impassable rocks until, at her request, he left her to bring a rescuing party from the ranch, which upon arrival found life extinct.

Following the guide, we pass through an opening called the "keyhole" and emerge beside an unweildome precipice. We carefully pick our way along the brink, which requires all our nerve and resolution, but yet is not as tiresome as the loose sand and broken rock, rising at an incline of 45 degrees, just beyond. By perseverance and an occasional rest we are enabled to reach that ugly precipice on our right, and by using both hands and feet we make the summit, where we stand speechless with wonder and admiration. Hard as it was, we would make the same heroic effort a hundred times were it necessary to witness the grand scene before us.

Nearly 8,000 feet below is Estes park, the sportsman's paradise; to the west is Middle park and Hot Sulphur Springs; to the south South park. Beyond these peaks we see the range for a distance of over 200 miles. With the aid of our glasses we discern Gray's peak, Mount Lincoln, Mount Evans, Pike's peak and Old Ouray in Marshall pass, some of which are 200 miles distant. What a scene it is! What an ocean of mountain billows, in contrast to which we turn to the east and see an ocean of plains—the one as quiet as the peaceful sea in a calm, the other as tempestuous as the tossing billows.

Never was time more valuable than now. So much to see, such a prospect to paint in our mind's eye that it may never fade. Think of making this impression indelibly upon one's mind, covering this panoramic view of 200 miles in either direction of plains, valleys, parks and mountains, of growing fields of wheat and far distant cities of snow capped mountains, of magnificent forests and crystal streams.

Again and again we sweep the horizon and study a landscape no painter can paint, no speech can express. Before returning we must look at the souvenir depots of visitors. Here is a shingle by Major Powell, who, with William N. Byers, was the first to make the ascent in 1858. Here is Anna Dickinson's card, the first woman to ascend the peak, also of the party who climbed the peak in 1878 to witness the total eclipse, together with thousands of visitors' cards.

The top of the peak is level, covering a few acres, and we wonder that a house has not been built there for the accommodation of those who might wish to remain overnight and see the sun rise. Before returning we must take one look over the crater wall, which has a perpendicular descent of 3,000 feet. How nervously we approach the edge step by step, until our strength fails us and we can go no farther.

Trembling with fear, we return from this stupendous scene, bewildered with mixed feelings of pleasure and fear. Before making the descent we take a final view, the like of which we shall never again see. We retrace our steps, and having passed the most dangerous places courage is restored, and we reach the park after nightfall so tired and with such a longing for our couch, but with the feeling that we would sacrifice anything reasonable rather than deny ourselves to Long's peak, but having once made it nothing would tempt us to climb it again. —Edward B. Light in Good Roads.

She Knew.

"Do be quiet, Johnny. Don't you know that there's a visitor in the next room?" said Frances to her little brother.

"How do you know? You haven't been in."

"But," said Frances, "I hear mamma saying 'my dear' to papa." —Pick Me Up.

A Woman City Treasurer.

Miss Smiley, who has just been elected city treasurer of Montrose, Colo., resigns a place as head clerk in one of the largest dry goods houses in the city to accept the office. She received her nomination through the efforts of the Woman's Political club, indeed, however, by some of the leading business men of the place.

The 1893 wine product of the state of California was equal to a little more than one quart for each man, woman and child in the United States.

THE BUGLE CALL.

Have you heard the troops marching. Marching, marching? Oh, my soul, to hear the bugle and the long roll of the drum! Up the hill and down the valley I can hear his step among them. Before you see his scarlet coat I'll know my love has come.

"I can see the troops marching slowly, slowly. As they near the pale leaves tremble at the coming of that land. There is neither sound nor footfall, neither bugle blast nor drum call. A silent host, they pass from sight into a silent land."

Nay, I hear the bugle calling. Calling, calling. Oh, the footsteps of my soldier! I can count them as they fall. As I time mine to the echo over hill and over valley. I am marching, marching ever to that unseen bugle's call. —Mary Stewart Cutting in Happenances.

Bells.

Bellmaking is one of the great industries in this country, yet how seldom we hear of it. Foreign countries recognize that our bells are superior in tone to any other make, and even the Japanese are sending orders to this country for bells. The Japanese have long been regarded as famous bellmakers, but they do not hesitate to apply to American manufacturers when they find it to their advantage to do so. There is grim humor in the fact that the fire alarm bells used in Tokyo were ordered of a manufacturing firm in Jersey City.

The largest bell in America is in the cathedral of Montreal, and it weighs 28,000 pounds. The bell in the public building at Philadelphia will weigh between 20,000 and 25,000 pounds. There is a bell at Erfurt, Germany, cast in 1479, and one in Notre Dame, Paris, cast in 1650, each weighing 30,000 pounds. The great Chinese bell at Peking weighs 120,000 pounds, is 14 feet high and 12 feet in diameter. By the way, the Chinese used to make their bells nearly square in shape. The largest bell is, of course, that in the Kremlin at Moscow. It is over 19 feet in height and measures nearly 23 feet across the mouth. Its thickness at the point where the clapper would strike is 23 inches. The cost of manufacturing this noble work of human art was about \$300,000. —Chicago Record.

CHILDREN AND FAIRY TALES.

Should Young Minds Be Fed Upon Fact or Fable Fiction?

Magazines and newspapers fairly teem with copious instructions on the mental training of childhood. The mother, distrustful of her own judgment, picks up an article in a current monthly which bids her "read fairy stories to the children."

The author goes on to say that "fairy tales develop the imagination, and that it is cruel to deprive childhood of its natural mental environment, which is certainly the realm of fancy."

This is palatable advice, and the reassured parent forthwith supplies her children's library with Grimm and Andersen.

She is charmed with the prospect of gathering the little ones around her and hearing their exclamations of pleasure as she reads to them the lovely tales which have been the delight of children for ages.

But, very happily, before she has fully embarked on this wild career of mental dissipation, her attention is arrested by the statement of so eminent an authority that she dare not treat it lightly:

"The English language scarcely contains words strong enough to denounce the folly and crime of parents who tell their children fairy tales. Little do guardians of infancy rock of the frightful effect on the imaginations of children; of the sleepless nights when they cower under the blankets fearful of the possible approach of Bluebeard or a probable attack by Jack the Giant Killer."

Then, too, the enemy of the fairy story claims it has an unwholesome influence on the morals of the children, familiarizing them with deeds of bloodshed and giving them a light regard for truth.

It cannot be denied that the heroes and heroines of fairyland will occasionally quibble in order to extricate themselves from the dangers into which their love of adventure leads them.

It must be admitted that they teach "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" rather than the gentler precepts of the golden rule.

In fairyland the arch offenders always have their heads cut off or are boiled in oil or dance in red-hot shoes till they drop dead, or some other equally tragic end awaits the consummation of their crimes. The average child, however, has a strong sense of poetic justice, and this is only satisfied by the complete triumph of virtue and the entire defeat of vice.

The opposite of fairy tales recommends facts to the unsophisticated palate of youth—historical facts, scientific facts—diluted, if you will, and sweetened to suit the immature mental taste, but still substantial facts.

There is a modicum of wisdom and common sense in both these views and much that is neither.

Who that had a heart would deprive childhood of that exultant thrill when Goldilocks jumps from the window of the little brown house and escapes the fury of the three bears? Realistic writers would doubtless wish us to explain how a little girl could alight without injury from a second-story window or why the three bears did not pursue her, but childhood asks no such questions. —Margaret J. Church in Donahoe's Magazine.

Norwegians give cows' heads mixed with marine plants to their cows to increase the yield of milk.

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AGENTS,
QUINCY, - - MASS.Death of a Famous Cuckoo Hunter.
Mrs. Igno-Stephens, whose funeral in England took place recently, had so completely outlived her celebrity that she did not find a place in "Men and Women of the Time," yet when the eulogy was young the name of Mlle. Duvernay was a household word, and the author of the "Ingoldby Legends" puts into the mouth of Lord Tommody when addressing "Tiger Tim" the words: "Mlle. Duvernay's dead."

Tiger Tim has not yet arrived in her stead. What says a nobleman find to do? Duvernay, the dancer, dying at 81, has survived Malibran, the singer, 58 years. The former married Mr. Lyne-Stephens, a wealthy man, who left her a life interest in his estate in Norfolk and also most of his property. She survived him over 20 years. Mrs. Lyne-Stephens also had a residence at Southampton, where she took a deep interest in the convent.

Public executions in Paris prove very profitable to the owners of houses convenient for the scene. Windows are let out for the occasion, the landlords watching for the first sign of the execution and then at once sending word to the persons who have hired the room.

PICTURE THIEVES.

A DEALER WHO SAYS THERE ARE ARTISTIC KLEPTOMANIACS.

Theft of a Murillo and of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire"—Story of a Kiss Given For a Vote—Sharpers and Counterfeit Etchings.

"Did you ever hear of the artistic kleptomaniac?" asked a well known dealer in etchings during an after lunch harmony a few days ago. "Well, there is such a person. The artistic kleptomaniac is insidiously fond of valuable art in the form of etchings or paintings. He steals through the admiration and love of art. There are many famous instances where old and almost priceless masterpieces of the painter's art have been taken by persons of this kind, and it is odd that in almost every instance the stolen pieces of art could not be traced."

The most famous artistic theft of modern days was the stealing of the figure of St. Anthony from the celebrated picture by Murillo. The painting, which was on exhibition in the cathedral at Seville, represented St. Anthony surrounded by angels. One morning about seven years ago it was discovered that the figure of St. Anthony had been cut from the canvas.

"All Europe was notified of the theft, but the police never found the thief. About two years afterward a Spaniard from the West Indies called in at the establishment of Mr. Schaus, the well known picture dealer of this city. The Spaniard told Mr. Schaus that he would like to sell him an unsigned painting by Murillo. Mr. Schaus, being a man of large intelligence regarding works of the masters, recognized immediately the figure of St. Anthony cut from the painting in the cathedral at Seville.

"The man was seized, and Mr. Schaus had the honor of returning the painting to Spain."

"The theft of the celebrated portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, by Gainsborough, 15 years ago was doubtless the work of an artistic kleptomaniac, for the picture can do the thief no good but excite his admiration. The portrait was in the possession of the Messrs. Agnew, the picture dealers of London. It had been on exhibition, and the Agnew galleries had been crowded. One morning the frame stood empty. The painting had been cut out, and no one knows to this day where Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire is."

"Some dishonest lover of art is plotting over the picture in private. The portrait is valued at \$50,000. "That painting by Gainsborough, besides being an artistic relic, is also historic, as the painting was made just when the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire had been the means of turning the political tide of England. Pitt and Fox were rival candidates for parliament. It was demonstrated that the election would be narrowed down to the vote of an elderly fat butcher. The butcher intended to vote for Pitt. The Duke of Devonshire tried every means, including a bribe, to influence the fat butcher to vote for Fox, but the butcher

was obdurate. Then the beautiful duchess said to him: "Is there anything I can do for you if you will vote for Fox?"

"Yes," answered the butcher. "If you will kiss me, I will vote for Fox." "The duchess kissed the fat butcher. Fox was elected, and the political complexion of England was changed. It is related that the Duchess of Devonshire told the story to Gainsborough when she was posing for her picture."

The collector of valuable etchings or engravings must be as constantly on the alert for counterfeiters as is the bank cashier for forged checks or counterfeit bills or the jeweler for false diamonds. Some dealers have suffered heavy losses because of their inability to distinguish between an original and a counterfeit etching or engraving. Quick wit and a wide knowledge of the history of etchings recently saved Frederick Keppel, the art dealer of this city and Paris, nearly 1,000 marks in Berlin. The collection of etchings of the late Baron Opperman was sold at auction, and dealers from all over the world attended the sale at Berlin.

Mr. Keppel bought an impression of Rembrandt's Christ before Pilate, entitled the "Great Ecce Homo," paying 1,400 marks, or \$350, for the etching. Just after the sale a well dressed gentleman said in French to Mr. Keppel: "Sir, I presume you are a stranger in Berlin. I am a native of the city, and I am mortified to see you so badly cheated today. I wish to make you all the restitution I can. You paid 1,400 marks for that etching. The price is far too high, but to compensate you for your loss I will sell you a genuine etching for 1,000 marks."

Mr. Keppel knew his etching to be genuine. Mr. Keppel saw that the man was playing a game of high comedy, but he said he would like to see the etching. When Mr. Keppel reviewed the etching, he said:

"I will give you 5 marks for the etching." "When the man found he had been caught in his game, he simply said: "Prenez le," and Mr. Keppel took the counterfeit, which he afterward gave to the purchaser of his genuine etching.

The only difference between the original and the counterfeit of Albert Durer's celebrated etching "Melancholia" is the form of a wand on one of several keys hanging from a figure's girdle. Though smaller than a pinhead, the flaw represents a difference in price of several hundred dollars.—New York Sun.

Self Command.

"Self command is the main element of success," "self control is the rule," says Emerson. He is enforcing that rule of manners which bids us avoid the exaggeration that causes loss of power and that makes our inferiors our superiors. He quotes from the austere, reserved, eloquent St. Just, "Keep cool, and you command everybody," and from the wily old Talleyrand, "Above all, gentlemen, no heat."

AUTHOR'S SLIPS.

Amusing Errors That Have Been Made by Many Famous Writers.

Some one has been telling the readers of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat about the errors of which well known authors are guilty in their books—errors in history, philosophy, astronomy, geography, everything. Read what he says:

Shakespeare speaks of King John and his barons as fighting with cannon, whereas these instruments of destruction were then entirely unknown; he causes one character to mention printing 200 years before the time of Gutenberg and another to allude to striking clocks in the days of Julius Caesar; he mentions a billiard table as part of the furniture of Cleopatra's summer palace and causes Hector to quote Aristotle; he makes ridiculous blunders in geography, giving seaports to Bohemia, an inland country, and speaking of Delphos as an island.

In a popular novel of recent date the author decided to kill his victim with consumption and then gave him all the symptoms of pneumonia. Wilkie Collins avoided blunders of this kind by a curiously practical method. When he wished to use sickness as a means of promoting the plot of his story, he interviewed the family physician on the subject.

The "Count of Monte Cristo" is full of slips that could have occurred only through the author's forgetfulness. The fortune with which he endows his hero is enormous, being about \$4,000,000 to begin with, and after years of the most reckless expenditure, after money has been scattered with both hands and in lavish prodigal fashion, the author assures his readers in calm forgetfulness of the amount with which he started the count on his career that the remainder is upward of \$10,000,000.

Thackeray, who was exceedingly anxious to get everything right, was perpetually getting everything wrong. Any reader who takes the pains to examine critically the works of the great English satirist will find innumerable blunders, arising for the most part simply from carelessness. The names are mixed, the hero is sometimes called by the name of one of the other characters, and in at least one place an important personage is called by a name from another novel. This is Philip Firmin, whom he called Clive Newcome. Nor was this his worst blunder, for in another story he killed and buried old Lady Kew and later brought her again on the scene to round off a corner of the story.

George Eliot, whose knowledge of science is highly commended, in "The Mill on the Floss" makes the old blunder of having the boat over-

taken in midstream by a mass of drift floating at a more rapid rate than the frail craft, a physical impossibility.

More than one astronomer has pointed out the mistakes Charles Roade has perpetrated in astronomy and geography. But Roade is not the only sinner in this particular. Howells sometimes makes a parade of his knowledge and in one place in "Silas Lapham" alludes to the "rank and file" as synonymous with officers and men. Dean Swift speaks of Pennsylvania as a frozen, desert plain, a blunder that might be extenuated on the score of the ignorance prevailing in his time, and, for that matter, ever since, in England of American matters, while Amelia B. Edwards, in "Hand and Glove," mentions "an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

Between Grace and Meek.

The men engaged in leasing oil lands have some funny experiences. The other day one of these hustlers was taking dinner with an old granger near Bakerstown. The farmer owned a valuable tract of land, and the oil man was very anxious to secure it. He understood the owner was very pious, and the Pittsburger guarded his conversation to give no offense.

When the meal was announced, they sat around the table and the farmer delivered his usual lengthy prayer of thanks. A large Newfoundland dog perched himself between the old man's knees and evidently annoyed him while he was saying grace by licking his hands. The oil man, who was impressed with the farmer's piety, almost fell off his chair when the granger, having finished grace, turned to his son and said, with some anger, "John, if you don't tie up that dog, I will kill it."—Pittsburger Dispatch.

Belgium Shopkeepers.

Belgium shopkeepers generally are dealers in miscellaneous goods. One man in a small way, for instance, sells beer, foreign stamps, fruit, cotton, biscuits, penknives, cheese and secondhand hair. Everywhere one finds a mania for glaring lights. One evening, when I was out, I saw a tremendous light in the distance, and I thought it must surely be an advertisement for a music hall. When I got nearer, I found that the light merely conveyed the intelligence that sardines were sold on the premises.—Family Magazine.

Remorse.

A chemist had made a mistake in his weights and poisoned a customer. When the fatal tidings were brought to him, he pulled out two handfuls of hair and exclaimed: "Wretch that I am—and my best customer too!"—London Judy.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERT HAMILTON.

Aubrey de Vere's Reminiscences of the Irish Astronomer.

Sir W. R. Hamilton kept a headstrong horse to which he had given the name of Comet and used to gallop it in circles, or perhaps in ellipses, round the lawn. On one occasion he mounted him in Dublin just after a curious mathematical problem had suggested itself to him. The horse took a mean advantage of his abstraction and ran away. "When I found it impossible to stop him," he said, "I gave him his head and returned to the problem. He ran for four miles and stood still at my gate—just as the problem was solved."

The royal astronomer did not look through his telescopes more than once or twice a year. He used to say: "That is my deputy's business. The stars move all right, but what interests me is the high mathematics that accounts for their movements." He was so much occupied with the purely abstract part of science that its material phenomena interested him only so far as they revealed laws. This characteristic was remarkably illustrated by one of his best known discoveries, that of conical refraction. He read a mathematical paper before the Royal Irish academy demonstrating that under certain possible circumstances beams of light would be refracted, not as had ever been previously observed, but in the form of a cone. His statement was heard with wonder, and he was invited to verify his discovery by the aid of some instrument invented for that purpose, but he declined to make such an attempt, remarking that no experiment could add a certainty to mathematical demonstration. A considerable time afterward the desired instrument was constructed by Professor Lloyd, and after the discovery had been forgotten by most of those who had heard it announced the radiant stranger leaped into palpable existence.

When informed of the fact, Hamilton dryly made answer, "I told you so." It was on the heights of mathematics that he breathed freely, and I used to see him writing his calculations from morning till late in the evening almost without stirring from his chair as rapidly as another could have written notes of invitation and flinging each of the long foolscap sheets on the ground beside him, and I have been assured by competent authorities that there existed but few mathematicians in Europe capable of reading and understanding what had thus been so easily written.

His domestic life was brightened by children, to whom he was devotedly attached, though his devotion to them sometimes combined with it an odd form of speculative interest. "That little boy," he once said, pointing to a boy of about 5 or 6 years old, "ran up to me the other day and questioned me about the mysteries in the doctrine of the Trinity. 'How,' he demanded, 'can there be three and yet only one?' I answered: 'You are too young for such matters. Go back to your top.' He flogged it about the passage a score of times, then returned to me and said: 'I have found it all out. This is the explanation, and he propounded his theory. 'You are wrong,' I answered. 'You are too young to understand the matter. Go and play.' He returned three times more successively and each time propounded a new explanation and received the same answer. But now listen. His four explanations of the mystery were the four great heresies of the first four centuries! He discovered them all for himself. I did not give him the slightest assistance. What an intellect!"

The next year I repeated my visit, and Hamilton told me another tale of his boy, but with less of paternal triumph. "I said to him last night when he was going to bed: 'Tomorrow Aubrey de Vere will be here. Shall you not be glad to see him? He nursed for some time and then made answer remorsefully, 'Thinking of Latin and thinking of trouble and thinking of God, I had forgotten Aubrey de Vere.'—Century.

Daudet's Strange Admirer.

Alphonse Daudet said recently: "For the last 15 years every three months I have received a note written in pencil from the same man, who evidently is a great traveler, for his notes bear all the stamps of the world. He tells me that he trains animals to pronounce my name and then let them go. When it snows, he spends his time writing 'Alphonse Daudet' with the end of his cane, and I have never been able to find out who he is."

The King of Anan's Wives.

The king of Anan has about 100 wives, who are divided into nine classes, according to the station of life in which they were born. Five of them act as his assistant personal attendants, and one of their most important duties is the care of his majesty's finger nails, which are as long as the fingers themselves.

She Hoped to Be.

"I take it that you are one of the new emancipated women," said the first passenger.

"No, not yet," was the answer. "By the way, can you tell me whether this train goes straight through to Sioux Falls, or do I change cars?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

DEAR MOTHER EARTH.

Dear Mother Earth, full of life long
To sing thy praises in a song
I ache to lay me down to rest
Somewhere upon thy yielding breast
To turn my pavement weary feet
Beyond the seeming endless street
And seek some dimpled country place
Half cool, half warm, for thy embrace
Then rise thee, grace upon my face
Dear Mother Earth!

Like old Antares long ago,
Whose strength surged up from earth he
Lies low.
I feel there is a peace in thee,
Which thou dost whisper unto me
When thus I press thee close to cheek—
Thou art so strong and I so weak.
And some time there shall come a day
When tender, trembling hands shall lay
Me deep to mingle with thy clay.
Dear Mother Earth!

Thy gift to me shall come to thee,
And as thou art so shall I be.
I owe thee all that I am listening to
To make thee better ere I die.
And as we twin are one, I see
Bettering myself may better thee.
And so I rise from thy embrace
Revived and with a hopeful grace.
Thus having met thy face for face,
Dear Mother Earth!

—J. Edmund V. Cooke in New York Sun.

A STRANGE CAPTURE.

It was a lovely moonlight night as we sat, some half a dozen of us, snuggled in a last pipe on the deck of the good ship Assam, homeward bound from the sunny east. Our conversation turned upon thieves and their ways, and as we had most of us lived for many years among a people noted for their disregard of the laws of men and town and a wonderful facility for carrying out their designs some strange experiences were related. Among the stories told was one of so strange a character as to be worth retelling in the narrator's own words.

It is some years ago, said he, that after many disappointments I succeeded in obtaining a subinspectorship in the Burma police, a semimilitary force maintained by the British government in a country where such an organization is indispensable for the proper maintenance of order.

An old friend of my father had assisted me in obtaining my commission, and I think that it was listening to his stirring yarns of adventures and hunting in that strange land that filled me with a desire to visit it, though many a day subsequently did I wish myself anywhere but in that fever-stricken and malarial place.

On reaching Rangoon I reported myself to my chief, who, after welcoming me cordially, gave me instructions as to what I was next to do. The most important of these was to master the language, as until I could speak it my usefulness did not begin. I was to be stationed in Rangoon for awhile to get into the routine of police life, after which I should be sent into the wilds some where, and there, unless I spoke Burmese, I should be utterly lost.

Accordingly I devoted all my energies to my task, and under the instruction of a postmaster made rapid progress. After six months' patient study I was able to write a report first hand and converse with moderate fluency with my subordinates.

About this time I received orders to proceed to Tavoy, a town upon the coast some 800 miles distant, and there to relieve the subinspector, Smith, who was down with jungle fever. Three days later I arrived there by the steamer Avajee and took overcharge. As Tavoy is the center of a large district, a strong force is maintained there, and the process of taking over the area, ammunition and other supplies in the state of poor Smith's health occupied some time. It was thus a couple of days before he was ready to start on his return to Rangoon, and in the evenings we spent together I obtained from him much valuable information as to the district and the people within it, knowing it would be of immense use to me thereafter.

On the eve of his departure he told me that there was one thing that I should know, and that was what he called the mystery of the haunted well, which he said he had never been able to clear up. Upon my laughing some what incredulously he shook his head and said that although he did not believe in ghosts any more than I did there was nevertheless something here that he should leave to me as a legacy, the solution of which he would be one day glad to hear.

About ten miles from Tavoy, said Smith, was a village called Okunhi-chong, beside which was a small open plain. In this plain was a mound, upon which a tomb had been built some time before, and on either side of the mound were a well and a banyan tree. The poor villagers had for some time past been living in a state of terror from a monstrous form—a spirit they called it—that would at times emerge from the well and roam around the village. Such was their fear that not one would venture forth after dark for fear of meeting it. Following their usual custom, they had sought to propitiate it with offerings of food, fruit and rice, and they maintained that when this was neglected that some article or another would disappear from their gardens in revenge, sometimes the banana, vine or the dried and growing plants utterly destroyed. Smith had heard of this state of affairs and had endeavored to get to the bottom of it, and as the offerings of food were nightly made by the people and as regularly removed during the night he naturally thought that there was some human agency at work. Accordingly, one night he hid in the banyan tree, whose dense foliage afforded him perfect cover, and he declared that before he had been there long he had seen a form arise from out of the well, hover around for awhile and then disappear within it, when he fired at it with his revolver. He had examined the well, but beyond its being of considerable depth there was nothing peculiar about it. The water rose to within a few feet of the ground, and the sides were creviced with well fitted masonry and quite incapable of affording concealment for the smallest animal, let alone a man. Quite at loss what to think of it and attributing it to the hallucinations of his fevered brain, he went home, saying nothing of his adventure. Since then, however, other reports had reached him which made him tell me the story, as he thought steps should be taken to get to the bottom of the mystery.

The next day Smith left, and I entered upon my new duties, making a tour of my district. I found everything quiet except for certain strange robberies that were taking place in many instances accompanied by murder, and when so by strangulation. The thief

did not restrict himself to one place, but seemed to travel over a wide extent of country and invariably confined himself to abstracting jewelry and other small articles of value. But so cunning was he that no trace could be found of his movements, and the police were in a great state of excitement about it. My visit put them, moreover, on their mettle, and I felt sure that we should hear something about him before long.

In the course of my rounds I arrived at the village of Okunhi-chong, and the sight of the mound, with the well and the banyan tree, naturally brought back to me the story I had been told.

After the duties of the day were over, in the cool of the evening the sergeant came over to see me and to indulge his oriental longing for chat with his superior officer, and from him I heard much that was going on in the neighborhood. Naturally the subject of the haunted well came up, and he bewailed the losses of the village and the state of terrorism which prevailed. Only the night previous, he added, he had been the pick of his poultry yard, a cock that was invincible for the Burmese as of fond of cock fighting as ever our forefathers were. Had not one of his neighbors poisoned it? I suggested.

Impossible, was the reply. What, steal from the sergeant of police? No; it was the spirit of the well. But what could a spirit want with a cock? I asked. But here he had me, for the natives throughout southern Asia sacrifice a cock invariably in the course of their ceremonies, and the selection in the present case was not inappropriate. On the following day I strolled over to the temple, which was not far distant, and was invited by the priest to come in and rest myself, which invitation I accepted. After partaking of some fruit and finishing a drinking cocunut I led the conversation up to the mysterious well, and in a hushed and solemn voice the priest gave me the following account of what he believed was the cause of all the trouble.

Some four years ago the then chief priest of the temple, who was a man well advanced in years, conceived the idea of building a tomb for himself and accordingly selected a site on the summit of the mound near the well. After some trouble, for the natives have a superstitious horror of carrying out such a work, a Mussulman named Abdul, a notorious rascal, undertook for good wages to do the work. Accordingly he excavated the space necessary for a chamber 10 feet square, with a passage leading into it some 8 or 10 feet long, the idea being to brick up the chamber after the depositing of the body, leaving the passageway, which again should be closed at the entrance. The work was accordingly carried out, but when called upon to finish the roof in the dome-like form usually affected Abdul struck for higher wages and refused to go on.

The priests, who considered Abdul's request extortionate and, moreover, savoring of sacrilege, took advantage of his being one day within the tomb to fasten the entrance and told him that there he should stay until he agreed to complete the work. The old chief priest was rapidly declining, and it was important that the work should be pushed on without delay, and they thought to bring the mason to his senses. Day after day he was kept in this horrible prison, fed with a little rice, which was pushed through an opening, but he was obstinate, actually raising his demand for the completion of the tomb. At length one morning the poor old priest was found dead on his mat, his throat cut from ear to ear. He had been foully murdered. Suspicion was of course directed to Abdul, and though they could not understand how he got out the people clamored for his blood. The tomb was searched, and although the passage was blocked up and the priests had left it there was no Abdul there. He had got out somehow, though when and by what means no one could tell. After the excitement subsided the funeral took place, and the old man's body was laid in the resting place he had designed for it.

Time went on, and the incident was forgotten, when suddenly people began to say that the well by the tomb was haunted and naturally assumed that it was the spirit of the murdered man and did their best to conciliate it with offerings of food. The terror of these poor villagers was extreme, for to see it was death. One man rushed into his hut, saying he had met it face to face. The next night he was discovered in his bed dead, with a thin blue line round his neck, the starting eyes and protruding tongue indicating that he had been strangled. A child one day ran to its mother, saying that it had seen the spirit at the well. The next evening the poor little body was found murdered like the others. Several similar incidents satisfied the people that it was the old priest demanding vengeance on his murderer, and they believed that any one interfering would surely die.

From what I heard I made up my mind that some rogue was at work, and connected the murders and robberies in the district with this called spirit and was determined to capture it. Accordingly I resolved to see it for myself first of all, and fearing to alarm any one with my actions I announced that I was going to ride over to a neighboring post, but after darkness had set in I cautiously returned by another route, and tying a pony up in a clump of trees a quarter of a mile off I reached the well, with the little saucers of rice left there by the priests. The time passed very slowly. Never did I see the hours drag as they did then, and I was beginning to get horribly sleepy when a jackal commenced howling not far from where I was. I was just wondering how it was that nature had endowed it with so unmelodious a voice when it suddenly stopped, and in the dead silence that ensued so abruptly my attention was attracted to an extraordinary sound that came from the well. First I heard a splash of water and then a long, deep drawn sigh. Ye gods! What was that? The sound at that hour and under such conditions startled me most horribly, and I was conscious of a decidedly creepy feeling along my backbone, culminating in the stiffening of the hair of my head, and I felt as Smith told me he had felt himself, in a blue funk. Acting upon my first impulse, I had drawn my revolver, but did not desire to repeat Smith's failure of a decidedly creepy feeling along my backbone, culminating in the stiffening of the hair of my head, and I felt as Smith told me he had felt himself, in a blue funk. Acting upon my first impulse, I had drawn my revolver, but did not desire to repeat Smith's failure of a decidedly creepy feeling along my backbone, culminating in the stiffening of the hair of my head, and I felt as Smith told me he had felt himself, in a blue funk. 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Sensitive.

—Van Gilder, the painter,

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—Yes, and now he won't speak

—Why not?

—I referred to him as a strug-

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land country.

Quincy Monitor.

VOL. VIII. NO. 10.

QUINCY, MASS., DECEMBER, 1894.

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THE GLADSTONE BAG.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY DENZIL VANE.

(Copyright, 1894, by the Author.)

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! How I hate the conventional greeting! What associations of personal discomfort and vexation the phrase awakens in my mind! For at that festive season I, once upon a time, found myself in a very tight place indeed. My difficulties were caused not by duns or debts. Let the reader judge whether or not my misfortunes were of my own making.

I am a lawyer, and at the time of which I write briefs were neither plentiful nor profitable. The work I did was principally "devil" and the successful man for whom I deviled caused me a pang of envy; he was so aggressively prosperous and overworked and patronizing. Fortunately I was not quite without private means. When I compared, in calm moments, my lot with his, I was able to see just where I had left behind him many a year the "mezzo del cammin" on the dreary highway between youth and age. I-I may say it without vanity—was quite

good looking enough for comfort. To look in the glass when I shaved gave me no unpleasant feeling, rather the reverse. Towsher was short and squat of figure, red of face and going bald at top. His features were blunt and plebeian, mine distinct, and I flatter myself, aristocratic. Towsher was married, and his wife was, like himself, middle aged and personally not well favored. I was a bachelor of the temporary and voluntary, not of the confirmed or of the old rejected, type, for I was in love, and as good as engaged to a lovely, sweet tempered Scotch lassie, whose pedigree was long, if her "tocher" was small.

We were just at the charming time of courtship. There was no formal engagement between us, but I had given one girl in the world for me, and she had somehow conveyed to me that when the time came when I should be able to tell her so I should not be refused.

I was going to spend Christmas with Annie's parents, when I got myself in the terrible fix I am about to narrate. My destination was Argyleshire. As I sped northward on the memorable Christmas eve I felt no presentiment of the coming catastrophe. I may briefly say that I was untroubled even by jealous qualms regarding Towsher's irritating proclivities.

I left Euston by the mail train for Glasgow. Although it was Christmas eve, the carriage was not overcrowded, and I managed to secure a corner seat in a first class compartment. My luggage consisted of a Gladstone bag and a bundle of wraps. The weather was bitterly cold, threatening snow, but I made myself tolerably snug, and by the time we got to Derby snored off blissfully. I was dreaming of Annie's blue eyes when, some hours later, I was awakened by the opening of the carriage door and a freezing rush of cold air.

A male passenger, well muffled in a heavy great coat, wearing a deer stalker hat well tied down over his ears, bundled in with his luggage and settled himself in the opposite corner farther from me. Until then I had had the compartment to myself. I turned round drowsily and in rather a bad temper, for my dream had been a pleasant one, and I rather objected to the threat of it being broken.

My fellow traveler's coat was flecked with snow, and when the train glided out of the station I looked out of the window near me and saw that great white flakes slanted past the pane, driven by a furious wind. The fields and stone walls were deep in snow.

"Confound it all!" I muttered to myself. The atmosphere included my fellow traveler, who serenely encoined himself in his corner among his rugs and apparently fell asleep. It seemed as if he had fled from me the comfortable nap I had been enjoying, for from the moment of his intrusion sleep forsook me utterly. So I felt to watching him with a mixture of curiosity and dislike.

He was young, about my own age, I thought, with good features, and clean shaven save for a slight whisker. On the floor of the carriage, close at his feet, he had deposited a Gladstone bag of about the same dimensions as my own.

"Confound him! Why didn't he get into another carriage?" I thought as I noted these details. His placid slumber was intensely irritating to me. I felt injured because he was young and well favored, because he slept while I was sleepless, because he had a Gladstone bag that was twin brother to mine, because a few flakes of snow had insinuated themselves under the carriage window. I felt a restless desire to chuck my fellow traveler and his tiresome luggage out of my compartment.

My fellow traveler seemed serenely oblivious of all the discomfort I was feeling. I felt temporarily enduring. He slept soundly, as only very tired men sleep.

As I for the third time mentally confounded him the carriage jolted up on one side, and the whole train was suddenly arrested. The whistle sounded in a shrill cry as the engine yelled in anger at its defeat in the battle it had been fighting with the wind and snow. I heard a woman shriek an echo in the

next carriage and voices shouting in inquiries. The line was blocked, and we were stuck fast in a gigantic drift.

There was a cheerful outlook! I dashed down the window and put my head out. As far as I could see was a vast field of snow. The air was alive with swiftly descending flakes. Not a house was in sight. The light from the carriage windows alone illuminated the all surrounding whiteness. The blast howled like a very bad tempered evil spirit. It was a scene of unmitigated desolation.

No chance of reaching Glasgow at the appointed time! And very little chance of eating my Christmas dinner in Argyleshire.

"Surely we are not in Glasgow yet?" said a voice at my elbow.

I turned and confronted my fellow traveler. Yes, I was right; the brute had gray eyes. My fancy had not run away with me. The fellow had the impertinence to resemble me to a certain extent, but I may add that he rather than I had reason to be flattered by the resemblance.

"At Glasgow," I retorted irritably. "No such luck; we are snowed up somewhere in the wilds of Dumfriesshire. I don't exactly know where. But nobody in this train is likely to set eyes on Glasgow for hours."

"Snowed up—good gracious me, you don't say so!" rejoined the fellow briskly. "That won't suit my look."

"Nor mine either," I grunted. "I don't suppose any one in this train wants to spend Christmas in a snowed up railway carriage. I'm hungry already," I added, with a retrospective thought of the hasty dinner I had made six or seven hours ago and a prospective longing for the splendid breakfast I had intended to make at Greenock. There was not even a biscuit or a sandwich among my traps.

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" remarked the other placidly. "Well, I mean to get out of this anyhow," he added, with sudden resolve. He seized the Gladstone bag lying nearest him and bundled out of the carriage as suddenly as he had entered it and vanished into the whirling whiteness outside.

I heaved a sigh of relief. The man must be made to face such a storm, but that was his affair, not mine, and I saw him depart without the smallest regret.

Well, not unduly to lengthen my story, the upshot of this provoking incident was that for 12 mortal hours we were shut up in the imbedded train. The stoker and one of the guards made their way with infinite difficulty to the nearest signal man's hut, only to find that the telegraph lines up and down were snapped by the furious wind.

Some of the passengers had tea and wine packed in their luggage, and one Christmas hamper was ransacked and the contents cooked on a fire kindled on the snow. But what was one fat turkey and a ham among so many? Of course we fed the ladies and children first, and we did our best to keep them warm with all the rugs we could muster.

But we spent a wretched Christmas day. The snow still fell at intervals. Fortunately the wind dropped late in the afternoon. We had made out that we were 10 miles from the village of Whitecross and some 20 miles from the nearest station.

The thought of spending another night penned up in that comfortable compartment filled us with dismay. The rumor of our plight had reached Whitecross, for about 4 o'clock in the afternoon a couple of stalwart lads, with a rough pony laden with provisions, appeared upon the scene. I asked if there was any decent accommodation to be had in the village, and receiving an affirmative answer negotiated with the relieving party for the transport of my belongings thither. The snow reached our knees, but with the pleasant prospect before me of sleeping in a bed and getting something decent to eat I trudged, or rather waded, on in the wake of the lads. My Gladstone bag and bundle of rugs were hoisted on the pony's back. After three or four hours' walking we got to Whitecross, and my guides deposited me at the door of a very small village public house, where they told me I could put up for the night. My clothes were soaked through with snow, but the contents of my Gladstone bag afforded me a change of attire, and my depressed spirits rose as I entered the Rose and Crown.

It was a queer looking little place, but the sight of a blazing fire in the parlor behind the bar made me forget the bare, sanded floor and the smell of

stale tobacco and beer that pervaded the air. In a trice I found myself installed in the one guest chamber the house boasted. A fire was kindled in the high old fashioned grate. Having ordered a glass to be cooked, I untrapped my Gladstone bag and dragged out the first garment that came to hand—a rough short coat of Irish frieze. That coat was certainly not built by my excellent tailor. I stared at it in dull surprise. And then it was suddenly borne on me that neither the coat nor the Gladstone was mine. That wretched fellow who had traveled with me from Carlisle had made off with my property and left me in possession of a portion of his leg-

gally wardrobe. I flung the frieze coat away with an exclamation of disgust and surveyed the various items folded up in the Gladstone with something of the distaste I had felt for their owner. But I was wet to the skin and shivering like a spaniel. It was not a time to stand on ceremony. In five minutes I had donned a complete suit from the Gladstone bag of my unknown fellow passenger, including the despised frieze coat. Then I went down stairs and ate a very fair supper of fried ham and eggs, followed by a good jorum of excellent hot whisky toddy.

Greatly refreshed by these consolations, I returned to my chamber. The experiences of the past four and twenty hours had tired me out, and I was far too sleepy to closely examine the bag from which I had taken the warm and dry clothes I had on. As I turned into bed I wondered dreamily if my unknown benefactor was at that moment taking his ease in his garments. My unreasoning dislike of him had abated, now that he no longer vexed me with his presence and obtruded on my notice the unwelcome fact that in creating him nature had chosen to infringe my copyright by duplicating my features and figure.

My sleep that night was the sleep of a worn-out man. I did not wake until a pale thread of winter sunshine filtered in at the casement window. Then, with a start, I remembered the circumstances which had brought me thither. I sprang quickly from my bed. I looked about for my clothes and then saw that the night before I had omitted to send them to the kitchen to be dried and brushed. There they were, thrown down anyhow on a chair. I could not possibly put them on, for they were still reeking with damp.

There was nothing for it but to travel on to Glasgow in the clothes I had taken from the Gladstone bag. My own garments could be properly dried and sent on to me at Tighnabruadh.

I would then take steps to recover my bag and return that of my fellow traveler. Meanwhile, I argued, exchange was no robbery, and since he had made a stupid mistake in decamping with my wardrobe there was no reason why I shouldn't temporarily appropriate his.

After breakfast I went out into the village to reconnoiter. The snow was deep, but hard and crisp with frost. The wind had fallen, and the sky was blue and cloudless. On inquiry I learned that it would be possible to drive by road to a station on the line beyond the point where our unlucky train was imbedded in the drift. Gangs of workmen were, it was reported, at work on the line, which would most likely be clear by midday.

A white hack to the Rose and Crown strapped up my baggage, and Gladstone, left orders with my landlady for the

transmission of my property, hired a conveyance and drove off in the direction of the nearest railway station. I arrived there in due course, and when I was seated in a comfortable labeled Glasgow I congratulated myself that my disagreeable adventure was over. Alas, it was only in its first stage.

The train drew up in the Glasgow station. I gathered up my traps and stepped out of the carriage. But I had not got many paces before an individual of the easily recognized private detective type accosted me. Behind him was a colleague whose movements were accompanied by an ominous clink of metal.

"James Pennequicke, arrest you in the queen's name," said the first man, giving me at the same time a light tap on the shoulder.

I stared at him and drew myself up to my full height.

"My name is Graham—Angus Graham of the Inner Temple," I said. "You have made a mistake, my man."

The fellow smiled in the most aggravatingly superior manner.

"No mistake; you're James Pennequicke fast enough. It's not the first time we have met. Anyway I'll trouble you to go with me to the station. You'll go quietly, eh?"

"I'm hanged if I will," I retorted angrily. "I've an appointment to keep and don't mean to go fooling around at police stations. There's my card, and I furnished in my pocket for my card-case—and my luggage to prove my identity."

"Ah, I've heard of this dodge; paste-board is cheap, and so is printing. As for your luggage—here you, Campbell, just call a cab, will you, and we'll have a look at that down at the station. Now, will you come quietly, or must we put the bracelets on you?"

Wrath though I was, I was forced to comply. A cab was hailed; I, the two detectives, took our seats inside, and that unlucky Gladstone bag was deposited on the front seat.

"If you have arrested me for being in possession of that," I said, indicating the bag again, "I'll easily give you an explanation that must secure my release from custody. The bag is not mine."

"The contents are not anyway," retorted the detective meaningly.

"What are you hinting at? No, of course the contents aren't mine. They belong to a person who has traveled with me the night before last."

"Oh, indeed. It's my duty to warn you that anything you say will be used

[Continued on fourth page.]



Quincy Monitor.

Published Monthly

St. John's C. L. and P. Association.

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HOSPITAL COLLECTION.

The contributions from the Catholic churches of Quincy amounted this year, to \$242.00, of which \$127.00, came from St. John's church, \$97.00 from West Quincy, and the rest from Atlantic.

The Secretary of the Hospital trustees acknowledges the receipt of the above in the following note to the Rev. Pastor.

QUINCY, Dec. 3, 1894.
Rev. F. A. Friguglietti,
My DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of Nov. 28th enclosing check for \$242.00 amount of Hospital Sunday Collection for the benefit of the City Hospital. The Trustees desire me to express their thanks for the same.
Respectfully yours,
TIMOTHY J. CAREY,
Secretary.

ADVENT.

The life of man ought to be a continual festival, every day and every hour that goes to make it up ought to be sanctified, so that every moment of our existence may be a hymn to the glory of Him who created us. Yet, such is our weakness, such the multitude of our occupations, such the violence of our passion, that the Church, in her anxiety fixed on some particular days and seasons when we should take more than ordinary care to purify our souls by prayer, fasting and meditation on eternal truths.

In the first rank of these salutary periods, we must place the time of Advent. It is a time of prayer and penance, which the Church appointed to prepare her children for the birth of the Savior. What Lent is to Easter, what the four thousand years of the ancient world were to the coming of the Messiah, that Advent is to Christmas. If the people of Israel should prepare so carefully to receive the law of Mount Sinai, to cross the Jordan on the way to the Promised Land, to celebrate their figurative festivals, how ought not Christians prepare to receive Him who is their Lord, their God and their Redeemer!

Full of these great ideas, the Church instituted Advent to smooth the way for the Messiah into our hearts. The institution of Advent would seem as old as that of the festival of Christmas, though the discipline of the Church on this point has not been always the same. For several centuries, Advent consisted of four weeks, like Lent, and began on St. Martin's Day. Faithful to old customs, the Church of Milan kept up the six weeks of the primitive Advent, which had been adopted by the Church of Spain. At an early period the Church of Rome reduced the time to four weeks, that is, to four Sundays, with the part of the week remaining before Christmas. All the West followed this example.

Formerly, a fast was observed throughout Advent. In some countries this fast was a precept for every one; in others, of simple devotion. The obligation of fasting is attributed to St. Gregory the Great, who had not, however, the intention of making it a general law. In the middle of the fifth century—462—St. Perpetuus, Bishop of Tours, commanded that there should be three fast days weekly in his diocese from the festival of St. Martin to Christmas. This rule became general in the Church of France till the seventh century, after the holding of the Council of Macon in 581. The holy assembly prescribed that a fast should be observed on the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week, from the feria or festival of St. Martin to the Nativity of our Lord; and that the offices, especially the sacrifice of the Mass, should then be celebrated as in Lent. The use of flesh-meat was forbidden every day during Advent.

The same abstinence was observed in other Catholic regions; as a pious donation proves for us. In 753, Astolus, King of the Lombards, having granted the waters of Nonatula to an abbey of the same name, reserved forty pike to furnish his own table during St. Martin's Lent. We may hence infer that, in the eighth century, the Lombards observed the fast during the forty days before Christmas, or at least abstain from flesh meat.

Prayer and other practices of penance were joined to fasting. Among us, says an ancient writer, from the festival of St. Martin to that of Christmas, there is an abstinence from flesh meat commanded to all the children of the Church, as an indispensable condition to approaching the sacraments on the day of our Lord's birth. Pope Boniface VIII, in the bull of the canonization of St. Louis, declared that this worthy successor of Charlemagne spent the days of Advent in fasting and prayer. Such was the conduct of the simple faithful.

As for religious, they fasted as in Lent: many of them continue the pious usage to this day. We shall add that it has always been so. It is they, whose days are all a preparation for eternal things, that adhere to the strict observances of preparation; it is they, that, no longer engaged in the conflict, take care of their armour. And they

whose life is a distraction, a series of pleasures and dangers, lay down their arms, and stand no longer on their guard against the enemy!

The Church neglects no means of reviving in her children the fervour of their ancestors. Is it not just? Is the little babe whom we expect less beautiful, less holy, less worthy of our love now than formerly? Has He ceased to be the friend of pure hearts? Is His coming into our souls less needed? Alas! perhaps we have raised there all the idols that, eighteen centuries ago, He came to overturn. Let us therefore be more wise. Let us enter into the views of the Church; let us consider how this tender mother redoubles her solicitude to form in us those dispositions of penance and charity which are necessary for a proper reception of the Babe of Bethlehem.

In the offices of this season, she lays aside her ornaments of joy and takes purple as a sign of compunction. The Gloria in excelsis is omitted at Mass; but her sadness is sweetened with hope. This is the reason why at Mass on Sunday she repeats the alleluia. She dispenses with it on ferias, so as to remind us of penance—so as to say daily to Christians, "As all the days of Advent were days of fasting and abstinence with your ancestors, let them at least be days of repentance and prayer with you."

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

On the 8th of December the Catholic church celebrates the festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. By the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin we understand that the Blessed Virgin, from the first moment when her soul was united to her body, was preserved from original sin and exempted from every stain. A divine anathema, the just punishment of a great crime, has weighed for six thousand years on the whole human race, and the stain of sin accompanies the conception and birth of all children of the first of the guilty. Original sin is a sad inheritance, which is transmitted from generation to generation, and which will be so transmitted so long as there is one drop of the blood of Adam in the veins of the human race.

This dreadful and universal law, which condemns us to be born children of wrath, was once suspended, and it was in favor of Mary. Never, from the first moment of her existence, was the Virgin of Juda, the future Mother of the Man-God, sullied with the least stain. Such is the miracle of which the Church celebrates the memory, such the benefit for which she thanks God, on the festival of the Immaculate Conception.

Mary was conceived without sin, this truth, before being a dogma of faith, was certain. The Church does not make new dogmas. What she believes today, she believed yesterday, she believed always. Only, she renders her belief more explicit and obligatory, by setting it in a solemn definition, according to the wants of various times.

With regard to the definition of the Immaculate Conception, the Bishops of all parts of the world were consulted. They bore testimony to the belief of their people. The Sovereign Pontiff heard this testimony, and proved its universality; and, by his supreme authority, he defined that the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin is a dogma of the Catholic Faith, which no one can ever more call in question, without falling into heresy.

The infallible definition of the Vicar of Jesus Christ does not rest only on the universality of testimonies, but also on their antiquity. In all ages, we find the belief, more or less explicit, of the Immaculate Conception. It must have been in very general existence, when Mahometans themselves should have consecrated the memory of it. Who would ever imagine such a thing as that the Alcoran should be one of the first works in which it is recorded. Yet such is the case. In the second century Origen hints at it, and in the fourth, the brightest light of the Church, St. Augustine, never fails to except Mary when he speaks of original sin. It is, he says, out of respect towards Mary, and on account of the honor due to her Son, that we do not speak of her whenever there is question of sin.

THE "DILKUSH."

Thursday evening, Dec. 13, was Quincy night at the "Dilkush," the grand bazaar of the Young Ladies' Charitable association. Many visitors from this city were present as guests of the evening, including Postmaster Burke, John Duggan, Michael O'Brien and others. Fr. Cunningham represented the clergy. The gathering for the night quite filled the immense armory, and everyone expressed gratification at the beauty and novelty of the various exhibits. The Quincy people gathered around the beautiful rustic booth of the Quincy branch of the association. The young ladies' costumes, representing Dutch maidens, were pretty and unique, even for so great a spectacle.

Readers of the MONITOR are requested to carefully peruse its advertising columns, and remember that it is the home dealer that comes to its succor when the pocketbook is depleted. Make it a Merry Christmas for all!

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Merry Christmas to all!

The Vatican authorities are preparing a right royal welcome for the officers of U. S. S. Detroit which is bearing back to Rome those treasures contributed by the Holy Father to the Columbian exposition.

Bishop Healy of Portland is rapidly recovering his health. He is able to drive out, and give his personal attention to important matters of business. His condition is better than for some time past, and his clergy once more are confident that he will be able to resume his episcopal duties again.

According to a recent decision of Rome, received by Rt. Rev. John Jansen, D. D., bishop of Belleville, Ill., the "Veni Creator" cannot be sung just before the sermon during the high mass. The reason for this is that the break in the continuity of the holy sacrifice is permitted only for the sermon, and a further delay for the singing of the hymn before the sermon could not be recognized.

One thousand persons, including 30 priests, attended the first anniversary solemn high mass for the repose of the soul of the late Vicar-General Michael McCabe, formerly pastor of St. Charles church. The services were held at 10 o'clock in St. Charles church.

Rev. Fr. Farrelly, Central Falls, was celebrant, Rev. Fr. Cassidy of Valley Falls, deacon, Rev. Fr. McCabe of Bristol, subdeacon, and Rev. Fr. Corrigan of Phenix, master of ceremonies, Vicar-General Doran of Providence read the absolution.

Priests were present from all parts of the diocese.

The new gymnasium building of St. Ann's Catholic church was dedicated this evening. After the ceremony of blessing under the patronage of St. Cecilia, by the Right Rev. Bishop Harkins and a large number of the clergy, a musical and literary programme followed in the theatre connected with the gymnasium. The St. Cecilia society in costumes sang the choruses, and the orchestral programme included a new march by Lanstaff, dedicated to Rev. Joseph Bourgeois, the assistant rector of St. Ann's who is in charge of the gymnasium. Addresses were made by Alphonse Gault, Jr., Mayor A. J. Pothier, Major James W. Smyth, Bishop Harkins and the Hon. Phillips Boucher, president of the gymnasium.

The fame of Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University, as a Catholic scientist continues to grow apace. His great speech at the last scientific congress at Brussels has attracted considerable attention in the Christian world. "Innominate," the well informed correspondent of the New York Sun, writes that it is hailed by all intelligent minds as a programme blessed and approved by Leo XIII, as an echo of his sovereign thought. "If he has struck a responsive chord in the souls of the elect," says "Innominate," "it is because he has well expressed great desires which are common to many. At all times the church, faithful to the golden words of St. Vincent of Lerins, has renewed her scientific methods just as she has brought her social, political and religious action to bear upon each century, in accordance with the conditions and needs of each period."

It is impossible to write history, with any degree of fullness or fairness, without meeting the church at every step. No historian worth mentioning has ever fancied that he could afford to overlook that great historical fact. Some may misunderstand its character, its work and its influence; they may misrepresent or malign it; but ignore it they cannot. Now all the work and the vicissitudes and the interests of the Church are within our scope, because they are evidently interests of the Sacred Heart. But more than this: there are periods of modern history that cannot be treated conscientiously without some reference, at least, to the Sacred Heart itself. In fact, every successive step, every triumph of the devotion to the Sacred Heart is connected with some historical event of great civic or national importance. For example: In 1730 the great plague of Marseilles, which filled all France with terror, was stayed by public consecration of the city to the Sacred Heart; and the event is commemorated yearly, even to this day. The downfall of Pombal, the restoration of the Christian hero, Andreas Hofer, when he repulsed the invaders of Austria with his brave Tyrolese and consecrated his triumph by a vow to the Sacred Heart—each of these historical events marks a new triumph of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. "Hofer's vow" is commemorated still in the Tyrol; and the feast of the Sacred Heart is a national feast among that truly Catholic people. Again, how is the history of the last century to be written without mention of Jansenism with its Port Royal and the Fronde and Josephism and the heretical Synod of Pistoia? For all of them had a great political as well as a great religious importance. And surely these repulsive features of modern history were very directly concerned with the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Many other points of history might be instanced in the same way. But let these suffice as examples.

Hearing on Federation.

The Metropolitan district commission gave a hearing to the citizens of Quincy, in Quincy City Hall, Monday evening, Dec. 10, Chairman William B. Rice presiding.

The chairman read the legislative act establishing the commission and further stated that "the commission is clear on one thing—that no general scheme of annexation is practicable at this time."

Mayor Hodges was the first speaker. He said in substance: "There are some things in this scheme that would be favorable to Quincy—a sewerage system, and possibly the water supply. The sewerage question is one we have got to grapple with in the near future. The water supply is limited and we have got to have more in the near future. I don't think that the city of Quincy would gain by annexation. I think that she control of the main thoroughfares by the commission would be well for Quincy."

Ex-Mayor Porter said: "I am opposed to annexation. The metropolitan system of sewers and parks should be kept under the control of the commission. There should be a metropolitan system of water supply for the district. The police and fire defence should remain in the hands of the people of the towns and cities. It is a question whether or not the Quincy and Boston turnpike should not be under the charge of the commission, and also Washington street, the Weymouth and Braintree turnpike and the old Plymouth turnpike over Franklin and School streets, in this city."

"This city has expended on the main artery to Boston \$80,000 during the past few years. I am inclined to view with favor the inclusion of the question of health. I think a commission of seven should be established, to be appointed by the Governor, to continue the water supply, sewerage, water front, parks and thoroughfares in the district."

Ex-Mayor Fairbanks said: "I have carefully considered this question and am strongly in favor of a federation to consider these great questions. The question of a board of survey, which is of vast interest to our city, has received no consideration from our city government. I am in favor of placing the sewerage, water supply and parks in control of the commission. The placing of the highways in the hands of the commission would not be of any advantage to the city. The control of the fire, police and highways should remain as near the people as possible."

Henry H. Faxon: "The farther you remove the police from local influence the better it is to all concerned. Boston would not be governed at all, today, if it were not for the appointment of the commissioners by the state."

Councilman Moxon: "The trunk sewers and large parks can be better managed by the commission. Quincy is in good shape, as far as the water supply is concerned, for the present or future. The commission should be elected by the people."

R. F. Cladin: "A small commission appointed by the Governor would give us better results than an elective board."

Ex-Councilman Federhen: "I am not in favor of one commission. The duties are too large for any one body of men. The parks and highways should come under one commission of three men, and the sewers and water supply under another, to be appointed by the Governor, with full power to legislate and execute."

Councilman Holden: "I believe in some general head in the matter. We have seen for years the need of a board of survey, and the need of a sewerage system."

Councilman Charles Francis Adams, 2d: "I believe in one commissioner, to have charge of sewers, water supply and roads. The present county system for roads should be done away with."

Hon. John F. Merrill: "I believe in the annexation of Quincy to Boston. It is important that something should be done for a metropolitan sewerage system. Quincy would be farther ahead if it was annexed to Boston than it would be if it maintained a separate municipality."

Councilmen Shackley and Holbrook and Mr. Lennon also spoke.

COUNCIL MEETING.

At the council meeting Thursday evening, Dec. 13, the orders appropriating \$14,000 for the widening of Coddington street and \$4,000 for the repair of Adams street were defeated on their final passage. A public hearing was given on the relocation of a part of Quarry street, in the vicinity of the Fallon & Son's, Dells and Churchill & Hitchcock's quarries. There were no remonstrants but considerable discussion arose over right of ways, etc. The matter was referred back to the committee, and the next location will undoubtedly be granted. The committee on fire department reported on order instructing the chief engineer to locate houses, and two permanent men in each of the new hose houses, in wards 2 and 4. The order was referred to the committee on salaries. An appropriation of \$100 was made for the board of health. Various minor matters were referred to the incoming city council.

—No change was made in the recount in Medford, and Baxter E. Perry is elected Mayor by one vote.

NOTES ABOUT TOWN.

Mrs. Griffin fell on Walnut street Tuesday and broke her leg.

That was a good reply given by John Griffin of Quincy, to the minister of St. John, N. B., who, like many other too ardent spirits, condemned an occupation merely for its abuse.

Among the deaths of elder children from diphtheria, we record, with regret, those of Mary Brown and Walter Haley, whose relatives have the sympathy of all who knew them.

The diphtheria trouble seems now practically over. It may teach at least one practical lesson; that too great care cannot be exercised in seeing that children are warmly clad, and nourished generously during seasons of changeable weather.

With the Christmas holidays come also thoughts of festivity, especially for the children. The dates of these festivals will be announced in each of the Sunday schools at the proper time. St. John's S. S. will have a Candy Festival on the afternoon of Wednesday Dec. 26th, the day after Christmas, at Hancock hall. There will be no evening entertainment this year.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the St. John's church Wednesday, the contracting parties being Miss Margaret Callahan, a sister of William Callahan, the well known granite dealer and Mr. Michael Galvin, a well known young man of West Quincy.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. F. A. Friguglietti in the presence of a large number of friends of the happy couple. After the marriage ceremony Fr. Friguglietti celebrated the nuptial mass.

After the mass a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's father on Quincy avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Galvin will reside on Quincy avenue.

Christmas!

Christmas!

THE

Misses Flynn

HAVE A FULL LINE OF

TOYS, GAMES, BOOKS.

ALSO A NICE LINE OF

Fancy Articles.

Fancy Ties,
Bureau Scarfs,
Table Covers,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

PLEASE GIVE US A CALL.

Misses FLYNN,

12 Hancock Street.

SWITHIN BROS.

GRANITE WORKS,

Office on Granite Street.

P. O. ADDRESS:

QUINCY, MASS.

Monuments,
Headstones,

Vaults, Cemetery Coping,

Buttresses and Steps, Carriage Steps,

Posts, Underpinning, Elongations,
Engine Beds, Wall Coping,
Cellar Stone.

Paving Blocks.

Building and Bridge Work
of all Descriptions.

Designs Furnished

Monuments & Tablets.

Our Greatest Christmas Sale!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

HANDKERCHIEFS AND APRONS

To Select from to be found in this City.

Novelties of all kinds, Fancy Stock Collars, Feather Fans, Brownie Penwipes, Picture Frames, Silver Trays, Match safes, Perfumery, Cotton Boxes, Christmas Cards and Booklets, Pocket Books and Bags, Authors' Calendars, Stationery in all the latest Designs, Celluloid Novelties.

Call and see our Christmas Stock in both Useful and Ornamental Articles.

MISS C. S. HUBBARD, 158 Hancock Street.

CITY SQUARE, QUINCY.

1878-1894.

Christmas!

We claim that an experience of 17 years catering to the wants of the public of Quincy enables us to give good values to such as favor us with their orders. We are headquarters for Pure Confectionery, Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Table Delicacies.

Pure Fancy Broken Candy,
12c. lb., 2 1-2 lbs., 25c.

New England Peanut Taffy,
15c. lb., 2 lbs. 25c.

Pure American Mixture,
3 lbs. 35c., 10 lb. box \$1.00.

Very Fancy French and Chocolate
Mixture, 25c. lb.

Chocolate Creams, 20 and 30c. lb.

Florida Oranges, 20 and 25c.

Extra large, 30c. doz.

Persian and Fard Dates,
8c. lb., 4 lbs. 25c.

Figs, 10, 12, 15 and 20 cts. lb.

Prunes, 10, 12, 15 and 20 cts. lb.

Mixed Nuts, 13c. lb., 2 lbs. 25c.

Raisins, 5, 8 and 10c. lb.

Cluster Raisins by lb. and 1-4 boxes.

What is more practical as a CHRISTMAS PRESENT than a BARREL OF OUR OLD WHEAT FLOUR (WARRANTED) or one to five pound packages Buffalo Chop Tea?

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,

DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK, QUINCY.

PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY,

Corner Hancock and School Streets.

Prescriptions put up Day or Night.
Use French Cream for Chapped
Hands, Rough Skin, Pimples.

COME AND SEE OUR
CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Largest Stock, Lowest prices ever shown in Quincy.

CLAPP BROS.

"BARGAIN" DRY GOODS STORE, QUINCY.

JOHN HALL,

Fine and Furnishing
Undertaker,
EMBALMER.

51 Hancock Street;
Carriages and Flowers Furnished.
Orders Promptly Attended to.
Telephone, No. 9,739.

W. E. BROWN,
UNDERTAKER.

Cor. Canal and Mechanic Streets,
QUINCY.

Residence, Mechanic Street.
CONNECTED BY TELEPHONE.

DR. G. R. ENGLAND,
DENTIST,

14 Chestnut Street,
Quincy.

Connected by Telephone.

OUR

THE

THE

You m

No Waste

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN.

A mother's experience shows that

how mothers could develop them, I

draw when they go to make calls, vi-

sits, attend church, socials and re-

tters and even church. I have a

mothers get some one to take the

tion of the little ones while the

ship off. The baby would not

know its mother was gone, and the

mamma has gone to such a place

one as these taught sleeping, they

they have the cradle.

From long experience I think

way is to tell them you are

will be back as soon as you are

them where you are going. I

satisfy the child, and it will

mamma has gone to such a place

she will come back as soon as

Mothers make a great mistake in

they do not live close to their

ones, and when they begin to talk

time to begin to teach them their

ters. They will learn easier than

at any other time.

It is a very easy task for a mother

point to the letter A and say, "A"

A for apple, this is B for baby, this

for cat, and this is D for dog. The

once fixed in the child's mind, and

never forgets. I taught all my child

at home, and some of them could

in the second reader when they are

4 years old.

The professor at our academy

said to me, "There are but few

lies who patronize my school, and

their children at home, and

is yours. I assure you these

have a great advantage over

that are not."

I think it is easy to drive

children to school to sit in

comfortable position for hours, and

things they do not understand.

The case in country schools where

are but one room, and one teacher

have known parents to drive their

children to school with a whip.

I never knew one that was treated

that made a good scholar. When

child is in school, the teacher

is rough and cruel, and some of

THE HORSEMAN.

Et. Be is the leading sire of 1891. The Austrians are the best foreign buyers of American trotters.

C. J. Hamlin thinks Merry Chino, 2085, has as much speed as Robert J. 2013.

Impetuous now holds the world's record in a race for 2 year olds jointly with Sullivan, 2157.

Henry of Navarre's winnings in 1890 amounted to \$10,585. In 1891, \$37,609; total, \$48,195.

The "suckling" record is placed at 2:58 by Winwood, and the "weaning" at 3:03, both at the racing park.

Henry of Navarre travels in a palace car. He will not leave crowding and rears intrusions in his stall.

At Carlisle, Macoupin county, Ill., a mortgage sale occurred, at which two horses were sold for 15 cents.

The demand for the pneumatic saddle is greater than the supply. Next year they will be as common as pneumatic tires.

Online's last quarter in 29 seconds in his great exhibition mile at Sioux City Oct. 12 is the fastest quarter ever trotted or paced.

Bud Crooke, 2157, has started 20 times against track and hack and has won them in every instance. This seems to be a record.

The game race stallion Pandion, 210, whose untimely death is much regretted, had two of his get to the 2:30 list this season.

Despite the fact that pool selling was barred at the recent meetings at both Grand Rapids and Indianapolis, they were successful financially.

Westmont, who held the record of 2:07, with running mate, was a son of Abbot, and his successor to the honor is a grandson of the same horse—Horseman.

THE LAW AND THE LYNCHER.

The worst law ever framed by civilized man is far preferable to the unchecked rule of a frenzied mob—Philadelphia Press.

There is no other way to deal with lawless mobs than that resorted to by the militia at Washington Court House, O.—Rocheater Herald.

Statute law is the expression of the will of the whole people. The desire of any community cannot be permitted to set aside that law by force—Cincinnati Commercial.

We care not how heinous the offense, no mob has a right to take prisoner from the authorities and hang him or to administer any punishment whatever—Minneapolis Tribune.

The mob that attempted to break into the jail was consequently an insubordinate mob and was suppressed as mobs should be, by force of arms, without any feeling—Philadelphia Ledger.

Every man should realize that he is a citizen at public order, at the rule of law, by participating in a mob. The right of the individual to avenge a crime exists only in a condition of barbarism—Toledo Blade.

There are times when a demonstration with fixed bayonets would be as effective as a volley from the rifles, and we are not sure that the rioters at Washington Court House could have been dispersed in this manner—Cincinnati Tribune.

Prompt, sturdy resistance to a mob on the part of the constituted authorities can still be relied on to preserve the integrity of the state and save its good name from the stigma which an act of lawless violence fastens upon it—Detroit Free Press.

THE CYNIC.

You seldom admire a man you see a great deal of.

The fools are not all dead yet, and what is more, they are not all dying.

The man who knows the world and is not a cynic is usually a fool.

The trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it.

It is all right to vote for the country's prosperity, but you must work for your own.

Never believe a man's own story of how brave he was. Brave people are always modest.

Give the people two pieces of gossip at once, and they will accept the one with most slander in it.

If you want to get even with an enemy, forget his existence and go to work to amount to something.

If you want to know how the people speak of you behind your back, listen to the reckless manner in which they pitch into others—Arlington Globe.

THE MODISTE.

Cutaway jackets of velvet are much liked by young girls.

The box seems to be less in demand than the cape or a very stylish collar.

Sleeveless jackets of various materials with passementerie edgings are popular.

A dress of cloth with a narrow moiré band down the front is among the new importations.

Muffs are somewhat larger than heretofore. Many muffs will be used during the coming winter without other furs.

Capes of moiré are trimmed with fur collars and lined with bright silk. One of the handsomest of these garments was recently made to order and lined with very stiff brocade.

Ermine, from becoming popular, has become a fad, and every woman who has money to buy it wants ermine in some form or other. The only difficulty is its scarcity and extravagantly high price—New York Ledger.

THE ELECTRICIAN.

In lighting seven German cities it is proved that gas costs 25 per cent more than electricity.

A Hartford man has invented a new electric motor which he says will run more than 100 miles an hour.

At Leeds, England, there is an electric clock which has been continuously ticking since 1840. Its motive power is natural electricity.

By recent order in council the three chief electrical units, the ohm, ampere and volt, have been officially recognized and their values legally determined for the United Kingdom.

R. W. Hill of Manchester has devised an appliance for back-pain, fever, etc., which he describes as an electrical automatic stimulator, restorer and alarm for cats, rats and mice.

The work of enlarging the terminal stations of the Brooklyn Bridge is being rapidly advanced, and something of their ultimate design is already apparent. With the new system of tracks and platforms, trains may be run across the bridge every 45 seconds, instead of every 90 seconds, as at present. The present carrying capacity of the cars is 16,000 per hour, and this will be increased to 32,000 persons per hour.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A WASHINGTON WIDOW WHO WANTS TO GET ON THE FORCE.

Two Absurd English Fads. Women as Insulters—Resenting Insults Shoulder to Shoulder With Men. Russia's Royal Widow Woman in Bondage.

Mrs. Lily A. Thompson is a pretty young widow who wants a position on the Washington police force. She doesn't weigh much more than 100 pounds, but she is rather athletic in appearance and has a pleasant smile and winning ways which might overcome violators of the law and disturbers of the peace more effectively than mere physical force.

Mrs. Thompson suddenly made up her mind that the police department of the city needed her services, and she accordingly sent the following application to the commissioners of the District of Columbia:

"As it is the purpose of the Woman's Christian Temperance union to urge the experiment in this city of placing wom-

en on the police force, as was decided at the recent convention of that organization, I desire to have my name entered upon your record as the first applicant for appointment as a female police officer. I believe with the leaders of the W. C. T. U. that more can be accomplished while making arrests by the use of moral suasion than by the use of clubs, pistols and brute force. The experiment of female police officers is worth trying."

It is unnecessary to state that the commissioners were somewhat startled by this application. It is true there are several women connected with the police department as matrons at the various stations, but the idea of a female policeman patrolling a beat and swinging a "lolly" was entirely new. However, the matter was referred to Commissioner Truesdell, and he is calmly thinking it over. In the meantime Mrs. Delva A. Lockwood and other prominent woman suffragists in the District have interested themselves in the case of Mrs. Thompson and declare they propose to push her application to an appointment.

Mrs. Thompson, who is 23 years old, is a native of Charleston. There are not many woman suffragists in that section of the country, and Mrs. Thompson has acquired her ideas on this subject since she came to Washington about four years ago. When she was 2 years old, her parents moved to eastern Tennessee, and in that mountain region she grew to womanhood. It was there that she developed a fondness for outdoor exercise and became an accomplished horsewoman, and, according to her friends, a splendid rifle shot. She has this pistol quite as expertly as any man, and in this respect she would probably excel the average member of the police force. Mrs. Thompson early acquired a taste for athletics of all sorts, and a few years ago she became interested in the Debarian theory of physical development. She is an expert with Indian clubs and dumbbells, and no doubt she could give some of the "dandy coppers" points on the twirling of a baton in the most artistic manner. From her home in Knoxville Mrs. Thompson came to this city, and since the death of her husband a short time ago she has supported herself by sewing and by occasional work at copying—Washington Cor. Chicago Herald.

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It is unnecessary to state that the commissioners were somewhat startled by this application. It is true there are several women connected with the police department as matrons at the various stations, but the idea of a female policeman patrolling a beat and swinging a "lolly" was entirely new. However, the matter was referred to Commissioner Truesdell, and he is calmly thinking it over. In the meantime Mrs. Delva A. Lockwood and other prominent woman suffragists in the District have interested themselves in the case of Mrs. Thompson and declare they propose to push her application to an appointment.

Mrs. Thompson, who is 23 years old, is a native of Charleston. There are not many woman suffragists in that section of the country, and Mrs. Thompson has acquired her ideas on this subject since she came to Washington about four years ago. When she was 2 years old, her parents moved to eastern Tennessee, and in that mountain region she grew to womanhood. It was there that she developed a fondness for outdoor exercise and became an accomplished horsewoman, and, according to her friends, a splendid rifle shot. She has this pistol quite as expertly as any man, and in this respect she would probably excel the average member of the police force. Mrs. Thompson early acquired a taste for athletics of all sorts, and a few years ago she became interested in the Debarian theory of physical development. She is an expert with Indian clubs and dumbbells, and no doubt she could give some of the "dandy coppers" points on the twirling of a baton in the most artistic manner. From her home in Knoxville Mrs. Thompson came to this city, and since the death of her husband a short time ago she has supported herself by sewing and by occasional work at copying—Washington Cor. Chicago Herald.

Two Absurd English Fads. Women as Insulters—Resenting Insults Shoulder to Shoulder With Men. Russia's Royal Widow Woman in Bondage.

Mrs. Lily A. Thompson is a pretty young widow who wants a position on the Washington police force. She doesn't weigh much more than 100 pounds, but she is rather athletic in appearance and has a pleasant smile and winning ways which might overcome violators of the law and disturbers of the peace more effectively than mere physical force.

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just such ways that many of the famous able absurdities of Europe originate. But heaven forbid us from the chin and the cane."

Women as Insulters. With the tailor made girl an easy walk came in—a walk that did not have a suggestion of a stride, but still, as it was swinging, was perfectly feminine and easy. It was much prettier than the mincing steps attained by walking the ribbon. By the bye, it does seem that while women are talking so much about their rights they have left very few to men.

They have taken his loose, heavy stitched gloves with the big buttons. They have taken his shirt front, his tie, his scarf, his watch chain, his cigarette holder, his coat pockets, and if some of the bicycle riders continue to divide their skirts they will have taken his trousers. I have tried my very best to be convinced that a woman looks well on a bicycle. She does not. The attitude is an ungainly, strained one, and if the rider happens to be a fat woman her face gets fiery red, and she does look an object. No matter how much care may have been given to the get-up, they all look pretty much alike, and most of the riders have an untidy look—tumbled hair, negligee cap, and, well, the general loose get-up being far from natty looking. Riding the iron and steel horse may be popular, but certainly it is not pretty.

Of course some of the fashionable women have learned to ride. They are continually seeking for some new distraction. But you can be very certain that they will ride in private schools or on their own private grounds and not through the streets of New York or in the public parks. They are too wise to make guys of themselves for the benefit of the general public. Occasionally they might do it among their own crowd, but be very sure that they are not going to let the hot police see them make fools of themselves.—Editor Woman's Page, Boston Globe.

Resenting Insults. How can a refined woman best protect herself from insult? This is a serious question in these days when women are being forced to accept responsibilities and to stand offensively so completely alone. Insults are not always merited, and suppose a man or a woman maliciously offers an affront to a woman and the affront is unmerited. What redress has she? None whatever. There is no code of honor to fit the occasion. Unfortunately there are men and women who take advantage of this lack of protection. Some one will advise, "Treat them with silent contempt." Well, that is the only way open, but it is not a just way. The contempt doesn't affect the offenders, and silence renders their viciousness, being unknown, dangerous to another.

There is such a thing as righteous indignation, and too frequently peace is bought at too dear a rate. If the affront is an individual offense, there is the court, but how few women would avail themselves of this lack of protection. Some one will advise, "Treat them with silent contempt." Well, that is the only way open, but it is not a just way. The contempt doesn't affect the offenders, and silence renders their viciousness, being unknown, dangerous to another.

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